FORUM

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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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EDITORIAL FOREWORD

THIS year's Presidential campaign promises to be more exciting than any since 1916; even so, it is hard for the average voter to imagine the time when men were willing to shed their heart's blood for the right to vote. Of late, such a large percentage of the electorate has neglected to exercise this right that various measures have been put forward intended to stimulate an artificial enthusiasm for dropping ballots in ballot boxes. But all such proposals savor of that wisdom which locks the barn after the horse has been stolen. If politics no longer stirs our deepest emotions, perhaps the fault lies with politics rather than the voters.

THAT men will always seek power and devote themselves assiduously to those pursuits where influence and authority are exercised, is self-evident. In the early days of the American Republic, politics was the most powerful force in the land and there was no question then of driving people to the polls; the real question was to hold them away, and, by some effective limitation of the suffrage, to keep from dissipating the authority that the ballot conferred. But politics has not always held the balance of power in the affairs of men. In imperial Rome the army offered the surest path to glory, and many were the Emperors chosen by the legions. During the Middle Ages all power centered in the Church, and ambitious young men took holy orders. In fact, it was not until after the French Revolution, when the sovereignty of Kings had been transferred to the people, that politics — such as we have come to know it — forged to the front and offered the surest rewards to those who were clever, bold, and ambitious. But now it appears that the centre of gravity is once more shifting — away from politics to another field of endeavor.

EXAMINE the real issues of the day, such as farm relief and the international debts — the very ones that politicians touch most gingerly and that press most urgently for solution. Are they political or economic questions? Where do ambitious men now turn for power? Is it to politics, or to business? Who are our truly great men? Are they Coolidge and Kellogg, or Edison and Ford? When our international affairs drift out of hand, where do we turn for guidance? To the makers of political platforms, or to business men like Parker Gilbert and Dwight Morrow? Indeed, almost imperceptibly, business has already so usurped the dominant place once held by politics that no political party can hope for success without the support of the business interests, and it is now considered the highest praise to say of a political candidate, like Mr. Hoover, that "he will give us a business administration."

THIS gradual shift of power from politics to business is the real explanation of our growing apathy toward the former and our increasing concern with the latter. The important work of the world falls more and more to business men, and more and more the politicians are left to deal in words. Hence the sonorous platitudes of party platforms, and the sound and fury signifying nothing that has come to constitute a Presidential campaign. And hence this issue of THE FORUM containing not one word of politics; perhaps for this reason it may be found to contain at least a few pregnant ideas.

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ADVENTURES OF AN AFRICAN SLAVER

By CAPTAIN CANOT

Edited, with an introduction by Malcolm Cowley

THE ADVENTURES OF AN AFRICAN SLAVER is a true story of slaving on the Guinea Coast, of slave smuggling in the Caribbean, and of piracy, mutinies, and sea fights in the Middle Passage.

It deals with a time at which the slave trade had already been outlawed, when slavers received the same swift punishment as pirates. Under the whip of danger, the picturesqueness and cruelty which had always characterized the trade were incredibly magnified, and the Guinea coast became the theatre of such adventures as the world has rarely seen.

Young soldiers and sailors, robbed of a profession by the ending of the Napoleonic wars, enlisted by hundreds in this desperate profession. Their love of danger helped to make it possible. In return, it satisfied their thirst for the unknown; it led them, over new horizons, toward battles, disease, strange lands, strange women, long cruises over forbidden waters, rivers of champagne, rum, brandy, and at the end of the voyage, a last magnificent carouse on the *paseo* of Havana.

Captain Theodore Canot was a leader among these men. He was French by birth and American by adoption, but his real character was that of an Italian *condittiero*, born four centuries out of his time. Like his great prototype, he was suave, ambitious, politic, and unforgiving. He had many vices and few weaknesses. His feelings, usually repressed, burst forth in terrible rages, and the natives called him Mr. Gunpowder.

From piracy to slaving, from a French prison to the quarterdeck of an American brig, from Manhattan to the highlands of Futa Jallon, he went seeking money and danger. Finally, at the end of his dark career, sitting like Trader Horn before a scribe, he told his exploits to the journalist Brantz Mayer, who, in a bombastic and picturesque style, has preserved the memory of this admiral of fortune.

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AUGUST READING

DONALD F. ROSE

SOCIALISM FOR PARLOR AND LABORATORY

THERE are now two notes of disquiet amid our portly peace and prosperity which may set us thinking on our sins and contemplating repentance. One is the rumblings in Russia and the other is George Bernard Shaw. The latest act in the Shavian drama is THE INTELLIGENT WOMAN'S GUIDE TO SOCIALISM AND CAPITALISM (Brentano's, $3.00), a book whose length matches that of its title, but vastly more entertaining than the title implies. This is his "last will and testament," made up, he admits, "out of his own head." For it he bespeaks our patience — "Think of all the patience it has cost me to finish it instead of writing plays!" Mr. Shaw need not worry. Somehow he has made even political economy — which Carlyle called "the dismal science" — both tolerable and personally important, while Mr. Shaw sticks his head out of the subject occasionally to be flagrantly amusing.

THE ONE AND ONLY
G. B. S.

This is no place to discuss his remedy for the ills of society. Learned professors and economists will do so and manage to be intolerably dull about it — which is one mistake Mr. Shaw never makes. For that reason his book will be widely read by those whose curiosity or conscience sends them seeking cures for what ails us. Nor will his readers be women only. With a graceful gesture he delivers his *magnum opus* to them, but he can't ignore the men; they come in for a back-handed slap when he declares the males to be "such futile gossips that the United States could not possibly carry on unless there were some sort of practical intelligence back of them." That is perfectly all right, Shaw being Shaw. Most men will read the book if it comes into the house, and their wives will make them, if necessary.

It will prove no great burden. Mr. Shaw gives due credit to our intelligence but takes no chances with our limited vocabulary. He talks simply and to the point, culling his arguments and illustrations from matters of daily experience. He proves without much trouble that something is seriously wrong; he demonstrates that many sorts of socialism will not work; he argues that equal division of income will. He makes it seem practical, though he is less successful in making it seem practicable. He warns us, however, that unless we tackle the pressing problem of poverty, circumstances will take us by the scruff of the neck and force a solution in a fashion inevitably unpleasant.

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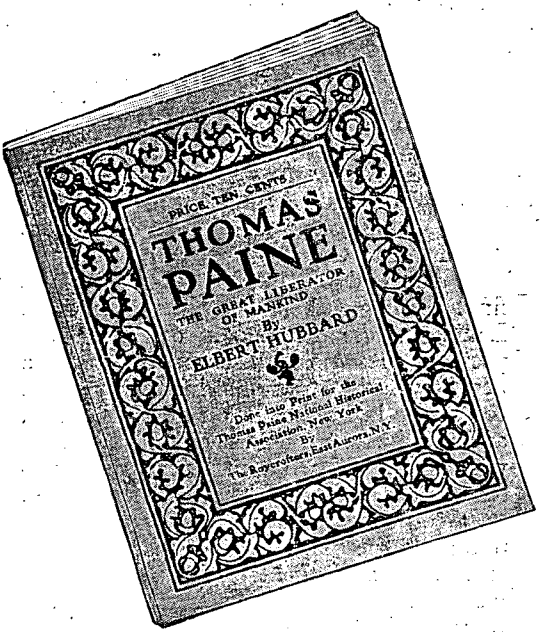
He became a part of Lincoln! He was one of Woodrow Wilson's favorite authors. And Thomas A. Edison has been reading him since he was 13! Their endorsement of Thomas Paine should silence calumny, and bring recognition at last to the "great liberator of the human race."



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If a book is to be measured by its enduring effects and by the leaven it introduces into the lump of society, this is the big book of the year. Most revolutionary or disturbing ideas are caged away in a style either esoteric or stupid; but Mr. Shaw hides his light under no bushel. He knows how to be entertaining while he preaches; he knows also that there is a season for wit and satire, and another for plain speaking. And he is nothing if not obliging. A lady asked him a question and he has devoted six years to answering it. In common courtesy the ladies at large will rally round and read what he has to say to the sex.

Socialism of a sort is under test, and therefore under fire, in Russia, and continues to occasion the making of many books. An unusually interesting addition is THE FALL OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE, by Father Edmund A. Walsh (Little, Brown, $3.50), which surveys the complex causes which led to the catastrophe and dramatizes the end of the Romanofs and the final struggle between Kerensky and Lenin. While the book considers the present outcome of the revolution as a penalty paid for national lunacy, it is not too bitter in its discussion of Bolshevism, and carries the authority of its author's years of actual work in Russia as representative of the American Catholic Relief.

Of course, the church has always tended to uphold the *status quo*, and in its servants it breeds a congenital fear of change. Hence Father Walsh's version of the Russian Revolution is the version of the Roman Catholic Church, even though it bears no official stamp of approval. For under his cassock, the priest is but a man like the rest of us; he sees what he has been bred to see, and he praises and blames accordingly.

The reverse of the Russian shield serves but to illustrate this truism with a vengeance. The chief actors in the revolution, or their lieutenants, have just put out in English the ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION (International Publishers, $2.75). From this book one would conclude that the affair was managed with the dignity and calm of a meeting of the village school board — though with some regrettable bloodshed. Of the two volumes, so different in their point of view and their conclusions, that of Father Walsh is by far the more valid and valuable. At least he is as honest as any man can be within the limitations of his prejudices, while the communists have too much at stake to see the wide discrepancy between the facts and the theory of their experiment.

THE DIARY OF A COMMUNIST SCHOOLBOY (Payson & Clarke, $2.50), is a more human document. The review copy has come without covers or publishers' jacket, which leaves us with nothing but internal evidence as to its authenticity. Certainly this is no casual diary. It was written with an eye to publication — unless it be that the habit of writing and speaking like a book is so characteristic of the Soviet that even a communist schoolboy can do no other. Granting that it tells the truth and the whole truth, the picture is amazing. There are Councils of Pupils in endless meetings to discuss their rights and wrongs; teachers with no better title than "school-workers"; no study to speak of, and no particular scholastic ambitions save to qualify for one of the local councils or for the Alliance of Communist Youth. Plenty of sheer farce, too, as when the school plays *Hamlet*, and the chief actor complains that he is not allowed freedom to choke Laertes; or when the story of Cinderella is adjusted to communist sensibilities by kicking the Prince all the way through the audience, while the three sisters sing "The International" as an accompaniment.

THE DEBUNKERS DEBUNKED

For some time it has been increasingly certain that some day, somewhere, somebody would retaliate in kind if not in kindness to the constant hammering of the high-brow critics on our sensitive national hide. There has been a crying need for a deliverer from the scourge and sting, and particularly for one who could himself swing a mean cudgel and crack a few crowns. This national prayer has at last been heard in high places, for Struthers Burt has written THE OTHER SIDE (Scribner's, $2.00). Even though he pulls his punches somewhat in belaboring Mencken's ribs, yet the acidulous cohort of the intelligentsia should know by now that they have been in an argument.

It is a refreshing, revigorating book, a feast of reason for the special delectation

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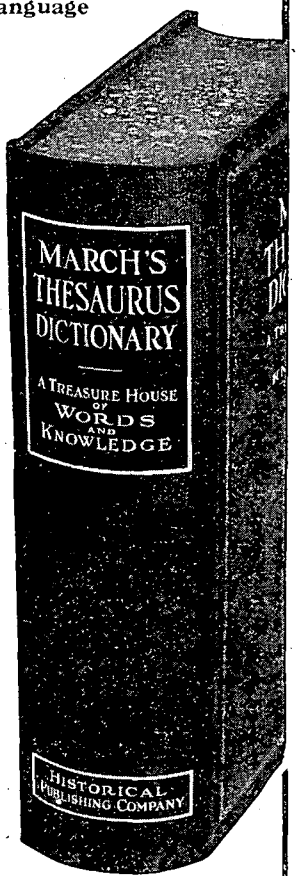

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of the mid-section of society, a manual for middle-brows. Mr. Burt pooh-poohs our national inferiority complex and self-conscious uneasiness. He tilts nobly at our national illusions and obsessions. He finds considerable comfort for America and her experimental democracy. Withal he does an excellent piece of housecleaning at a season when it is much needed.

These essays start off in high gear, and the first three or four — which discount our fancied inferiorities to the European mind and manner — are the best. They are readable and reasonable, and savored well with wit reminiscent of the redoubtable G. K. Chesterton in all his glory. Chesterton's epigrams are more adroit, but Burt's are more sensible — less pointed, but more to the point.

THREE UNFINISHED LIVES

HEARST, by John K. Winkler (Simon & Shuster, $4.00), is an amazing story, told with all the skill of a first-class reporter. It declares that "his fellow citizens are entitled to know the real, not the legendary Hearst." The earlier chapters are somewhat fogged by romance to which distance lends enchantment, but its essential justice is shown in the careful, candid treatment of events nearer home. However, Mr. Winkler is a Hearst man and can hardly restrain within bounds his admiration for such astute juggling of public appetites as his hero has accomplished. It is with sadness and regret that he admits that Hearst finally met in politics a situation he could not master. Perhaps a sharper sense of humor would have helped the biographer. He records that under stress of war Hearst "found it expedient" to change his paper's name, so that, "always patriotic, it blossomed as the *New York American*." Well, what's in a name?

Hearst accomplished miracles, always in the light of his conviction that "there is no substitute for circulation." Nor, for that matter, is there for common decency and honesty; but this seems to have worried him little. He turned the newspaper world upside down; taught it most of the new tricks which have since grown staid and respectable; threw fortunes into the pot so that he might draw out others, played expensively with motion pictures and successfully with magazines, and is in consequence one of the world's rich men. Yet it is curious and important that he could neither buy, beg, nor brag his way into politics. This phase is a story of successive and finally crushing defeats. The biographer says that "Hearst outran his hour," and that many things which he championed have since been adopted into the policies of one party or the other. The same, it will be recalled, was said of Bryan, who also had "a thousand readers to one follower."

It was Governor Alfred E. Smith who gave Hearst his final and complete drubbing and stopped short his ambitions for political power. The governor handled Hearst without gloves and at the same time with his nose slightly but significantly turned up and away. Concerning Mr. Smith, whose further ambitions and intentions now intrigue our attention, a new book will be of interest. This is PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRACY (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00) — a collection of addresses and state papers by Governor Alfred E. Smith, edited by his friend Henry Moskowitz. This may become a historical document of importance, but present interest is clouded by the fact that these are things said and state papers signed, whereas we wait with more concern for things shortly to be said and other state papers which may be signed with the name of Smith.

Another kind of biography is that of HAVELOCK ELLIS, by Houston Peterson (Houghton, Mifflin, $4.50) — a detailed history of a busy life and the story of a personal philosophy, made complete and authentic by the coöperation of Ellis himself. As an estimate of the achievement of its subject it is perhaps premature; such definition is easier when the winds of time have done their salutary winnowing; but to those who know the philosopher's thesis and undoubted distinction it is an extremely lively account of how he got that way.

Mr. Mencken, with some blare of trumpets, has declared that Havelock Ellis is "the most civilized Englishman of his generation." It is not so generally known that the oracle also accused him of a "profound and implacable skepticism," and called him "a philosopher viewing the childish passion of lesser men disdainfully." If Mr. Mencken was right, then

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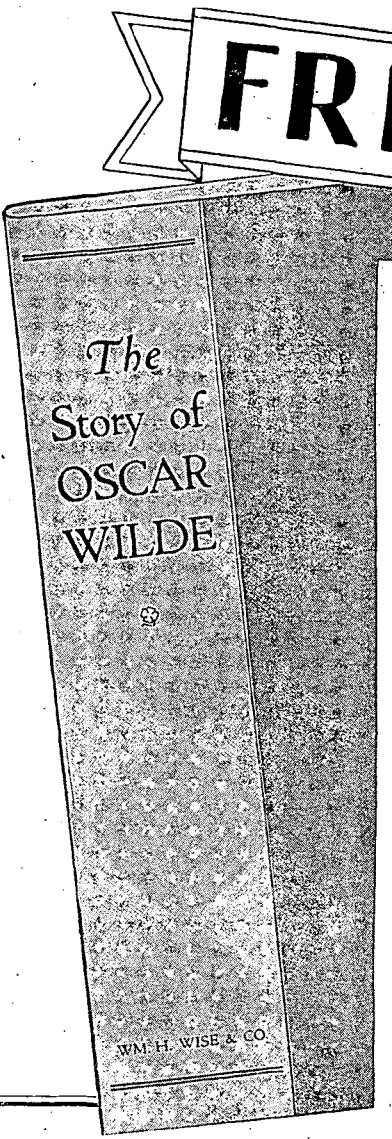

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the present biographer is wrong; for he gives another and far different impression — that of a kindly, tolerant, somewhat sentimental annotator of the failings, follies, and possibilities of humanity. His earlier life, treated at laborious length, leaves the picture of a rather unpleasantly serious young man, full-bearded at twenty-five, and with a fatal facility for writing bad sonnets. But this unpromising beginning was redeemed by the dignity of a useful old age, even though the sonnets continued.

We are not ready, however, to concede to Havelock Ellis the importance usually granted him. Few people have really studied Ellis. Most people have heard of him and vaguely conceive that his wisdom makes respectable the current obsession with sex. They believe that since he is a student and philosopher of our chief preoccupation, he is therefore our chief philosopher. Certainly the present biographer thinks so. We even suspect that the learned Doctor thinks so: he is so categorically final. Consider such oracular last words as these: "Now that the problem of religion has practically been settled and the problem of labour has at least been placed on a practical foundation, the question of sex stands before the coming generation as the chief problem for solution."

There is one gleam of humor in this very solemn book. It records that in the preface to *Little Essays of Love and Virtue*, Ellis frankly invited the consideration of young people and remarked that he would "prefer to leave to their judgment the question as to whether this book is suitable to be placed in the hands of older people." Perhaps the present book should await a like decision. But older folk will find it interesting even if it fails to prove that Havelock Ellis is a profound philosopher and a chief student of the chief of sciences.

SAGA AND GOSSIP

After the tumult and the shouting that greeted Alfred Aloysius Horn in his first literary incarnation, there arose a still, small voice of doubt. The old gentleman was declared more plausible than possible, and his story too good to be true. There were even those who announced that there was no such animal. Even though he turned up in New York in the flesh and an Inverness cape, with a thoroughly authentic gridiron, his credit was going down as his bank balance went up.

With his second performance, HAROLD THE WEBBED, or TRADER HORN, VOL. II (Simon & Shuster, $3.50), we discover beyond peradventure that these carpings are worrying at the wrong bone. It is of trifling importance whether the Trader did, or saw, or heard all the marvels he recounts. The only thing that matters is that there is, indeed, such a garrulous, reflective, shrewd, and Socratic old vagrant, now translated by a fairy godmother into a gentleman of leisure. Fortunately, before this metamorphosis he wrote his second book, with such skillful assistance as was needful.

The Foreword by William McFee and the Introduction by Ethelreda Lewis are not necessary to prove the Trader's authenticity, though the latter adds much detail to the legend of his life and labors. The proof of this pudding is in the eating — in the story of Harold the Webbed and the conversations that embellish it. The Trader here sets himself seriously at the literary trade. In the pride of his Lancashire ancestry he goes back to Viking days and gives us a story — fearfully and wonderfully made — of Saxons and Romans, of sea fights and feasts ashore, of brave men and fair women. He has some scraps of history and a generous measure of Lancashire lore at his command. More than that he has the imagination and pictorial genius of an old minstrel. And he is a conscious artist; he lays on his paints thick or thin with intent, and has his eye cocked appraisingly at his market. His plot gets away from him — as has happened before to authors — but it does not worry him and need not worry us.

The conversational intervals between the installments of his yarn are again a regular mine of entertainment. He wanders and reminisces, discusses current affairs and old experiences, comments shrewdly on this and that. But with his second book he is aware and proud of his status as a writer. He is even ready to explain the low state of American literature. Says he: "Prohibition's a sound notion applied to bricklayers. Body without brain is what they need. But apply the same notion to poets and other literary

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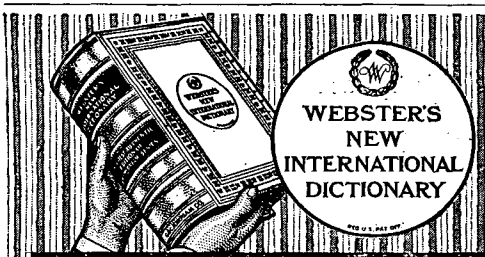

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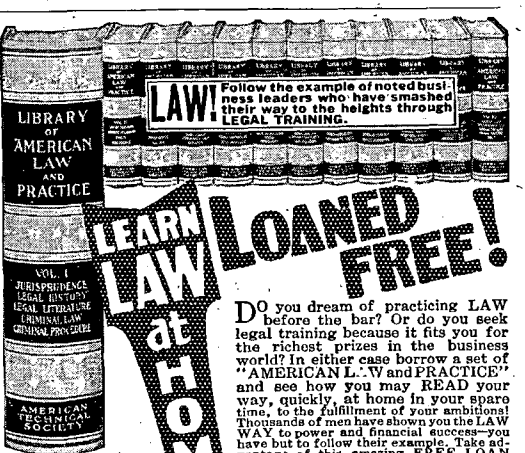
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figures and it'll be a proper washout." Whereupon he refreshes himself and gets to work on another chapter of *Harold the Webbed*.

Trader Horn has been well managed, both by his amanuensis and his publishers, for without subtle direction, and even exploitation, he would have gone unhonored and unsung. But with all due allowance for such accessories, the fact of Trader Horn remains, and his stature is not diminished by this second volume. He has no more stories of wild beasts, strange peoples, princesses, and such, but his richest entertainment continues — in the man himself.

SOUL SEARCHING AND GUN PLAY

Two novels this month are enough alike and different to make an interesting comparison. Both deal in ideas and ideals, and specifically in the polite warfare of nice people enamored of the far ends of different rainbows. Both aim to concentrate the confused currents of the modern world into the select circle of a family, and thereby contrive an entertaining stewpot of social and individual drama. Both involve the gay courage of youth, the mild alarm of age, and a wife's mad dash for a freedom which she finds in time that she doesn't want. Their difference is that one is written by Philip Gibbs and the other by Sylvia Thompson, and further, that in one they live happily ever after, while in the other we are not so sure.

THE AGE OF REASON, by Philip Gibbs (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00), is a distinguished novel in the English manner — which is to say that it is written with grace, clarity, and restraint, plus the experienced surety of a man who has done it before. Its limited cast of cleanly crisp characters are thoroughly modern people and no less thoroughly likeable. Thereby we are reassured that boredom and boorishness are not necessarily the chief fruits of our times, despite the raucous testimony of those writers who profess that bad manners and bad morals are the only signs of the free spirit.

In its story we find an ingenious pattern of irreconcilable convictions and purposes, together with others that may be compromised by wisdom, patience, and love. To this extent there is a pill of preachment in the book; but it is admirably sugared and spiced with the unflagging interest of a good story well told. Margaret is a lovely, sensible, and sensitive girl who marries her Oxford professor, thus challenging sundry hazards of disparity in age, experience, and spiritual angle on life. Professor Jerningham is a widower and a biologist; his father, a physicist; his son, an incipient artist despite a scientific training; his daughter, a professing and practising pagan. Rather a terrifying environment for the daughter of an Episcopal vicar, a girl well-rooted in the British tradition. Inevitably she comes to a swift series of spiritual adventures and crises. Romance wears thin under the pressure of more searching necessities, despite the characteristic masculine insistence of the professor that love and kisses can cover a multitude of differences, and it is not long before tragedy is at the door. But at last it is the professor — champion of the age of reason — whose hard-wrought philosophy of doubt and self-assured intelligence must crumble before the insistence of spirit and faith. He comes face to face with the unseen which he has laboriously denied and evaded. Here the story ends; but another is just at its beginning.

It is clear that Mr. Gibbs feels that the age of reason, with all its bright gossip of emancipation, promises little more than chaos. The habit of faith is at an equal loss, whether it reacts to Romanism — as in the young curate of the story — or makes poor compromises in the person of a practical parson of the West End. Among these diverging doctrines and other more superficial distractions of twentieth-century hedonism, paganism, or thin scepticism, the sincere human spirit grapples as of old with its own secret problem. This book, in so far as it is more than a novel and becomes a commentary on to-day, wipes out the illusions of many false prophecies and hopes. It restores the dignity of the individual soul, with all its agonies and necessities and hidden sources of strength.

THE BATTLE OF THE HORIZONS, by Sylvia Thompson (Little, Brown, $2.50), indicates by its title that it has much in common with *The Age of Reason*. Other inevitable comparisons are with *Jalna* and *Wintersmoon*, and it keeps such good company with distinction and charm.

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An American girl — more or less typical of a distinctly untypical class in her country — marries into a representative English family. The clash of these transatlantic horizons is relatively unimportant and not entirely fair, since there is only one Athene to play ambassador for America and a whole host of English folk to present the British scene. She brings with her a fine gloss of training and illusions born of established wealth — illusions which are very much in the way of her sincere intention to fit graciously into the friendly family she has joined and to play the proper wife to an earnest young Briton. As in *Jalna*, the arrival of the beautiful alien upsets the equilibrium of the rest of the company. Horizons of the past, present, and future are projected into sharp relief; differences bubble up to the surface and spill over; characters are crystallized by the new and unfamiliar element in the family life. Athene herself has all sorts of trouble. Her smooth competence is too much for her husband's British reserve, so he crawls away into a shell. She runs away in pique, in an innocent liaison too naïve to be quite convincing, from which she returns as precipitately as she went. Her family's fortunes go to pieces and her obstinate pride drives her to a brief course in realities, from which she is at last rescued by a repentant husband; and all's well that ends well.

The Battle of the Horizons arrives at one entertaining decision: to wit, that the modern woman's aspirations toward independence of thought and action are marvelously resolved by matrimony and babies. There are a number of such earnest young women in the book — charming girls, all of them — but most of them succumb at last to the primordial urge toward hearth and home.

This is a woman's book, warmer in tone and feeling than *The Age of Reason*, but equally sincere and wholesome. It is worth reading for the charm and individuality of its characters, the sustained interest of its story, and the convincing ease of its writing.

Historical horizons are chiefly the theme of THE SHADOW OF THE LONG KNIVES, by Thomas Boyd (Scribner's, $2.50). This is a story of the colonial frontier, written around the character of McDermott, the scout. It tells of the new American people

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pushing out into the Ohio Valley, while the last outposts of King George's armies manipulated the Indian tribes into fighting their battles. These are the most convincing Indians yet discovered on paper, being neither horrendous savages nor guileless children of nature martyred to the white man's greed. The last of the eighteenth century was indeed a poor time to be an Indian, but there were deep necessities beyond incidental offenses and retaliations which urged the white nation to occupy the red man's heritage. Even the British policy and strategy were not without justification, and the author shows a genuinely historical temper in handling the varied national convictions. The scout, Angus McDermott, is at the centre of these creative currents of a new nation, and they are seen chiefly through his eyes. His story brings a breath out of the deep woods of old where he hunted and tramped and dealt cannily with Indian tribes and chiefs. If the Leatherstocking tales took hold on your younger imagination, this book will do no less for your more civilized taste, and at the same time it will tell fairly and fully the story of stirring days when redcoats and redskins gave way before the long knives—the bayonets of the settlers.

BLACK VALLEY, by Hugo Wast (Longmans, Green, $2.50), takes us away to the Argentine, where a family feud can still flourish and throw off sparks of tragedy, drama, and romance. This story was awarded the Royal Spanish Academy prize, no doubt for its faithful and vivid presentation of ranch life in the picturesque mountains of Argentina and for the vigor of its tale of love and hate. Something has gone out of it by translation, since every language echoes the music of the hills and valleys where it was born, and this can scarcely be carried over into an alien tongue or restored by the occasional italics of a few native words. *Black Valley* is a simple and even familiar story—the feud, the unlawful alliance which crosses but cannot heal the breach, the iron obstinacy of old folk who cherish it, and the youthful passions that would ignore it. But the lasting impression is of a land beautiful and romantic, deep-scored by valley and river, gorgeous in color and richly fertile, where life is passionate and close to nature.

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Boston Massacre

. . . "Fire if you dare, fire and be damned!" An icy snowball thudded against Captain Preston's well-tailored ribs. Trembling with rage, he cautioned his men: "Hold your peace!" A group of shivering idlers on the Boston street rapidly became a mob.

The mob pressed closer. "Lobster-backs!" jeered one Crispus Attucks, coffee-hued blackamoor. Then cat-calls, vile and insulting epithets, followed by a volley of hard-packed snowballs, some rock-pitted.

The Redcoats made little noises with their guns. "Hold your peace!" cried Captain Preston. They did; but the mob, now one great stupid animal, got louder, and the big-lipped Negro bolder. Soon he found a smooth pine board, raised it, thwacked a soldier's rump. The Redcoat turned, point-blanked his musket in Attucks' face. Spit! Flash! Crack! Negro Attucks screeched, fell dead. Other muskets spat and flashed. The mob recoiled in panic, leaving a sprawl of bodies (five starkly stiff) in the street. Blood oozed on the dirty snow. The soldiers, now ashamed, stood quiet. Captain Preston walked down the line, struck up their guns.

But it was too late to pretend that Massachusetts had not defied its King. Drums beat, bells tolled, more Redcoats issued from the barracks.

"The Governor! The Governor!" . . . Acting-Governor Hutchison, white face set in hard lines, shouldered through the mob. "Captain Preston, what means this?" he thundered. "Consider yourself and your men under arrest, sir." To the mob: "Disperse at once, to your homes." . . .

. . .

So, in part, TIME would have reported the Boston Massacre of March 5, 1770, under the reign of King George III. Nor would TIME have omitted the events aggravating the affray—the townsmen's just resentment at the presence of two British regiments in the free capital of a loyal province, their just rage at having to pay for Redcoat board and keep.

So, too, would TIME have reported the turbulent mass-meeting of the day after: how Samuel Adams, popular emissary, forced Acting-Governor Hutchison to withdraw the troops to Castle William in the harbor. TIME would have stressed the subsequent trial of Captain Preston and his men; how Josiah Quincy and John Adams, patriots both, astute lawyers, defended the soldiers, that even-handed justice might be done.

Cultivated Americans, out of patience with cheap sensationalism and windy bias, turn increasingly to publications edited in the historical spirit, with the perspective of time. These publications, fair-dealing, vigorously impartial, devote themselves to the public weal in the sense that they report what they see, serve no masters, fear no groups.

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

NEW YORK CHICAGO

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—*Keats*

OUT OF THE FORUM'S PAST

THE TRAINING OF AN AMERICAN, by Burton J. Hendrick; Houghton Mifflin, $5.00.
Reviewed by JEAN WEST MAURY.

AN idealist with a brain keen enough to probe bone-hard traditions, an editor with the heart and enthusiasm of an old-fashioned patriot, an ardent North Carolinian with a vision at once national and international — that is the life-size portrait Burton J. Hendrick gives us in his latest volume on Walter Hines Page. That we may know it is a good portrait, and true, he lets us see it through the clear light of Page's own letters and acts. Was he an idealist? Witness, among other things, his letter to Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, and his efforts to turn all out-of-doors America into a beautiful garden, his letters to C. Alphonso Smith, and his unceasing endeavor as editor and publisher to make literature serve a great and lasting purpose. Was he able to get beneath tradition and win through to a practical success? Recall what he did with the old FORUM and the *Atlantic Monthly*. Did he love North Carolina and visualize her as an honorable, working part of a great nation, one and indivisible? Turn to his repeated efforts to make his native state his continued residence, and to his "Mummy" letters that show how far beyond state and national boundaries he could see. And so on throughout the list.

At one and the same time Walter Hines Page was an eager lover of his native state, of his native land, and of all humanity. He was preëminently of the type Paul Leicester Ford called "a practical idealist," and Kipling summed up when he spoke of the American ability to "turn a keen, untroubled face home to the instant need of things."

Justifying the title he has chosen for his book, Mr. Hendrick goes back to beginnings to find out how, where, and through what sources Walter Page got his training as an American. He discovers to the reader that Page came of pioneer stock, of sturdy, self-reliant frontiersfolk who were at home in the wilds and not afraid of hardship. They were men and women who believed in God, in freedom, in hard work, and in education. They belonged to the practical, self-respecting middle class, making no claim to blue blood, but holding themselves the equal of any man no matter what his rank or station. They were national patriots, one and all. They cast in their lot with the Confederacy when North Carolina seceded, but had vision enough to see ahead what they longed for — a reunited country after the war was over.

Shortly after the war a schoolhouse of pine logs floored with "puncheons" was built in the Page settlement, which was then beginning to be known as Cary — a name given it by Walter Page's father, in honor of a temperance lecturer. Young Page attended this school for three years,

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by which time he was thirteen and so far advanced that his father was thinking of making him a Methodist preacher, and sent him to Bingham School to prepare for college. His dormitory at this school was a log cabin, the cracks chinked with mud. He stayed at Bingham School for two years, but was able to finish his preparatory work at Cary "Academy" — a brand-new school in his home town.

Mr. Hendrick attaches considerable importance to the contributive training Walter Page received from old Anderson Page — a man of broad sympathies, considerable culture, and deep wisdom. "Little Grandfather" he was called because he was small and had eight huge sons. One of these sons was locally famous as a Shakespearean reader. From this scholar-uncle Walter Hines learned to love Shakespeare; but it was "Little Grandfather" who helped the future ambassador to grow up free from sectionalism and filled with a love for the United States as a whole. The old grandfather ignored the Mason-Dixon line.

From his early youth Page saw himself as an editor and publisher. Getting into newspaper work of any sort he thought would give him an opening. To this end he circularized newspaper offices, giving his qualifications, and finally inserted an advertisement in the *Nation* which brought him a job on a Missouri paper — the *St. Joseph Gazette* — where he began as reporter in the stockyards, to become, five months later, editor-in-chief of the paper. From the *Gazette* he went to the New York *World*, to leave it — when it was taken over by Pulitzer — to try his fortune in his native state. There, as editor of the Raleigh *Chronicle*, he tried to bring North Carolina to life and a realization of her possibilities. As Mr. Hendrick expresses it, Page tried "to take the State back a half century or more, to resume the thread of its development where it had dropped when, like most of the South, North Carolina had been led astray by the agitation that finally resulted in the Civil War, to teach it to forget this unworthy era and to reorganize its life under sane, democratic conditions."

Whether or not Walter Page held the Hendrick view as to the causes of the Civil War, certain it is that he saw North Carolina as she was at the time, and that he was not in sympathy with the continual harping on the chivalry, beauty, and culture of the South that had been swept away or made futile by the North. Consequently, he was not popular. So he sold his paper to Josephus Daniels, went to New York and wrote his "Mummy" letters, got a job on the Brooklyn *Union* as editorial writer, and eventually took over THE FORUM and made a living thing of it.

It was while he was with THE FORUM that he expressed his opinion of what the editor of an American magazine ought to believe and ought to be. "A man who does not believe up and down, crosswise and all around him, in the spirit of the American people, thoroughly, everlastingly, and beyond any possibility of change — a man who does not believe in this spirit, in democratic institutions and in the eternal development of the character of the people under democratic institutions, ought to be hanged if he tries to edit a magazine; because if that spirit be not in his work, if somehow it does not pervade it everywhere, if you cannot see it between every line he prints, then his magazine is not worth having."

He put THE FORUM on its feet financially as well as intellectually, and resigned to take over the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He wrote to Bob Sharp at Tulane University that he hoped to "get the magazine out of the New England rut." He did, and it has stayed out ever since.

As an editor, Page had small patience with purely destructive criticism. He did not care much for criticism of any sort. "A man who is willing to surrender his own judgment to another's soon loses his own judgment," Hendrick quotes. And: "If there were no other proof that our professional guardians of literature are the unconscious enemies of the very thing they mean to encourage, proof enough is found in this single fact — that most of them are men who are themselves hopeless about American civilization."

This brings us right back to his opinion of what an American editor should be, which, in turn, shows that Walter Hines Page held fast to high American ideals, which ought to prove something that has been disputed by at least one critic — that Mr. Hendrick chose wisely when he selected, as a title for his book, "The Training of an American."

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The New Humanism

AMERICAN CRITICISM: A STUDY IN LITERARY THEORY FROM POE TO THE PRESENT, by Norman Foerster; Houghton Mifflin, $3.50.

Reviewed by G. R. ELLIOTT.

HUMANISM is clarified common sense. It is skeptical of all theories as to the whence and whither of life. It is intensely interested in the question: "*How* may *human* life be lived most effectively and happily?" It is no more entranced by new physics than by old metaphysics. It notes that in old days atoms gave way to angels, and after a while angels gave way to atoms again; that in our day atoms have given way to electrons, and electrons are giving way to God knows what — angels again, probably. Electrons are swift, insubstantial, drenched with the mystery of light; they are "bright with something of angelic light."

Spiritism, now thin but eager, may presently feed itself fat on angelic electrons and, strutting to the centre of the stage, recapture the leading rôle from materialism. Bertrand Russell, intimate with both parties, announces that already "the death-blow has been given to materialism." But common sense yawns and doubts. This encounter has been staged so often! The "death-blow" is merely histrionic. We are becoming aware that the two actors are really a single protagonist, a quick-change artist who plays a double rôle, who divides himself (in Hotspur's phrase) and goes to buffets with himself. The material and the immaterial, the elements and the angels, are two aspects of nature. There is no quarrel between them, except in our dramatic fancy. We like to fancy such a quarrel because it gives us an image — though a faint and misleading image — of the conflict between the devil and the deity in our own proper nature.

"Practically, the rightful concern of man is his humanity, his world of value and quality that marks him off from a merely quantitative natural order," says Norman Foerster. "In assuming this duality, humanism appeals to the authority of the actual experience of mankind, past and present. Of the trend of past experience there can be no doubt; both of the old guiding traditions, the Greek and the Christian, however different outwardly, were absolutely at one in their sharp contrast between the human and the natural. Scarcely more doubtful is the trend of present experience; even in an age when the official philosophy is monistic, the working philosophy of the vast majority of mankind is still dualistic. Men are still conscious of an inner conflict, insusceptible of reconciliation, between the expression of natural desire and the will to conform to a standard of values." This is the essential conflict — exposed in a way that energizes common sense, freeing its eyes from the dazzle of the age-old shifting pageantry of naturistic theory and sentiment. Naturism — the investigation of nature's elements and the worship of her spirits — has been dominant enough during the past two centuries to obscure, disastrously, the real duality of man. The new humanism, therefore, is placing a strong emphasis upon that duality.

Yet Professor Foerster, author of *Nature in American Literature* and himself a keen student of nature, is carefully fair to naturism and brings out its positive values for literature. He gives us a comprehensive and balanced account of the views of Poe, Emerson, Lowell, and Whitman in regard to literature and the relation of literature to life. Nothing could be fairer than his treatment of our chief naturist — Walt Whitman. But especially fresh and compelling is the essay on Lowell. Mr. Foerster shows that "his weakness was the very reverse of that which is commonly alleged; that, instead of having insignificant criteria and effective personal qualities, he possessed a set of controlling ideas that wanted only the impetus of great personal qualities to make them in the highest degree significant and useful." The book as a whole, in addition to being very timely, is *the* authority on its subject. Admirable in format, it is admirable also, as the reader soon discovers, in its intellectual organization — it is progressively interesting and convincing.

Sometimes its clarity is a bit superficial, notably in the three final pages of the essay on Emerson. Here Mr. Foerster assimilates the great essayist to the great men of religion, including Jesus, and

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says that his total view of art leaves us cold for the reason that "his cast of mind was dominantly priestly rather than poetic." But "priestly" is just the wrong word. It should be "visionary"; as indeed the author himself suggests in an earlier passage — "Emerson recoiled from the natural man with something like horror. Yet he believed — and herein was he the visionary — that the yawning chasm between the actual and the imagined could be bridged, not by strenuous ethical work, but by the simple expedient of self-reliance, i. e. reliance upon the influx of spirit." The important fact is that Emerson's imagination, unlike the imagination of Jesus, of the greatest poets, and of normal humanity, did not respond to the ethical strife that shapes, and even creates, what is most precious in human nature. Emerson saw this conflict coolly with his mind, but he did not warm to it deeply with his imagination. That is why common sense does not warm to him, at centre, either as priest or as poet.

Yet he was a great humanist, in the bent of his spirit, though not in the ways of his "trackless mind," as Mr. Foerster well calls it. "However responsive he may have been to the romantic mood that still prevailed in his times, we are bound to feel, the more we study him, that he was even more responsive to the spirit and doctrine of Christianity and of Greek humanism." One of the best passages in the book is the demonstration of Emerson's "recoil from the romantic ego and attachment to what he terms 'the general mind of man'." He knew more greatly than his contemporaries that: "Without aiming at morality, all great art emancipates us from the egoistic self and elevates us to that universal self wherein the fair and the good are one and indistinguishable." Mr. Foerster's book is a call for a new and firm vision of that truth to-day. In his summary of the contemporary situation of American literature and criticism, he says: "The philosophy of humanism finds its master truth, not in men as they are (realism) or in men as worse than they are (naturalism) or in men as they *wish* to be (romanticism), but in men as they *ought* to be—'ought,' of course, not in the usual restrictedly moral sense, but with reference to the perfection of the human type."

The British Crown

EMPIRE TO COMMONWEALTH, by Walter Phelps Hall; Holt, $5.00.
GREAT BRITAIN AND THE DOMINIONS, Harris Foundation Lectures; University of Chicago Press, $3.00.
Reviewed by P. W. WILSON.

IN the pre-war period, it used to be said that it took a Briton like Lord Bryce to describe the institutions of the United States. These volumes are an evidence that Americans, on their side, are determined to investigate and expound the British Empire. To Professor Walter Phelps Hall of Princeton, we are indebted for a valuable, because factual, narrative of what, during the twentieth century, has happened to the far-flung sovereignty of England. The Harris Foundation Lectures, covering the same ground, were indeed delivered by Britons, but they were endowed through the University of Chicago, which has been satisfied with pronouncements, in every case, of the highest authority.

Into the details of these important books we dare not plunge. What impresses us is the fact that, on comparison, they arrive broadly at the same conclusions. The Empire which Sir Cecil Hurst, as legal adviser to the British Foreign Office, and his colleagues in authorship help to govern, is in no essential respect different from the Empire which Dr. Phelps Hall, as an American, has discovered for himself.

When such a jury is unanimous, it is not easy to dispute the verdict. But merely to say that the verdict is favorable to the British Empire would be to miss the point. What the verdict really means is that, if ever there was a British Empire except in name — which is doubtful — it has ceased to be. Indeed, on a British Empire, if it were a fact in the sense that the Roman Empire was a fact, the jury would be no less unanimous, but in condemnation.

It is true that Dr. Phelps Hall gives us the usual Mercator's projection of this planet on which he has stippled the numerous territories that Great Britain has painted red. But in so far as the stipple is uniform, it is misleading. The Dominion of Canada is a democracy, governed by the citizens resident therein, and allied with

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Great Britain. But the island of Ceylon is a province, ruled by an autocracy which is responsible not to the Cingalese but to a department of bureaucrats in Downing Street. It is not even true to say that the British Empire has been transformed into a Commonwealth. As a whole, it is neither Commonwealth nor Empire, but merely a titular sovereignty, applied in a dozen different ways to a hundred diverse units of population.

Nor is this all. The map suggests to the mind that this sovereignty is not only uniform but static. But it is doubtful whether there is one square mile of British territory of which this is the truth. As Mr. Angus Fletcher points out, South Africa has to face the racial increase of the Negro, both in numbers and intelligence. Ireland may be as financially sound as Professor Smiddy indicates, but, as an island, she has yet to achieve her unity. Canada develops daily as the political partner of Great Britain and the economic partner of the United States. India is moving as India has never moved in the whole of her age-long history. The Empire is thus undergoing an evolution in which every part of it is subject to what Einstein would call "a changing relativity to every other part." Not only is there no Constitution anywhere, so written as to be unalterable, but in every Constitution anomaly is added to anomaly with a disregard of symmetrical logic which can only be described as nonchalant. Ireland has added a seventh "English" vote to the League of Nations. Ottawa, though represented abroad by British ambassadors, exchanges legations on her own account with Washington.

It is thus no wonder that mystified spectators should ask us whether this Empire (which never existed) is not in fact breaking up; nor could any question be more pertinent. Before the War, the bond of Empire was Parliament. There was no subject of the King, living anywhere, for whom the Imperial Parliament at Westminster did not claim and exercise the right to pass laws. The legislation of the Dominions was no more than concurrent.

There is now no Imperial Parliament at Westminster. The Parliament is "British," and its jurisdiction over the Dominions has been surrendered. It follows that the only formal link now uniting the British Empire is the Crown. Thus we have what, in terms of Austria-Hungary, would be called not a dual but a multiple monarchy. The Crown is the centre to which scores of allegiances — near and distant, white and colored, Christian, Moslem, and Hindu — are directed.

Never in human history has statesmanship subjected the hereditary principle as a political expedient to a test approaching this test in severity. It is time and time alone that must determine the sequel. What can be said to-day is that the royal family enjoy an immense personal popularity; that in fact, as in theory, the King "can do no wrong," and that the Throne as a department of state (which it has become) is conducted through a civil service of exceptional tact, zeal, and efficiency.

Of the Throne, we should add what Sir Cecil Hurst says of the Empire itself, that it will continue as long as its value is apparent to the subjects of the sovereign. As we have seen, the unity so symbolized is not Parliamentary. Neither is it commercial. There are tariffs within the Empire as schismatic as the tariffs on the continent of Europe. Still less is the unity racial. Indians are excluded from Australia and complain bitterly of grievances in Africa. If there be a bond of union, other than sentiment, tradition, and language, it is to be expressed in the word, "responsibility." The British Empire stands for stability in an unstable world.

From power, we cannot exclude power over others. Hitherto, the assumption has been that, in Lincoln's words, no nation is good enough to govern another nation and that England is the oppressor and exploiter of Ireland, of South Africa, of India, and of Egypt. But South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand as autonomous Dominions, are to-day governing territories under mandate of the League of Nations, so sharing the white man's burden. Indeed, the United States herself, by her trusteeship of the Panama Canal, of the Caribbean, and of the Philippines, is assuming a similar task. It is a deepening sense of duty to the race as a whole, a leadership in the upward progress of the world toward a more abundant enjoyment of life, which alone will maintain the essential unities of English-speaking civilization.

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BROWSINGS AMONG BOOKS

Buying books is like buying cantaloupes; we are compelled to throw many away before finding a good one.—E. W. Howe.

IN the current flood of literature of the air, it is no easy matter to reach distinction, but this is done in LETTERS FROM A FLYING OFFICER, by R. S. Wortley, published — rather surprisingly—by the Oxford University Press ($2.50). We have already had two epics of air warfare in the stories of the Red Knight of Germany and of the Unknown American Aviator. The new book rounds out the picture with the English aërial achievement from August, 1914 to November, 1918, and from the first sporadic flights of antiquated flying crates to the day when ninety planes took off in close formation for a single raid across the lines. The book is briefly introduced as a semi-fictional narrative, but there is no questioning its authoritative accuracy. Its author, who died some years ago, had long experience as an aviator in the war. It is frankly propaganda for aircraft, but it is also a thrilling and inspiring epic of gallantry, a study of modern warfare, and a history of the four dark years, told with the spirit and sincerity of one who was there.

WALTER LIPPMAN is concerned because we are not treating our teachers right. They have become, he feels, the more or less innocent bystanders in this choice conflict between fundamentalism and modernism and between traditionalism and the scientific spirit of history. For examples he uses the Dayton trial of the teacher of evolution and the Chicago comedy concerning library and school books. All this is discussed in AMERICAN INQUISITORS (Macmillan, $1.25), which goes further and analyzes the conflict of the age and suggests the hopeful paths of compromise and reasonable toleration. Dayton and Chicago are only exceptional, he says, in the fact that they got into the papers. Everywhere there is the same difficulty between those who pay the piper and would like to call the tune and those whose academic conscience is troublesome. This he shows to be an important and far-reaching crisis, since popular education is a powerful weapon if it is suborned to the control of the mob or the demagogue, while free thought and research must find sanctuary somewhere if the world is to move. These are academic lectures, but they are mercifully brightened by ingenious Socratic dialogues between such departed gentlemen as Jefferson, Bryan, and Socrates, or the ideal Modernist and Fundamentalist, wherein Mr. Lippman's keen wit has a fair opportunity.

THE title of D. H. Lawrence's latest book, THE WOMAN WHO RODE AWAY (Knopf, $2.50), is taken from the longest in this collection of unusual and profoundly interesting stories. The author goes adventuring, as usual, into all sorts

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of bypaths of psychology and can contrive a story wherever two or three men and women are gathered briefly together. The stories range widely from things grim and terrible to social comedy. Their only family likeness is in their uniform excellence of writing and their unanimous focus on the human mind, as though to say that we all live chiefly in a subjective world. The main story is gorgeous as well as dreadful; the author sets his stage with the free hand of a pageant director who values drama more than mere fidelity to fact or plausibility, and so arranges for us a full sensation. Recurrently it appears in these stories that Mr. Lawrence is "hipped" on the necessary dominance of masculinity in the affairs of men and indeed in the cosmic scheme as well, but since he frequently shows how poorly the male achieves this destiny, perhaps he will be forgiven by the weaker and inferior sex.

ON the theory that one best-seller deserves another, Anita Loos has carried the histories of Lorelei and Dorothy past the portals of matrimony. BUT GENTLEMEN MARRY BRUNETTES (Boni & Liveright, $2.00) finds Lorelei married and a mother, and still much concerned for Dorothy's moral welfare. She devotes most of her book, in fact, to Dorothy, telling her history from childhood through all the hazards that beset a working girl to triumphant marriage with a man who knows how to impose on her properly. The first chapters, confessional of Lorelei's own matrimonial success, seem the best; some parts of Dorothy's story are bitter beyond the bounds of satire, and it is a consistent misfortune that these lovely little gold-diggers are separated in this afterthought volume. It is all rare entertainment, but is not as refreshing as *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* — which may simply indicate that enough of this sort of thing is sufficient.

IN his story of "the first real American," Meredith Nicholson has cut deeply enough around the edges of history to bring from obscurity the figure of Andrew Jackson. To the many who know "Old Hickory" simply as an early President of the United States, the author has proved this man's right to be called THE CAVALIER OF TENNESSEE (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50). It is one of those biographies in which humanity and action take precedence over psychological reasonings. There is cock fighting and horse racing. There are good, round oaths. And there is action — plenty of it. But the love story of Rachel Donelson Robards and Andrew Jackson holds the centre of the stage. The book causes one to heave a sigh of regret for those long vanished days of hard-riding men, of dueling for a lady's honor; for the days when chivalry was rampant and physical labor outwitted neurasthenia. This is not a great book, but it is sincere and vastly readable.

BEHIND the non-committal title TAMBO (McBride, $2.50), James Jenkins hides a singularly vivid travelogue of Peru, and reveals the ancient city of Lima and the towering and treacherous Andes that lie behind it. A "tambo," it should be explained, is a rude hut or shelter, refuge for the rare adventurers, traders, and natives who brave the tangled trails through jungle and mountain ranges to the interior. Joel is an American visitor who goes by foot and mule to Moyobamba on the eastern slope of the Andes, where the waters of the Amazon begin their cross-continental trip to the sea. Peru is a strange country, its peoples compounded, but scarce blended, of three races, its climate ranging from tropics to bitter cold, its skies scorching with intense sun or torn by storms and interminable rains, its life both primitive and sophisticated. The author describes his own experience, but gives no merely geographical description; more acceptably he conveys the mystery and reality of a little-known land and the mind and manners of its people, in a book colorful and convincing.

THE American undergraduate is a thoughtless animal. Robert C. Angell says as much — and little more — in THE CAMPUS (Appleton, $2.50). It is a survey of the life and influences of the average university: impartial, authentic, and unimpassioned, save when the author sighs for the days when a man could get up a good old intellectual thirst without being thought queer by his classmates. To-day the American characteristics of haste, superficiality, and love of excite-

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ment have exterminated intellectual curiosity in the colleges. The student no longer pursues knowledge for its own sake. Seeking the reason for this, Mr. Angell plays blind-man's-buff with coeducation, athletics, fraternities, extra-curricular activities, morals, movies, and religion. When he has finished, we have an accurate impression of the mental state of most undergraduates, but not much more. He wrings his hands mildly over the matter and lets it go at that. The remedy, which we had suspected he was saving for his final chapter, fails to appear. College graduates will find nothing new in the book; those whose only introduction to college has been *The Plastic Age* are recommended to try it as an antidote.

ANOTHER of the old guard now takes a drubbing at the hands of modern biography in CARLYLE, by Norwood Young (Morrow, $3.50). This is a devastating book and one that will not be easy to answer or ignore. It makes of Carlyle a bad-tempered hypochondriac, a willful distorter of facts and corrupter of quotations, a careless thinker with no clear sense of moral values, and in all little more than an energetic and stimulating stylist. These are no mere random accusations; they are offered soberly and confirmed carefully. Particularly is the biographer irritated by Carlyle's lack of conscience in quotation; he shows that he would deliberately insert his own meaning even into a famous passage characteristic of a famous man. His imaginary bad health is an excuse for perpetual grumbling, so that his wife said to Froude, "If Carlyle wakes once in a night he will complain of it for a week." His apparent scholarship is called in doubt, and it is shown that much of the tedious work involved was done by others. Lastly, he is accused of a major historical crime in his conscious distortions of the life of Frederick the Great, which occasioned a Germanic megalomania contributory to the Great War. "Here," says the biographer, "he led opinion and made history." Most of his prophecies have soured; many of his principles are disproved by experience; his history is discredited and his judgment doubted. It is by no means a pretty picture.

AN addition to The Humanizing of Knowledge Series is ANCIENT MAN, by Richard Swann Lull (Doubleday, Doran, $1.50), an excellent little handbook summarizing the available evidence of our primordial ancestry. It is written in popular vein, with careful accuracy and a decent reticence as to conclusions drawn from fragmentary evidence, and will be useful to those who would like to compass in an hour the anxious researches of a century of scientific anthropology. The first reaction of the layman will be surprise that there is so little left of the human legend; that Pithecanthropus Erectus, for example, has left us no more than her skull-cap, a thigh bone, and a couple of teeth. In spite of this rather casual regard for our interests, she is now roundly accused of having been up to some monkey business, which just shows that a lady can't be too careful. The same suggestion, by the way, applies to scientists and to those who dabble in popularized science, for whom this book is intended.

BRAND WHITLOCK has written a story of American politics in BIG MATT (Appleton, $2.00). "Big Matt" Holt is a gang politician of the traditional type who grooms and guides his lifetime friend to the governorship of his state and a prospective foothold on the Presidency. Unfortunately the governor resurrects in his new dignity the troublesome remnant of a conscience, whereupon he is torn this way and that by the obligations of loyalty to his faithful follower and fidelity to his high office, by which his personal peace of mind is much bedeviled and his gubernatorial style considerably cramped. The book is easy reading and engrossing, though not too convincing. Particularly we question how John Blake could spend twenty years in politics and still know so little of what he was up against; and Big Matt himself rather falls to pieces when his ambitions at last ripen to fruit.

THERE are two major mysteries of the magazines. One troubles the patient public and concerns the question as to why they publish such stories as they do. The other is for the impatient authors, who would like to know why they fail to publish such stories as they

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don't. REJECTIONS OF 1927, by Charles H. Baker, Jr. (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), gives you a chance to answer the latter question for yourself. It is compiled of stories that have failed to find a home. The book therefore makes two claims on your interest. In the first place, the stories are certainly above the average, even though they have fitted no existing need; secondly, it is entertaining to guess or judge why they failed to get by. This gives you a chance for a new game of literary criticism, with the advantage that your decision as to what is wrong is sure to be somewhat substantiated by the fact that experienced editors have also had their doubts.

NOW that we have heard from Mother India and Father India and a number of near relatives, it is refreshing to find an Indian book which concerns itself little with social problems and prefers the glamour and romance of this ancient land. AN INDIAN JOURNEY, by Waldemar Bonsels (A. & C. Boni, $4.00), is a German book now first translated; a richly flavored legend of tropic trails and rivers and the slopes and peaks of high hills, teeming with jungle life and peopled by picturesque and ingenuous native folk. The author gives his observations and reflections as he goes and adds the philosophic comments of his servant, Panya — an entertaining and charming gentleman who freely grants advice and instruction to his master. An attack of fever occasions a chapter in the manner of De Quincey, full of wild dreams and imaginings, and there are generous helpings of native legend and custom, and some humor in a distinctly Teutonic tone. Briefly the author comes in contact with Indian unrest and British administration, regarding the former with sympathy and the latter with no great enthusiasm. But such opinions do not intrude on the purpose — to give a colorful and comprehending picture of ancient India's mystery and charm.

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FORUM
· NEXT MONTH ·

IS CAPITAL PUNISHMENT RIGHT? — *R. J. Calder* / *Clarence Darrow*

Ethics has long since condemned the Mosaic law as a vicious rule of conduct for the individual, but the State demands an eye for an eye as a cardinal point in its scheme of justice. Is the State justified in doing what citizens are forbidden to do? America's greatest criminal lawyer argues the case with a leading Canadian barrister.

THE RAID — *George A. Birmingham*

If you were a true-born Irishman, how would you uphold your reputation for valor during decadent days of peace and quiet? This is a rollicking story of Hibernian wit and resourcefulness.

THE AMATEUR INVESTOR — *J. E. B. Jonas*

A strikingly novel plan of investment, suited to the man of moderate means.

AMERICAN WOMEN AND AMERICAN RELIGION — *Maude Royden*

England's leading woman evangelist visits America and draws some curious deductions about women, prohibition, cigarettes, and religion.

THE EARTH-DWELLERS — *André Maurois*

The second and concluding part of a highly amusing satire upon science as the leader and misleader of men.

THE CATHOLIC SPIRIT IN AMERICAN LITERATURE — *Michael Williams*

An essay in which the editor of the *Commonweal* demonstrates this equation: Puritanism — H. L. Mencken + (Paul Elmer More + Irving Babbitt — T. S. Eliot) = the Catholic Spirit in Literature.

THE TURKISH WOMAN OF TO-DAY — *Rosalind Toynbee*

Democracy in Turkey has exchanged Constantinople for Angora, fezzes for fedoras, and harems for a new bargain in woman.

Also: "The Anatomy of Hell" by John Hodgdon Bradley, Jr. — "The Still-born Art" by Pare Lorentz — "Eating Æsthetically" by Alice Foote MacDougall — "The Gnat Catcher's Nest" by Samuel Scoville, Jr. — "Our Muddling World" by Salvador de Madariaga.

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MARY AUSTIN

Scientist, philosopher, and poetess, whose intimate knowledge of primitive Indian tribes in the Southwest has led her to define a new concept of genius

(*See page 178, also page 296*)

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VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

Explorer and author, whose own experiences aid him to trace the manner in which the Vikings stumbled upon America five hundred years before Columbus

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HERNDON R. DAVIS
UNITED STATES ARMY

COMMANDER RICHARD E. BYRD

American airman, whose answer to Captain Dewar in this month's debate, voices his firm belief in the future of commercial aviation

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THE FORUM

AUGUST, 1928

Vol. LXXX No. 2

A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE. THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

HAS AVIATION A FUTURE?
A DEBATE·

I — THE LIMITS OF COMMERCIAL AVIATION

CAPTAIN ALFRED CHARLES DEWAR, R.N., O.B.E.

WHEN one speaks of a future for commercial aviation, one means a future not merely of daring enterprise and heavily subsidized routes, but a future in terms of definite commercial success on a large scale. Every new instrument of man's invention attracts around it a ring of ardent enthusiasts who paint its future in roseate hues. But sooner or later they find that it is encompassed about with definite and inevitable limitations, inherent in its own nature, which cannot be overcome. It reaches a certain point of development which it can only surpass at the cost of vastly disproportionate labor and expense.

It has been so with the locomotive and steamship, and it will be so with aircraft. Limitations may be imposed as surely by considerations of economic expediency as by the more rigid restrictions of natural laws. Thus it is certain that it would be entirely feasible to build cargo steamers with a speed of twenty knots; but it is equally certain that cargo steamers with a speed of twenty knots are not built. The reason is simple. They would not pay. And so the cargo steamer of the world plugs across the

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ocean at ten to twelve knots — much the same speed that it was making twenty years ago.

Nowhere do these limitations apply more forcibly than to aircraft. A plane has to contend directly against gravity. Before it can carry anything, it has first to lift itself, and then lift its load. This is a staggering handicap. Approximately four-fifths of the horsepower of a big plane is absorbed merely in maintaining the craft and its load in the air. Air transport can never contend seriously with transport by land and water, where the actual weight is carried by the earth and sea and the engine has merely to push or pull its load along.

At sea if a greater weight is to be carried, a bigger ship is built and a more powerful engine is put into it. The sea will carry anything you build. However heavy the locomotive, the earth will carry it. But in the air one is confronted with a definite relation between horsepower and load. A quarter of a century of experiment has taught the designer that one horsepower will support and propel a maximum weight of about twenty-five pounds. This total weight includes the plane, the engine, the fuel, the passengers — everything. In big planes and little planes, in all sorts and sizes of planes, the power load governs everything.

As a matter of fact, twenty-five pounds to the horsepower is the absolute and dangerous limit. Colonel Lindbergh's famous plane weighed 23.6 pounds to the horsepower; Chamberlin's 24.5; Byrd's 22.5. All were perilously near the danger limit of power loading; all had great difficulty in taking off. When Captain René Fonck started in September, 1926, his margin was too small. The plane took off, but it was overloaded and in a few seconds crashed to the earth in flames.

In the ordinary commercial plane the total weight carried must not exceed twenty pounds to the horsepower. The six-hundred-horsepower Farman-Goliath has a total lift of 11,020 pounds, which means a power load of eighteen pounds. If you want one to carry twice the weight, you must double its horsepower and its size. This ratio between horsepower and weight applies to every plane whether it is a Super-Farman-Goliath with a span of 114 feet or Colonel Lindbergh's famous little machine.

And there is a further limit which bars the path to bigger planes. There is a limit of structural stress. The designer will tell you that beyond a total weight of eighteen thousand pounds, a larger proportion of weight has to be put into the structure

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leaving a smaller proportion for engines and useful load (fuel and oil).

It comes finally to this, that a passenger plane developing 1,155 horsepower is capable of a comparatively short voyage of say two hundred miles with fourteen passengers and seven hundred pounds of freight, or approximately three pounds of paying load to the horsepower.

Now how does this compare with a train or steamer? A locomotive engine of one thousand horsepower will pull a total load of some three hundred tons and a paying load of fifty tons, or something like one thousand pounds to the horsepower. A cargo steamer of two thousand five hundred horsepower will move 10,500 tons of cargo, or some four tons to the horsepower.

In one word, power load is an insuperable bar to air transport on a big scale. Apart from all questions of convenience and comfort — in which land and water transport must always be infinitely superior — no form of transport which is forced to measure its weights in skimpy figures of pounds and fractional ounces can ever be more than an emergency or supplementary means of locomotion. It may and will, of course, be argued that paying load per horsepower is not a wholly sound basis of comparison, for a train must have a permanent way, and a motor vehicle requires a road. But the final test of economic efficiency is ability to pay one's way.

Air transport has never paid its way, and there is no prospect that it will. It is maintained by subsidies. Thus the present rate of subsidy of Imperial Airways in Great Britain is three shillings and ninepence — or about ninety cents — a mile, which is nearly $408 for each trip from Croydon to Paris and back.

The same conditions prevail everywhere. In Germany seventy per cent of the cost of actual air transport is derived from subsidy and taxation. In the United States two-thirds of the cost of the Air Mail Service is met from government funds. The expenditure may be justified in terms of utility, and the advantages of a speedy mail service may be worth the expense involved. But the same argument cannot apply to the ordinary run of traffic; and the fact remains that even in the transport of mails, the air cannot compete economically with the rail or road.

The partisans of aviation reply airily that the plane is only in its infancy. But is it? Every machine must at some time reach its zenith of development. The steam engine took nearly a century

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to reach maturity. But time runs faster now: ten years of the present century can easily outstrip fifty of the last. Aircraft have seen over twenty years of forced and precocious development, and are probably well within sight of their zenith.

Whatever may be their line of development, the fact remains irrefutable that in any question of transport in bulk, the plane is hopelessly outclassed. The freight of an ordinary train carrying a load of one hundred tons would require at least twenty or thirty large planes, while the dead-weight cargo of a moderate-sized tramp steamer carrying five thousand tons would require hundreds of planes and involve a long series of transshipments.

But in using large planes in large numbers there are limits of common-sense convenience. The large plane is an intolerably bulky and inconvenient vehicle to load and unload, and considering the small load it can carry, it may safely be said that there would be an actual loss, rather than a saving of time, in the transport of any considerable volume of freight by air.

Again, though speed is the ace of air transport, it is not the ace of trumps. What is required in world transport is regularity. The prime essential of traffic on a large scale is the maintenance of a regular schedule. Speed may be very important on some occasions, but it is not a primary consideration. It would be quite possible to build cargo steamers to go fifteen knots instead of ten; but it is not economical.

It is precisely in this requisite of regularity that aircraft are notoriously deficient. They are slaves of weather and cannot run to a strict schedule on voyages of any length. They are governed by the wind. Here one meets with the dominant consideration governing navigation in the air. Aircraft do not struggle against the wind. The wind is merely a moving current of air and they are carried bodily along in it, just as a ship is carried by the tide. The wind envelops them and they are carried with it, just as a small model airplane flown in a liner's saloon is carried along with the ship.

If the wind starts blowing at forty miles an hour across its track, a plane will be carried bodily to one side at forty miles an hour, and its pilot will know nothing of it unless he can measure the drift by observation of a ship or of land or by wireless directional signals, though the latter are often rendered uncertain by atmospherics and are not reliable when a plane is moving at high speed. The fact that aircraft move in a medium which is itself

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moving in unknown and variable directions, at changing speeds which may approximate one-half of the plane's own, is a severe handicap to long-distance oceanic flights. For these reasons aircraft cannot fulfill the first demand of transport — regularity.

Comfort, too, and safety are important requirements which aircraft do not meet, for no one can say that a vessel is really safe which is only so when moving and becomes unsafe if, through some minor mishap, the engine breaks down.

It is not contended, of course, that there is no place for air transport. There is a place, and, in certain exceptional circumstances, possibly a considerable place — but never a great place. Across stretches of difficult and undeveloped country, where the rail and road do not run, on short routes for carrying goods of little weight and bulk, when speed is of primary importance, when a business man wants to expedite an important interview, when a film must be rushed to Chicago or New York, then the airplane will be used. But the bulk of traffic will always go by land and sea, because earth and water can sustain great weight and air cannot.

All these considerations apply with tenfold force to airships. They are even more at the mercy of weather than planes. Their inferior speed exposes them for a longer time to the drift of the wind and their mammoth bulk renders them incredibly fragile. The disaster to the "Shenandoah" (September 3, 1925), which was manned by the best airmen in the States and started with the latest weather information, is a terrible example of their vulnerability in this respect.

Their paying load is simply laughable. The airship, R-100, being built for the Airship Guarantee Company in Great Britain, with a capacity of five-million cubic feet, will have a paying load at the most of twelve tons, which means that a vessel costing probably three hundred and fifty thousand pounds will carry — dangerously, clumsily, and unpunctually — the load of a single railway car.

A single charge of hydrogen gas for this monster may cost from two thousand five hundred pounds to seven thousand five hundred pounds. Actually, hydrogen gas is far too dangerous and helium (with seven per cent less lift) must be used, and helium can be obtained only from natural gas at a cost of about eleven pounds — or fifty-five dollars per thousand cubic feet. Here one is faced with the obstacle of a world supply of helium too limited

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to permit its use on a large scale. Airships are, in fact, obsolete. Like the monsters of prehistoric times, they are too ponderous and clumsy to survive. A few specimens may still linger on before they disappear, but they can never compete with carriage by rail and road and sea.

What then is the sum of the whole matter? There is no large and growing future for commercial aviation, because the future will never be much more than the present. There is a place for short-range traffic in planes to carry mails and those few passengers whom necessity impels to save time at the expense of comfort. But their number is not great. Recent sensational achievements in aviation have blinded its exponents to the inevitable obstacles. The feats of heroism and endurance performed in long oceanic flights are merely a token of the stern limitations which beset them. "Thou hast placed bounds upon them which they shall not pass."

The devotees of new instruments can never see anything else. The princes of the power of the air wax sarcastic over what they call "the Noah's Ark school" of transport. But the Ark could carry a considerable freight and bore it in safety. Noah used flight merely as an auxiliary to sea transport, and that is all it is good for.

II — FACING AVIATION'S CRITICS

COMMANDER RICHARD E. BYRD, U.S.N.

WHEN a boxer rushes in with swinging arms, he may rain blows upon his opponent, but he leaves his midriff open to some heavy wallops from the enemy. Aviation is like such a boxer in that it is plunging gaily ahead just now with little attention to the body blows many competent critics are aiming at its midriff.

I think there are two reasons for this. First, we Americans are so enthusiastic when once we get started that occasionally our emotion runs away with our common sense. We are in a seventh heaven of self-esteem over this thrilling matter of human flight

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which the Wrights — our countrymen — have made possible. Again, being an imaginative people, we cannot resist the temptation to speculate extravagantly about the future of aviation. And once our mental pictures have become clear enough, we begin to feel that they are realities. Hence the catchwords of the day: "air age," "giant air liner," "birdman," "ocean air service," "air flivver." All may come; but they are not here yet — and just talking about them can't bring them.

Probably the strongest argument wielded by critics of aviation is that which defines the limits of flying from the viewpoint of the railway and automobile. A common formula is this: "The railway and the automobile outgrew the period of danger to their passengers. Therefore, if flying is ever to replace them, it must likewise emerge from its present hazards."

It is true that in 1845 the railway was viewed much as the layman looks on flying to-day — as a short cut to suicide. By 1895 it was widely used, though still a thorn in the side of civilization. Now railways no longer advertise on the basis of safety, but of luxury. It is true that in 1900 the horseless carriage was thought a futile experiment; and that by 1910 automobile races were a public scandal in the deaths they caused; and that by 1928 — though we still kill about 30,000 people and injure around 800,000 — the motor car is accepted as a safe conveyance for women and children as well as racing drivers.

It is likewise true that men have known how to fly for twenty-five years, and that there has been no miraculous progress in safety of flying. The percentage of deaths is still higher than it ought to be. But to point the future of the airplane by analogy to the railway and automobile is as futile as comparing the telephone with radio. One has only to turn to the files of old newspapers to find the railway and motor car condemned by the same faulty logic.

For instance: "The railway cannot succeed (this was 1839) because of two definite shortcomings: first, it cannot go uphill; and second, not enough people want to go somewhere in a hurry to make it pay." The American citizen of 1839 did not picture the gigantic engineering machinery that would make it possible to build our transcontinental roadbeds with only slight grades, nor the tumultuous rush of twentieth century existence that necessitates high-speed transportation.

In the same way, early critics could see no future for the automobile. "The automobile cannot possibly succeed (this was 1897)

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because of two inherent defects: first, its engine will always be so unreliable that the average citizen will not tolerate the delay and inconvenience sure to arise; and second, there will never be sufficient funds to build level roads permitting travel at high speed." The American of 1897 did not foresee an automobile tire that would last for 20,000 miles, an engine that would go 150,000 miles, nor a public opinion that would support a budget of $200,000,000 for good roads.

It is an interesting sidelight on this discussion that for a hundred years the same sort of arguments were employed against the use of dogs in arctic travel. Some said: "The dog is a good draft animal, but he must be fed. When he starts out on a journey of one hundred days, he must haul one hundred rations of food for himself. Such a load leaves no room for the food, clothing, and equipment of the explorer." As a result, every man-hauled expedition toward the poles of the earth failed. Peary and Amundsen succeeded and reached the North and South Poles respectively by using dogs for draught animals.

In each instance I have cited, the fallacy of the arguments was the same. Opponents of dog teams were arguing from the point of view of man teams. Later, opponents of railways argued from the point of view of prairie schooners; and those against automobiles from the point of view of railways. However, it is not profitable to meet critics of aviation simply by declaring that their arguments are behind the times. Some of them are in advance of the opinions held by the very men who defend flying with all their might and main.

The average pilot gives little thought to the fact that a plane's capacity cannot be increased in the same proportion as that of a ship by increasing its size. By the law of cubes, one ship twice as large as another can carry eight times as much. A freight car of fifty tons capacity can carry four hundred tons if its dimensions be doubled. A plane doubled in size cannot carry even twice as much for two reasons: its power load, or weight per horsepower, cannot be increased beyond a definite limit, and its wing structure is not quite so efficient when increased in size.

It may seem, therefore, that the plane can never compete with the ship or train as a carrier of passengers or freight. Possibly so. But I submit that here again we are arguing by false analogy.

Consider the telegraph. When Morse first gave the world his incredibly swift transmission of messages, one could have argued:

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"But the wire can carry only one letter of one word at a time. And even at high speed the words cannot pile up into so much as one book for days. Moreover, the slender metal thread upon which we are asked to pin our faith may be broken by wind or snow, or by its own weight. Indeed, what is the sense of such rapid transmission of language, save in a few emergencies?"

What happened? Multiplex telegraphy. Strong wires. Mechanical transmission. The whole world speeded up to the point where wired communication was the shuttle that wove the pattern of a world's very existence. Ships still bring us ponderous bags of mail and documentary records. All the old arguments in support of ship-borne manuscript still hold, but the method itself has taken second place in the vital happenings of the day.

With a great show of concern the critic of flying points to the fact that we are building smaller planes to-day than we were ten years ago; that the progress in performance of planes — speed, cruising radius, fuel, efficiency — can increase only slightly more.

As a great believer in aviation I am one of the first to admit this. The Navy's NC-4, which crossed the Atlantic by air in 1921, was about twice the size of the "America," in which I flew to France in 1927. The giant Barling bomber was nearly three times the size of my plane. I think it is fair to say that both these designs are now out of date.

As for performance, not long ago the General Board of the Navy reported to its Secretary: "*Increase of performance may be obtained by engine development, adaptation of lighter materials to construction, some possible improvements in aërodynamical characteristics such as wing surfaces, stream lines, balance, control, etc. But an increase beyond 30% cannot be foreseen as within human accomplishment with materials and mechanisms so far known.*"

This seems to seal the death warrant of aviation progress, doesn't it? At least when one argues that planes must be built bigger and bigger, and go indefinitely faster and faster, unless aviation is to be judged a failure. But how about the fact that we have over 22,000,000 automobiles in the country to-day and that the great majority of them are *smaller* than the average passenger car of ten years ago?

The truth is that the very heavy and ponderous motor car was found more extravagant and less efficient than the moderately light car. Both city and suburban life, as well as roadways, became adapted to the lighter car. Bigger trains and steamships

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were built in the corresponding period. Yet it cannot be said that the automobile industry retrograded because the cubic contents of its cars declined.

American aviation suffers much for not keeping pace with that of Europe. German and British airways carry many thousands of passengers every month. Why cannot we do so? The answer is that European airways are heavily subsidized by the government. "Ah," says flying's critic, "we here uncover another defect in aviation. It can never pay its way!"

As a matter of fact, this very point is a fine feather in the cap of the American business man. He is of fighting stock that does not tolerate paternalism.

"All right," said an airplane manufacturer the other day, "if our passenger and mail planes can't run at a profit, let's don't have 'em!"

He could well afford to make such a statement because he knew that at least half a dozen new passenger lines are going into commission this year between the big cities of the East, and that more and more private contractors are taking over government air mail contracts. Neither one is out to live on subsidy; both are already beginning to pay.

It is more difficult to uphold the case of the airship — that is, the lighter-than-air dirigible — than it is that of the plane. The dirigible is still in its swaddling clothes. But here we have something more nearly like the steamship on which to base our arguments.

The first steamship to cross the Atlantic was the "Savannah," of 350 tons. She left Savannah, Georgia, on May 24, 1819, and reached Liverpool twenty-six days later, during eighteen of which she used her side paddles. Compare the helplessness of that panting hulk of 1819 with the trim seaworthiness of a contemporary sailing vessel. Compare her twenty-six days with the twelve-day record of a clipper "Dreadnaught" which made that time by sail alone. Compare the "Savannah's" cramped size and difficulty of handling with any average windjammer of her time, and see what chance her advocates had of getting away with a prophecy that some day a steam liner of 60,000 tons would be built and would cross to England in four days. "Fanatic" would have been the only proper term for so unbalanced a devotee of steam on the high seas.

"Fanatic" they call us to-day for warmly supporting aviation.

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The art of flying has been much hurt by air enthusiasts, I admit. There have been too many predictions that have not yet come true. That is why many of us try hard to steer a middle course. But for all my conservatism I am confident that flying has a future as yet undreamed of, and that in a few years these hot blasts now issuing against it will read as foolishly as do the original arguments against the railway and the automobile.

Though I look for no immediate spectacular advance in flying, I do believe that design will be slowly improved, performance enlarged, and safety increased every year. Only the other day there was announced in England an item of design in the form of wing slots that would automatically prevent a plane from going into a tail spin. There may be devised a means of lightening a plane's load automatically in case one of its several engines stalls. And so on.

Performance is a more complex matter, because it takes into account speed, cruising radius, and maneuverability. Commercial planes now usually work at speeds of from sixty to ninety miles an hour. In a year these limits should be from one hundred ten to one hundred fifty miles an hour. Probably two hundred miles an hour will be the limit in a few years. Cruising radius will be increased when fuel consumption is improved and structural weight reduced. Both are going on in a small way every day.

Maneuverability is something we know relatively little about. But there are being held important tests in nearly all aircraft plants and in our military service that will make planes more docile in the air and safer in taking off and landing.

I think the so-called "flivver," or small private plane, is practical to-day and will soon be built in quantities at a cost of from $1000 to $2000. The popular size will carry two or three passengers and be built for safety rather than for speed.

The greatest progress — and the development that will mean most to aviation — must come from banking support. So far this support has been very limited, but it is increasing markedly as more successful flying is done. When American business joins hands with American aviation, the future of flying is assured.

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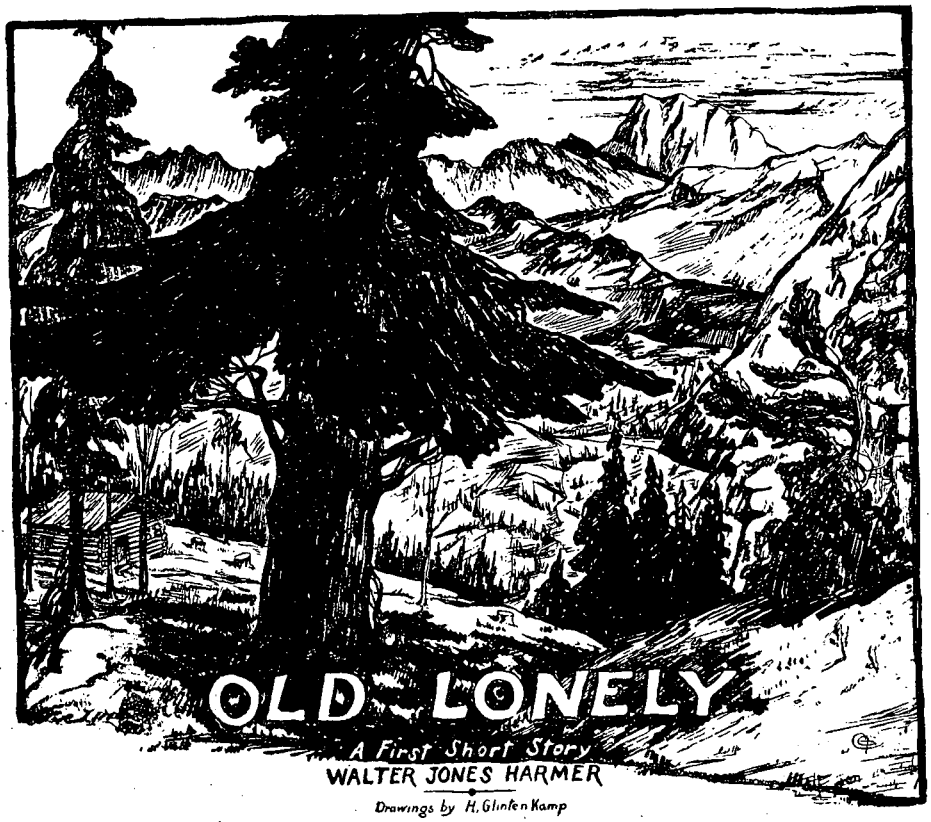

IN the bush up in the Peace River country he was known as "Old Lonely." Not many people even in Peace River Crossing knew more than that. A few knew that his first name was Gabe. Somebody asked him one time if that stood for Gabriel. He studied his questioner a moment as though he thought there was a hidden meaning to the inquiry.

"No," he said quietly at last, "it don't stand for nothin'. Thet's jest my name — Gabe."

He was one of the old-timers. Nobody remembers any more who most of the others were. They were just prospectors and traders and trappers, just vagabonds whose outstanding characteristic was curiosity — curiosity about what lay over the next sky line, about the way Chinook sneaked in through the hills unexpectedly on wild winter nights, about beaver dams and northern lights and trees and creeks and living things. They were strange men, all of them — restless, forever wandering. But

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not one was stranger than Old Lonely. "He's a deep one," people used to say.

He was deep in a way, but he changed considerably after he took those two little Cree girls in to raise. Nothing much more than babies they were, and he a man well past middle life — a big-boned, big-voiced man made almost fierce looking by his shock of unkempt hair and his dark eyes peering above a regular briar patch of whiskers. But those babies tamed him.

He even got so he tried to sing to them. His voice wasn't suited to that. It had the deep pitch of a rock slide. But the noises he made seemed to be just what the Cree girls wanted, because as soon as he had tucked them in their hammocks and started swinging and singing, they closed their eyes happily and went right to sleep.

They always slept, each tied in a hammock. There wasn't room for them to sleep any other way. What with Lonely's own log bunk and the stove and table and chair and bench, he would have had to put an extension on the cabin if he hadn't fixed things as he did. He made the hammocks out of strips of buckskin and slung them across opposite corners. He tied another buckskin thong to each for a jerk-line. And when the girls were tucked in, he drew his chair over, lit his pipe, took hold of the lines, and started pulling.

There hadn't been any obligation on him to take the children. They belonged to a Cree girl he had known since she was a baby. Ada Beaver-tail they called her when she was a youngster and Ada Beaver-tail they called her till she died; her marriage never made any difference. She married a worthless trader who left her when she became too sick to make moccasins.

Old Lonely heard about her condition and had a load of stuff sent up from the Crossing. He even managed to get a woman to visit her. But the woman had her own home to take care of and wouldn't stay; and Ada wouldn't leave. So the burden fell naturally on Lonely since nobody else wanted it.

For two months he went to Ada's cabin every day — and right at the time of year when the first frosts had knocked out the mosquitoes and flies and no-see-ums and left life worth living back in the hills. That was probably the first autumn in forty years he hadn't spent alone in the bush, slashing blazed trails along the trap lines he planned to follow that winter, or puttering around log cabins and lean-to's. Now and then he looked up as

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ducks and geese and swans and cranes winged their way overhead, looked up and studied the great V's or waving lines till they passed from sight; but he never let Ada know they reminded him of anything.

The only thing he could do at first toward helping Ada with the children was to watch them when she sent them outside to play. He could cook and get wood and water, but with babies he was helpless. Now and then he uttered a gruff command to come into the house when Ada wanted them. The first few times he did so, they watched him intently a moment as if expecting him to attack, then scampered for the door as fast as they could go. After their first fears had gone, they allowed him to hold the big tin dipper to their lips when they wanted a drink. But that was as far as they or Old Lonely went in their friendship until that morning when Ada couldn't get out of bed.

Lonely had been spending the days with Ada and the nights in his own cabin, walking the five miles back and forth. That morning when he arrived, Ada lay in bed, while the girls were running barefooted around the cabin, clad only in their undershirts.

Ada tried to smile. "Old Man," she said in Cree, "I am not very strong."

Lonely wanted to say something but nothing occurred to him. He nodded his head in agreement and ran his fingers like a currycomb through his beard. The girls were sprawled right at his feet. He looked down at them. They were gazing up as though half afraid.

"Hello," he finally boomed at them. He spoke also in Cree. They knew nothing but their mother's tongue. The sound of his own voice reassured him. He reached down quickly and put an arm around each girl, and carried them kicking and scratching to the bed. Ada smiled. She made a motion as though to reach up to them. Lonely sensed her desire and leaned over and held the girls down to her. The youngsters forgot their fears of him and ran their stubby brown fingers through their mother's hair. Ada tried to imprison the four hands between her own, but she failed. She whispered little words of endearment and the girls replied with chuckles and exclamations as they slipped their hands out of her grasp. Finally Ada sank back exhausted, and Lonely straightened up.

When the girls were interrupted in their game with their

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mother, they turned to him. One reached out a hand timidly to his whiskers. As her fingers touched the hair, she gave an exclamation and pulled her hand away. She tried it again. Then the other reached out. They chuckled. Emboldened, they reached out together and gave Lonely's whiskers a little tug. They laughed, squirming gleefully in his arms. Right then something in the old trapper melted. He drew the children to him more closely. They sensed the change. The two little black-haired heads settled down on Lonely's shoulders; they snuggled up against the grizzled neck, and the pudgy brown hands yanked at and explored the graying beard to their hearts' content.

From then on Lonely found plenty to do. No longer was it sufficient to call the children in from play or hold the big dipper while they drank. He was required to feed and clothe them, and nurse Ada as well. There have been nurses who looked better in the part. His shirt was always unbuttoned at the throat, disclosing hairy chest or red undershirt; and he used tobacco in both forms. But Ada never noticed those things. She gave silent thanks for "Old Man" — a Cree term she had applied to him laughingly years before. And Old Man for all his bulk continued day after day and night after night to move silently on moccasined feet around the rude cabin. Nor could a woman have been more gentle.

Ada's condition became so much worse that she couldn't lift her head from the pillow, and he knew the end was near. One morning she beckoned him to come close. He leaned down.

"Could you get Father Robillier?" she whispered.

"He will come," he promised at once.

That evening as soon as the children were in bed, he told Ada he was leaving and would return at daylight. It was forty-five miles to the Crossing. He knew he must get someone to go in his stead, so he went first to a breed's place twelve miles distant. But he found the cabin vacant. He went four miles further to the home of a settler, but that man too was absent. It was four miles to the next cabin and the night was far gone; but he hurried on. When he arrived, he found the man — a Cree — in bed. Lonely wasted no time. He ordered the man to go at once for the priest. Always morose and bad-tempered even with his own people, the Cree resented the trapper's manner of ordering him around. Lonely sensed his resentment and laid a hand on the Cree's shoulder; nor did the hand rest lightly.

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"Before the sun rises twice the priest will be at Ada's cabin. He will be there or I shoot you like carcajou."

The Cree's fright was plain under his surly manner.

"To-morrow night the priest!" snapped Lonely. "Or you die! Understand?"

The Cree nodded. Lonely watched him wolf down a piece of bannock and a couple of chunks of cold deer meat which he fished with his fingers from a greasy pot. As the Cree started for the door, he reached for a rifle which lay on a table beside Lonely. Lonely dropped a hand on the gun.

"You don't need that. The feet move faster when you run empty-handed."

For a moment the Indian gazed level-eyed at Lonely. He had a thought of fighting it out. Lonely never moved. Then the Cree shifted his glance and went out the door. Lonely picked up the rifle and followed. He stood watching until the Indian's figure disappeared over the bare brow of a hill. Then he turned. A half-mile or so from the cabin he came to rock outcropping. He swung off the trail and followed the rocks back a little distance. He cached the rifle and retraced his steps. It was twenty miles to Ada's and dawn was less than three hours away. He forced himself on. He had a promise to keep. Most of the time he trotted like a man following dogs, and before the sun rose over the hills beyond the Smoky Hills he entered the cabin door.

"The priest will come," he said simply, in answer to the question in Ada's eyes.

She beckoned. He knelt at her side.

"Who brings him?"

"Johnny Black." He saw the hope die out in her eyes. He put a hand on top of one of hers where it lay white and frail. "He will bring him, Ada."

Something in his calm confidence reassured her and she smiled happily.

That night he slept fitfully on his blanket on the ground just outside the cabin door. An hour before dawn he heard a twig snap. A moment later the priest and Johnny Black emerged from the forest. Lonely greeted the priest. Then he turned to the Cree.

"Watch me," he commanded. He squatted and, picking up a stick, made a mark on the ground. "Your cabin." He traced a line. "The trail to Jackfish Lake." Another mark. "A rifle shot," he said, in explanation of the distance between the points. He

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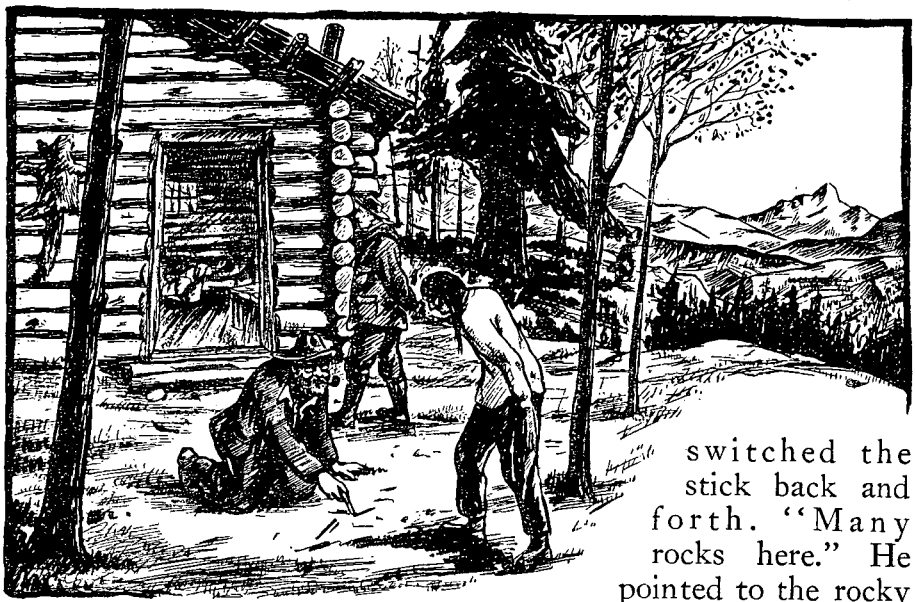

switched the stick back and forth. "Many rocks here." He pointed to the rocky ridge. "Your rifle here." The Cree swung on his heel without a reply and disappeared in the forest.

Old Lonely rose and turned to the priest. "Ada is dying."

"Thank you for getting me," replied the priest kindly. Then he went in.

It was breaking day when the priest came out. He stood a moment in silence, gazing across the brooding forests to the far hills. "She is at peace with God," he said, more to himself than to the trapper. Lonely made no reply. The priest turned to him. "Go in to her. She asks for you."

Old Lonely knelt beside the bunk and took Ada's hands between his own. She turned her face slowly to him. She breathed a word. He knew the question she would ask.

"They are my babies," he replied.

There was the faintest pressure of her hands. No other words were spoken. And as the sun broke through the mists over the Smoky Hills, she died.

Father Robillier and Lonely buried her in the forest near the cabin. Then they gathered together the children's meager belongings. Lonely made a tump-line out of his belt. When it was adjusted, he called the girls to him. As he reached down to

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GENIUS, TALENT, AND INTELLIGENCE

MARY AUSTIN

IN the beginning of the modern era man distinguished himself among the other animals by a capacity somewhat vaguely described as the sum of all his conscious ways of knowing, called intelligence. This intelligence was generally understood to be evolutionary in the human species, varying widely in individuals, among whom it occasionally attained to notable levels. Universally intelligence was believed to be educatable, or at least susceptible, through training, of increased availability, and quantitatively to constitute the chief distinction of peoples among themselves. Being considerably puffed up by his distinguishing gift, man has recently reluctantly admitted to his general concept of intelligence the possibility that it is not his sole possession but is to be found in rudimentary form among the lower animals.

Very much earlier in the history of his thinking about himself, when the other animals appeared more divine because altogether more mysterious, man thought rather poorly of his conscious processes. Were not most of the others better equipped with seeing, hearing, smelling, swiftness, and cunning? But he prided himself upon being able occasionally to accomplish what he had not been taught, or to act upon knowledge that he had not consciously acquired. In the earliest stage in which we know anything about him, man supposed this whisper at the threshold to be a communication from his totem animal, from which he always knew himself in some fashion descended. It whispered explanations to him of the otherwise inexplicable, or methods by which to make game more plentiful or his enemy more vulnerable.

A little later he was inclined to name the whisperer one of the shades of his ancestors, of whose lapse from conscious existence he was profoundly unconvinced. This seemed the more likely because the saving suggestions so often came to him in dreams or on first waking from sleep, during which he believed himself to have been in a spirit state. Still later, having arrived at the concept of imps, fairies, angels, guardian spirits, and devils, he laid on them the burden of all that came to him from sources having so little to do with conscious intellectuation that he was convinced they could only come from outside himself. Then came the clever Greeks and named the mysterious prompter "genius," which it

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has been more or less called ever since. Under whatever name, it has universally been credited with man's most prized achievements.

Modern psychologists, without denying the experience, describe its source as a plane of individual consciousness so deeply submerged below the ordinary intelligence processes that it may easily seem to come from some other spirit, or from that divinity from which man incorrigibly supposes himself to stem. This deep self of man is seen to be the repository of all that has passed the threshold of his immediate consciousness, and of the stored residue of racial experience. When it is observed combining elements selected unconsciously from his repository of racial material with new matter contributed by individual experience, this otherwise nameless level of man's submerged self is known technically as genius, further identified by the field of human activity in which it works as military genius, architectural genius, a genius for politics.

Any work so produced is called by people who deal professionally with such work (critics, teachers, art dealers, impresarios) "a work of genius," in distinction from work produced by intelligence, not reinforced by this spontaneous play of man's deeper self.

When a man like William Shakespeare is called a "man of genius" it means that his works have been combined out of various sources of folk tale, history, or observation, not in his head, but at levels deep enough to partake of the human essential (which may or may not be divine, as you think it), and by laws which are recognized, even when still unformulated, as having the quality of universality. It is to be kept in mind that until the "scientific method" came into use, less than a century ago, the bulk of the world's superior work came the genius way; all the best poetry, drama, paintings, sculptures, all our religion, even much of so-called scientific discovery, has been delivered to the intellectual levels from the deep-self of man. In practice it undoubtedly works out that intelligence has played a part in the shaping and polishing of the achievements of genius — especially when these are of high quality — and in criticizing their fitness to man's use. The point to be made, however, is that the term, "genius," had been devoted immemorially to the part of the work which is not of the intelligence but of the deep-self.

It is therefore to be regretted that, of the two particular groups of workers in the comparative measurement of intelligence, the

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one which is led by Lewis M. Terman at Stanford University should found its study on the assumption that genius is a mere notation in the scale of intelligence. It is true that Francis Galton in his study, *Hereditary Genius* (by which he meant hereditary superiority), used the term in the same sense that the Stanford workers now use it; but Galton afterward came to regard the choice of the word to describe exceptional ability as regrettable. The intelligence testers at Columbia University do not use it.

It is easy now to see how the mistake could have arisen in Galton's time, since it is unusual for genius to attain historic eminence without being coupled with exceptional capacity in other fields — the more easily because in common use the term, "genius," has been held to apply chiefly to the creative arts in which a minority excel. But with the new light on subconscious processes, it is now recognized that genius — that is to say, the spontaneous play of racial experience into the immediate intelligence — may occur in any department of long practised human activity. There may be a genius for blacksmithing, for cooking, for mechanics. There have also been exhibitions of genius occurring in individuals whose intellectual quotient is below average. This is not infrequently so in music, and with what are known as "lightning calculators."

Do Animals Have Genius?

When we begin — as scientifically we ought — with the history of genius, instead of as Galton did fifty years ago with the history of eminent men, we discover that genius is an older mode of mind than ratiocination. We may even conclude, as we go on, that the other animals have genius — that is to say, the capacity to arrive at results which are right without being reasoned or deduced from sensory observation. I do not mean to confuse genius with what is called "instinct," which is the impulse to do a particular thing, derived from a long practised racial habit. The impulse to migrate, which is possibly awakened by seasonal body changes, is an instinct in birds, and probably once was in man. The capacity of the musician to arrive at absolute pitch without being taught and without trial and error, is a perfect example of what is technically called "genius." Some of the puzzling things in animal behavior, such as the way-finding capacity in carrier pigeons, may prove to be in this class. They have, at any rate, no more to do with intelligence in the one case than in the other.

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Besides being an extremely old type of psychic procedure, genius is, perhaps, the first of man's own processes to receive his studious attention. As early as we know anything about man, we find him recognizing two types of superior individuals, the one based upon superior physical endowment — strength, swiftness, and sense perception — the other based upon superiority of genius — song, design, healing, foreknowing, the power of significant dreaming. The merely intelligent primitive man is made a councilor of the tribe, but he never receives the honor and consideration which are paid to the strong man and the shaman.

As early as we find these two types of leadership, we find man just as deeply interested in fostering and arousing in himself the genius capacity, as in becoming surpassingly athletic. Judging from what we find among living primitives, we have learned less about genius between the times when writing was invented and Galton began to write about it, than man had learned before that time — less, I mean, about how genius could be developed in a man and kept going. There is no real understanding of primitive society possible until we realize that man, in the beginning, depended upon his genius for all those things in which he could not trust his intelligence. To this day intelligence in the masses of men is so unreliable an interpreter of events that the majority of men, when they have no genius, lean rather upon tradition and systems of behavior. It is only within the last fifty years that man has become sufficiently intelligent about his intelligence to feel hopeful of its finally becoming a dependable guide to right living.

Intelligence an Aid to Genius

It must not be supposed, however, when genius and intelligence are shown to be distinct functions of differentiated psychic levels, that they are to be thought of as opposed, or of one as crowding out the other. One of the first things shown by the systematic study of intelligence is that when genius occurs along with it, they tend, both of them, to occur in equal degrees; while the history of individuals of notable genius or talent demonstrates that without intelligence they can do very little with their gifts either for themselves or us.

One of the most illuminating fields in which to study the relation of genius and intelligence is that of musical harmony. Few people realize that the generality of men have not possessed harmony, as we understand it, for more than three or four hundred

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years, and only now has it come into Occidental civilization. The first mention of it in literature is in the tenth century; but it was not until the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries that harmony began to be used by musicians, and its use gradually spread to the European masses. Now it is obvious that up to this time there could not have been such a thing as a genius for harmony.

As soon, however, as men began to notice the combinations of tones, any number of people developed talent — that is to say a special capacity for combining tones agreeably. And in the course of time — just how much time we do not know, but probably several generations — children began to be born who, without being taught, without even thinking whether or not they were using harmony, did use it supremely well. The child Handel and the infant Mozart are familiar instances. What had happened was that the harmonic process had passed from being conscious to being subconscious, thus giving rise to a new genius.

Apparently the genius part of man's psyche is of infinite capacity, and new genius levels are being opened up with great rapidity, the more rapidly as we are the more intelligent about it. The writer can distinctly recall the first automobile to appear in her city, and the opinion then current that the new contraption would be too difficult to become widely used. But now one sees youngsters of twelve and fourteen racing about in them, taking them apart and putting them together again with ease. And what schoolboys can do with radio is already presumptive evidence that a genius for electrical mechanics will inevitably become an item of natural inheritance. From such studies as these it appears that genius, though not dependent upon intelligence in its host, is somehow related to intelligence in the hereditary group. The first attack upon new material seems to be by way of intellectual curiosity; and the sharpness and intensity of the application of intelligence to the problem of a new medium, such as harmony or motor electrics, greatly hasten the appearance of true genius.

One has to say "seem" and "appear" because no quantitative study of genius has been made, as has been attempted in the field of intelligence. We have no such graded scale of GQ's as we have of IQ's by which individuals may be rated. In fact, this whole business of discovering the Intelligence Quotient of the individual so completely ignores the genius process and the whole sum of the subjective life, that the intelligence test as a final rating of human possibility is heartily distrusted by many people.

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Most people know by experience that the compensatory values for the individual of medium IQ lie in the extra-intellectual traits: in what is called character, emotional sensitivity, talents which escape the intellectual rating, genius in whatever direction, hunches, intuitions.

Intelligence the Power of Mobilizing

As a matter of fact, even those who assume the term genius for the highest total of the intelligence tests, know very well that all that is truly revealed by the tests is the school rating in the present educational system. If our educational system were to be seriously altered overnight, the tests would have to be rearranged. For in all quantitative measures of this kind, intelligence must be treated as a unit, as though it were a faculty by itself. It is as a unit that the individual has to make his attack on life or meet its surprises. In a school system or an army the range of adventures is pretty well understood and anticipated and at present the intelligence tests consist of a series of measures for meeting them in a general way. It is also understood that, though there may yet prove to be a specific human capacity which can be called intelligence and cannot be called anything else, what is tested is the individual power of mobilizing a great many distinct capacities, such as memory, reason, imagination, and a host of separate "talents," in the interest of successful living.

The layman, when he speaks of talent, has in mind particular capacity such as fits the individual for a particular vocation, and usually refers to it by the name of the achievement, as a talent for music, a talent for painting.

But the specialist knows that any one such generalized talent is made up of many specific capacities. Thus Seashore describes a talent for music as involving pitch discrimination, intensity, time, consonance, rhythm, and tonal memory, in addition to other immeasurable capacities, such as the ability to transmute emotion into musical terms. In the same fashion a talent for painting involves subsidiary gifts for color, line, representative drawing, form, composition, and a wide range of subtle "values," all of which vary greatly, and seldom occur in the same degree in the individual. Specialists in talent research agree that a child who is superior in one capacity tends, as Miss Hollingworth says, "to fall on the plus side of all of them." The researchers also conclude that those talents which are notably related to psychophysical

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make-up — as music is related to the ear and mechanical proficiency to the hand — appear to have very little to do with general intelligence, and may occur in a pronounced degree along with a low intelligence rating.

A talent for numbers is another special capacity which fails to relate itself consistently to intelligence; lightning calculators occur as casually as lightning strikes, sometimes along with mathematical genius, but occasionally among morons. But other talents not so obviously associated with anatomical structure, and more important to the generality of men in meeting new situations, have to be included in the intelligence tests because there is no way of leaving them out. Among these one must include the talent for structural relations and the talent for words, the lack of which so often passes for caution or astuteness, or robs a man of due appreciation, as in those public characters who amaze us with their deeds and disappoint by their utterances.

Very many such little-explored capacities, as well as unusual types of genius — like Luther Burbank's for noting plant differentiations so slight as to lie practically below the plane of consciousness — get caught up in the general sum of what is called intelligence. But back of these there does seem to be a capacity X which has to do with the power of flashing and focusing on situations groups of associated talents, as rank after rank of lamps is turned into the general illumination, the object being to arrive at a basis for the new behavior demanded by a new situation. Such a view of intelligence as the mobilizer of man's psychic capacity justifies Thorndyke's description of the intelligence process as "right learning" — right in the sense that what is learned is valuable for prediction. The final test of adequacy in intelligence is that its conclusions correctly anticipate the movement of events on which any conclusion is predicted.

Superior Men Not Freaks

Of this unexplored capacity X we have learned actually very little, though the intelligence testers have cleared up some superstitions about it. We know, and are prepared to demonstrate statistically, that superior persons tend to produce superior offspring, and that seldom is the superior individual born into the lower IQ levels; that superior men are not as a class puny, sickly, or generally of feeble constitution, but on the contrary tend toward superior stature and physique. Utterly exploded is the old

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assumption that the very gifted are invariably encumbered by some compensating weakness or mental lack, particularly on the practical side. Thus far, inquiry goes to show that the more intelligent children are better behaved, and appear seldom among the delinquent. The rule for the gifted is that all their talents tend to the upper ratings, and there is no more ground for assuming insanity as a near relation of genius than there is for assuming it statistically related to red hair. Exceptional endowment is, in short, not freakish, but a normally conditioned tendency of hereditary types.

In all this inquiry into the nature of genius, talent, and intelligence, the immediate objective has been the reorganization of educational methods with a view to bringing up the general IQ of school children. But the urgent question of how the various endowments of the individual can be improved, either qualitatively or quantitatively, remains unanswered. There is even a growing disposition among the researchers to conclude that neither talent nor intelligence can be altered at all, except in the direction of availability. It has always been popularly assumed in the United States that talent could be "developed" in almost anybody. Because talent has a tendency to remain dormant until called forth by vocational exigency, it often has the appearance of being actually created when called forth late in life without having been previously suspected by its host. But more and more, teachers of special talents are concluding that all that can be done for the individual gift is to unfold it. Sooner or later every adult talent reaches a point — no doubt determined by the psychophysical instrument — where nothing more can be done for it.

One of the most interesting examples of the dormancy of talent is in the unfolding of the talent for musical harmony — referred to before as almost universal among European peoples, after lying unsuspected in them for thousands of years. American Indians, who never used harmony, never so much as imagined it, can be taught without much trouble to sing in harmony, but they never take to it naturally, nor do they play instruments of harmony by ear. On the other hand, Negroes began to develop harmony while still in a savage state, and within a hundred and fifty years of constant contact with musical harmony in the United States, have developed not only marked talent for it, but genius, expressing themselves in harmony spontaneously in a manner both musically pleasing and intellectually interesting.

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There is some ground for thinking that once a special talent has been taken into the subconscious, it is largely freed from the limitations of the intelligence consciousness, and that genius can, therefore, be quantitatively released by deliberate method. At least there is a long history of attempted methods of liberating the subconscious, arrived at empirically, and yet, among peoples far removed from each other, showing remarkable similarities, which would hardly be the case if there were not some law of the subconscious as widely operative as is human nature.

Genius Distinct from Talent and Intelligence

The greatest difficulty in the way of a conclusion about the increase of intelligence by education is that we have no reliable tests for intelligence during the period of its most rapid development — in children under five years of age. Until that period is systematically covered, perhaps no conclusion should be even suggested. Since intelligence, however, is generally admitted to be evolutionary in character, this means that it does, somehow, increase from generation to generation, if not from year to year. It does not seem improbable, therefore, that the law of such increase may yet be brought to knowledge and made applicable to the personal problem. Perhaps what we develop is a genius for intelligence — a spontaneous way of quick and correct thinking.

The writer — whose studies have been largely among primitives still in that state in which they are obliged to depend upon genius rather than intelligence for vital issues — particularly for those issues which relate them to problems of the race and the species — feels confident that much more rapid progress could be made by coördinating the study of genius with a study of intelligence as distinct modes of mentality, rather than, as is now the tendency, treating them as though genius were merely the top level of intelligence and only quantitatively distinguished from the IQ of the moron. Genius, the spontaneous play of racially acquired experience; talent, the instrument of the genius displayed; intelligence, the capacity for mobilizing all capacities in the interest of "right learning" — are they not all equally involved in the individual attack on the problem of existence? And shall we ever really understand one without the others?

Mary Austin's next Forum *essay will discuss the continuation of identity after death.*

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WHO SETS OUR STYLES?

PAUL POIRET

Forum Table Talk

MUSSOLINI may command university students to wear straw hats in order to help the straw hat industry in Italy; but Poiret is a dictator of another mold. While Fashion reigns, he is King. "L'état c'est moi" applies to him more truly than it did to Louis XIV, for he needs no police to enforce his edicts. FORUM readers will remember Poiret's prediction in January, 1927, that the ladies would soon be wearing trousers. "Voilà!" he says in this article, "they are already wearing them in Paris."

AMONG the names which it has pleased the public to call me — a name most commonly used and one which has always amused me — is that of "King of Fashion." No title is more certain to please the pride of a chief, all the more when the King of Fashion reigns not only over a people but over all peoples, over the whole world. Sovereigns of states and kingdoms, kings of finance or of industry, all are under the despotism of Style, which is an intolerant dictator. The public does not know, perhaps, to what extent it is at the mercy of this dictator and to what extent it sacrifices itself, for public opinion develops unconsciously and seems to wish the same things as he at the same moment. But in truth, one has no choice; it is he who controls and rules your decisions. He is like an astral influence upon you without your knowledge; he weighs upon your freedom of will. This tyrant is twice a despot, since he rules women and sways the action of men. For women are his blind slaves and do not know to what extent they serve him. They even arrive at the point of believing that his decisions are theirs; for they do not distinguish that which he imposes, confusing their desires with his orders.

When a woman chooses or orders a gown, she believes that she creates it herself; but she is mistaken. It is the spirit of Style which inspires it, which sways her intelligence and dominates her judgment. Naturally women defend themselves, and upon hearing this accusation, they say: "He is exaggerating; we are not dominated by his decisions or submissive to Style. We know how to get out of following it when it does not suit us!" Ah, but there is where the trick comes in! It always pleases them, for despotism is always attractive in its very name. They are always of the same opinion as Style, which is always changing.

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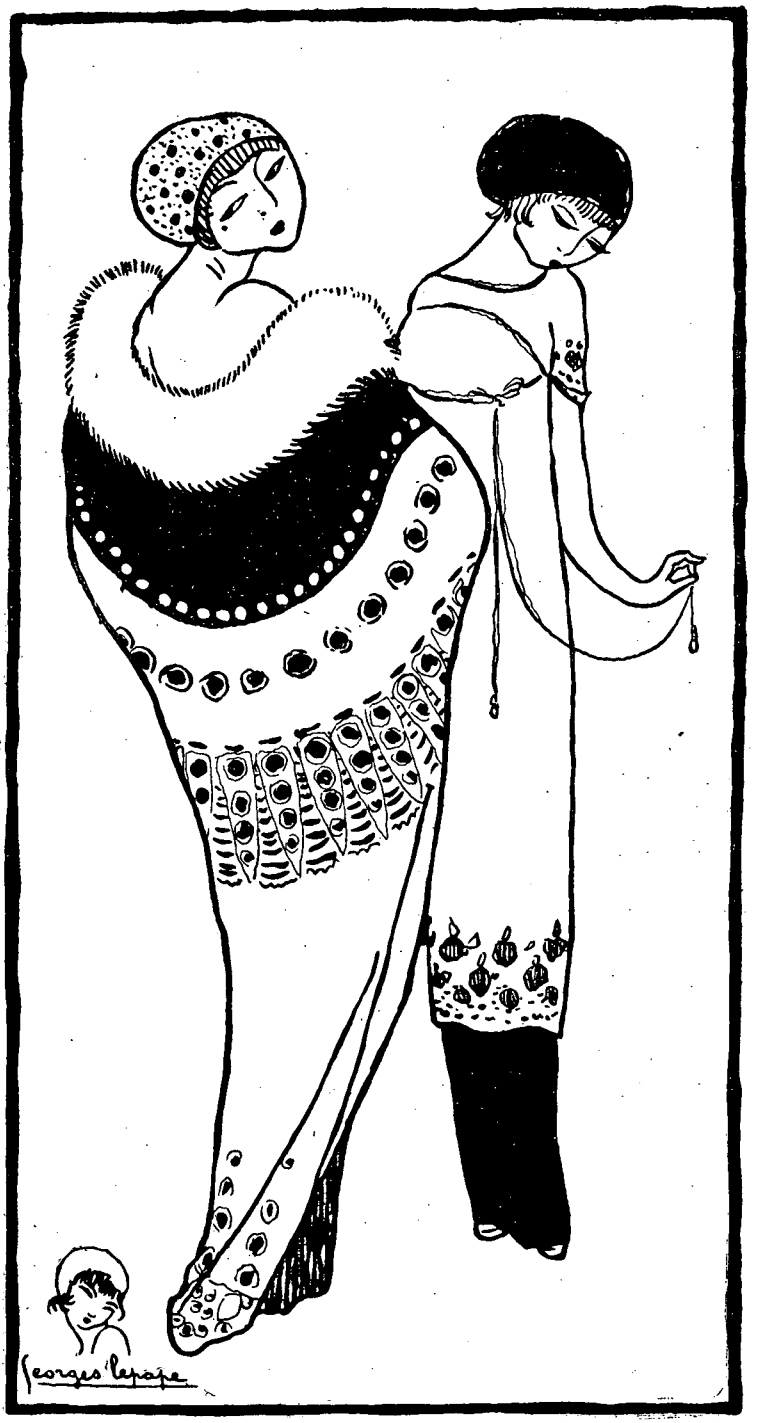

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If this dictator is all-powerful, if he sways the world, you ask me, "What then inspires his own decisions?" Nothing; no one. No consideration interests him or holds him back. He does what he pleases, and may wish anything. At any moment he has the right to take back his decisions, to take a stand contrary to what he decreed last night. With hardly a word of protest the whole world applauds him. They scold, they acclaim, they obey. Skirts are short to-day, long to-morrow; wide yesterday, narrow to-day. One cannot even say that conditions of every-day life influence this tyrant, or that practical necessities compel him. I have heard of people who tried to insinuate that women are gradually understanding that they must wear certain garments conforming to their occupation; but I do not believe that the Fashion King has been swayed by practical considerations in any period of history that has called for them.

On the contrary! Rather, it seems to me that he makes a game of being illogical, and that he finds in its folly a satisfaction, a naughty pleasure. So when the stock of leather is scarce, one sees women desiring very high shoes such as aviators wore during the War. The rarer sable is, the more expensive it becomes; and the more expensive, the more sought after. Nothing proves that women are not inclined to wear that which is ordinary so much as their taste for that which is rare and precious. When a material becomes hard to obtain or to manufacture, it becomes precious and in demand by the trade. Does that not prove a certain taste for illogic? I should not like to lay claim to the honor of discovering it, but, rightly or wrongly, for a long time women have been reproached for contrariness, which is, perhaps, one of their loveliest charms.

Our good La Fontaine once wrote a fable on the subject. He called it "The Drowned Woman." He told of a woman who threw herself into the water, probably as a consequence of domestic unhappiness. Her husband, searching for her body in order to give it proper burial, met along the banks of the river in which his wife had disappeared, some strollers, whom he questioned. One of them replied, "We have seen no one, but you will without doubt find her by following the course of the river." Another said; "No, do not follow the current of the river, but go rather in the opposite direction. In whatever course the slope and direction of the river may endeavor to carry her, she will float in the opposite direction by her sheer force of contradiction!"

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So, if one wishes to find the tendencies which influence Style to-day, one will find them in contrary indications which defy logic and reason. As I said before, when leather is scarce, shoes are high. But I should also state that when the price of leather is low, leather shoes will not be worn. In summer women wear fox furs with light dresses. Their hats are of velvet in August and of straw in February. Similarly, throughout the entire history of fashion one can point out equally amusing examples. It was in the days of the narrow sedan chairs that women wore paniers as wide-spreading as possible. In the days of the crowded stage-coaches women wore crinolines. This amusing instance may be cited to prove that women themselves recognized their dilemma. Crinolines could be puffed out or collapsed at will, for they were held out by three or four rows of steel frames slipped through little folds made for that purpose. When getting into the coach, these frames could be released by little springs; the keys could be kept in a small space in a little box. And when they arrived at their destination, these ladies slipped into the first room at the inn, again filled out their crinoline skirts by locking up the springs, and then appeared in the court of the inn before the eyes of other travelers, as smart and stiffly arrayed as the chalice of a flower.

Fashion's history furnishes us with example after example of the whims of women, which always indicate how indifferent they are to logical arguments. One cannot refrain from remarking, too, that it is in times when the financial condition of the country is most acute that luxury is most out of reason. The less money there is available, the more fashionable and sought after are gold cloth and metal embroideries. And so one may as well understand that there is in Style and in women's decree a sort of provocation of common sense, which is charming and should vex only ill-humored folk.

No matter how intelligent women may be, they wish to follow the fashions, however contradictory they may be. I know that some do not believe this, so I am obliged to give examples. Several years ago all hats had wide brims; they were great sunshades — which was only natural, since it was a question of shading the face from the rays of the sun. To-day, on the other hand, no lady would dare to wear one of those wide-brimmed hats. Style decrees that she wear a tiny hat as small as one's thumb — a sort of inverted pot or pan which tightly encases the head and

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conceals the hair. There is an example of the uncompromising and intolerant rigor of Style.

Do you wish another instance? Was there a woman ten years ago who would have dared to wear the pink or flesh-colored stockings which are worn to-day? Then all stockings were black; in 1840 they were white. In the days of white stockings women would not have risked wearing black ones. In the days of black stockings women would not have worn pink ones; flesh-colored hosiery could not have been found in the shops at that time. Just now stockings must be rose, beige, or flesh-colored, and one has difficulty in finding a pair of black ones even in shops devoted to mourning garments.

Even stranger still is the history of the short skirt. I have been to America three times. My first visit was in 1912. As you know, they began to wear short skirts in 1913. I brought with me a film which showed the parade of my models in my gardens in Paris. Naturally, all of them wore short skirts — skirts shorter than those ordinarily worn, but much less short than those worn to-day. I had planned to interest my American public in this new fashion, but the film was refused by the censors and was not passed by the customs officers. It was refused as obscene, because one could

"The trousered skirt, so discreet, so veiled"

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see ladies parading with uncovered legs. It is hardly believable to-day. What must that customs officer think, if he is alive now, when he sees all women walking along the streets with their skirts to their knees? But he must already be dead from mortification!

Consequently, one must not cry "scandal" at a thing which is not approved at the moment. It was applauded yesterday; it may be to-morrow. It is not possible to predict Style. Everything, indeed, is permitted. Style makes progress by contrasts, and one must expect anything from it in the way of excess. Think of the cries that would have been uttered in 1900 if the public had seen women walking along the streets with the short skirts now worn. And if, to-morrow on Fifth Avenue, a fashionable woman is seen wearing trousers, what will your grandparents say? One always believes that the style of the moment is the final and most reasonable expression of a woman's æsthetic self. It is nothing of the kind; on the contrary, it is necessary to expect the unexpected. When one makes a prophecy about fashions, one must dare to go far and be radical, for Style is capable of surpassing even the boldest and most daring of prophecies.

Women should not be opposed to new ideas, should not resist new suggestions. Style is more potent than they, and in the end they will be forced to accept that which now they stubbornly reject. Resistance is ridiculous. To-day, if one speaks of the trousered skirt, one raises murmurs of protest, cries of indignation. Cliques and boycotts are formed to oppose this invention. Groups of women are organized to issue tracts condemning this "masculine attire." All that is useless, for if Style decrees it (and it will), women will end by following it; and when they do, they will believe they have found the final and eternal form of grace, good taste, elegance, and convenience. They will consider the styles they affect to-day grotesque and ridiculous. and they will wonder why they clung to them over such a long period of time.

Truthfully, I repeat that it is useless to cry out and protest against the decrees of Style. For years and years women have persisted in wearing the same thing. Can this last forever? We anticipate the appearance of a new style as we might await a new Messiah, and we are preparing for it. It will probably be the trousered skirt, which I anticipated ten years ago. For it is my duty and my rôle to feel, as though with special antennæ, the direction of the wind of opinion and to sense the tendency of

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taste. As a matter of fact, women in Paris wear the trousered skirt, but of a fashion so discreet, so veiled, that one is scarcely aware of it. Women who are wearing trousers have the satisfaction of knowing that they are wearing, though almost invisibly, a fashion which has not yet been fully disclosed and which will not be revealed until the appropriate moment has come.

There is, moreover, another reason why American women must not continue stubbornly to resist the coming of new trends. It is a solemn responsibility which they hold, and I mention it with all seriousness. Since the War, France has suffered greatly in economic and financial matters. She is laden with taxes, burdened with duties, depleted by the expensiveness of living. She has had to give up holding the sceptre of elegance and luxury. And, just as generations pass the torch of life from one to another, so now the banner of luxury has passed into the hands of American women. I pray that they may hold it high during the time when France herself is not able to carry it. It is a precious talisman, and it is important not to let it become tattered or tarnished — it must not be neglected.

If France has given it into the hands of American women, it is because she knows that they hold an æsthetic ideal approaching her own and that they are always prone to glorify womankind, that they are always in love with innovation and ready to accept new and fresh ideas.

THE YOUNG EMPRESS IS BORED

THE peacock strutted solemnly
In the great Imperial Garden,
And his shadow passed slowly
Over the wide fountain whose water
Was a perfect counterpart of Heaven —
The young Empress sitting at the open window
Sighed and thought:
"Whatever the magnificence of the colors,
The shadow must always be black. . . ."

— *Paul Eldridge*

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SAVING THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

ROLAND G. E. ULLMAN

IN the May issue Montgomery Major criticized the Sunday School as a vicious institution because, in teaching children things they must unlearn in later life, it makes for irreligion. The accompanying article, while not written in reply to Mr. Major, nevertheless answers the questions he raised. Mr. Ullman has tried an unusual experiment, and its success is its justification. He has courageously abandoned the old, familiar type of Sunday School — "lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

WHEN I was a boy, my parents did not force me to go to Sunday School. I was permitted to be a free agent in the matter. Having the decision left to myself, I did not become addicted to the habit of regular attendance, but I did go as often as I could stand it. Every few weeks I'd go with some crony to the Sunday School which he attended, almost invariably from compulsion and in a state of mind from which reverence seemed to have been almost entirely expunged. It seemed the normal attitude to despise Sunday School and to go with the determination to retaliate for the coercion and subjection to an uninteresting programme. I was almost on the point of saying an uninteresting restraint, but there was no visible restraint except the four walls of the class and assembly rooms.

The boys did about as they pleased in class. They brought blowguns and sling-shots, threw spit balls, stuck pins into each other, scuffled, crawled over and under chairs and tables, and generally contributed to the perplexities and troubles of the teacher. In this — which was the form their retaliation took — they were generous.

Later when I had outgrown the "gang" age and attained the "girling" period, I went a little more frequently to Sunday School. With the selective and salutary trial-and-error method of youth, I spread my attentions over a considerable acreage of the gentler sex without regard to denomination or previous Sabbaths of servitude. The consequence of this browsing in fair feminine fields led me to the Sunday Schools of many different churches. None was barred so far as I was concerned. In fact, I was not concerned at all. I found them all equally deadly to my interest and equally devoid of inspiration. I tolerated them for the sake of my companion's favor.

So far as I could see, the class work was a competition between teacher and pupils — a sort of holy war in which the boys made

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boisterous assault, while the girls resorted to milder tactics which included giggling, whispering, and diversified forms of inattention. I frequently found myself pitying the teacher, although I knew I shouldn't. It was not only against the prevailing code, but I, too, resented the fact that the lesson was so uninteresting. The more Sunday Schools I visited, the less reason I found for going to another, yet I persisted in what was really an unrecognized effort to find one that would be worth while and inspiring instead of pitifully wasteful of time and often downright sacrilegious.

Perhaps it was this situation which whetted my curiosity to see if the questions of faith had to be handled in a way repugnant to the youthful mind. I turned to the books in my father's library and discovered a vast store of interesting facts about the religions of the world. The history of mankind seemed to be woven on the warp of religion with a changing pattern built up by the weft threads of persecution, martyrdom, Messianic leaders, crusaders, courageous protestants, firebrands of bigotry, intolerance, tortures, intrigues, and wars. Seen from this aspect, it was a tremendously human story — a melodrama of the struggle between up-reaching intellects, aspiring souls, and the cruel conservatism of complacent ignorance. There were ramifications which stretched into every phase of human activity and thought. The picture was fascinating to study. It embraced the life of every human being in his every contact with the universe.

Why, I wondered, couldn't the Sunday School use some of this material which was of such absorbing interest when properly presented? In that last reservation lay a point of importance — if properly presented — not only the topic, but the teacher; the same problem as in all matters of education. Right there I made up my mind that if ever I undertook to teach a Sunday School class, I was going to make it interesting regardless of how unconventional my method or my choice of topics.

Eventually I did have a class. I hesitate to say I taught or teach. Certainly I do not conform to the typical picture of a "teacher." About four years ago I took over a class of boys of ten and eleven. This group had had for teacher a man whose work took him away from home so much that he was absent more Sundays than he was present. A different substitute every week was the accepted event. There were seven alert, lively boys in this group. I was confidentially informed that it was the "most

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unruly class in the school." It may once have been, but I cannot answer for the period before my stewardship. The first Sunday one boy did venture to try my sense of discipline. If he had any doubts before, he and the rest of the class knew my attitude at once. Then I set myself to the task of making the class work just as interesting as was in my power.

To find subjects which would appeal to the boys I had harked back in memory to my own pursuits at their age. I had been an average boy. My enthusiasms and aversions had been just about like those of all the rest of my fellow gamins. I built my programme on the enthusiasms, selecting for a start a list of about twenty topics for class work. The Bible was never a direct subject in this list, because I think boys of ten and eleven are too young to get much benefit from direct study of the Bible. It is exceedingly easy to give them an overdose and to create an enduring apathy toward all things relating to the Bible. In addition, it takes a mature mind to sort the wheat from the chaff in any book with contents so heterogeneous.

I tried the first subject on the list. It was one I had liked when I was ten. Now, a generation later, these boys liked it also. They were at once ready and eager to enter into discussion. And that desire to *participate* and express their own point of view and experience was the one thing above all others for which I was angling.

My discipline problem vanished before it began and it has never cropped up since that first Sunday. To be sure, orderly procedure was not achieved the first time, but that took care of itself in another way. Approving of my suggestion, the class organized itself on a parliamentary basis, electing a president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer to serve for a term of three months. It was decided that no boy might succeed himself, although he could have two terms in a year. The president runs the class, calls it to order and asks the secretary to read the minutes, which then stand approved or are corrected. Then the treasurer reports his collection and the purpose for which the funds are to be used and what disbursements have been made, if any; but more about this later. Then old business and new business.

It is only at this point that I enter the picture. I present the "new business," which is the topic for the day. Very frequently I enter into "old business" also, because our discussions have a

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way of lasting over, occasionally for weeks, and one subject came up again and again, reverberating in our sessions for more than two years. I maintain that there could be no more conclusive proof of vital interest on the part of the boys than the recurrent discussions of different phases of the same question over so extended a period.

But to get back to the self-governing process, the introduction of parliamentary procedure brought order with it. The president recognizes each eager, pent-up, would-be speaker in turn, who then has the floor, addresses the group standing, and gets excellent practice in thinking on his feet. It is not only painless training, but the boys like it, and that doubles the value and effectiveness.

The day the first treasurer made his initial round to collect contributions from the class, one boy shook his head. The treasurer looked him up and down, thrust an expectant palm an inch from the end of his nose and demanded: "Come across. I know your mother gives you a dime for Sunday School every week." Boys can say such things to each other; no teacher can, though he may think it.

My topic, the first Sunday, was rocks. I came to class with a pocketful of specimens. I laid one on the table. "What kind of stone is this?" and a chorus of voices replied, "Granite." That was correct, but no one knew how it had been made; so I explained that, broadly speaking, there were two kinds of rock: igneous — those produced by fire — and sedimentary — those resulting from deposits of silt, sand, or other materials and formed into rock by pressure. I had specimens of lava, porphyry, basalt, metallic ores, and other igneous rock.

The following Sunday, as soon as the assembly exercises were over, I led the boys out of the building to my car and took them to a near-by granite quarry, then to a porphyry dyke a few miles away, and on to an abandoned asbestos mine. We were gone two and a half hours. The succeeding Sunday we talked of sedimentary rocks, looked at specimens and examined some imbedded fossils, following this a week later with a trip to Sandy Bank, where we found sandstone and conglomerates of several kinds. Each week brought a different topic, often apparently quite unrelated to the last or to any of the others. They were pieces of a mosaic that I was building up for the boys. The design was not yet visible.

I like to open "new business" with a question. It invites the kind of discussion which draws in everybody. Again and again

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I have seen every boy poised on the edge of his chair waiting to spring to his feet to present his contribution. The boys have discovered that there is profound pleasure in thinking for themselves. And right here, I want to say that the mental powers of children would amaze many people who have never given themselves a real opportunity to see a boy's or a girl's mind reaching out into new fields. Their avid eagerness for information, their interest, and their often surprising deductions are a constant source of inspiration. I get more from my class, I truly believe, than they get from me. I receive the contributions from several minds. Time and again my wife has commented upon the evident stimulus I get from my Sunday School class.

"Where did life begin?" was one of my early questions. I do not remember now if I had to help the boys by asking if life began on land or in the sea; but I did have to point out the tidal strip where the alternate exposure to sun and water provided the means for the beginnings of life. We looked at chalk dust under the microscope and saw the minute foraminiferal shells of the globigerina ooze which became the chalk cliffs of Dover.

"What are we made of?" was another question which was accompanied by a few simple, if spectacular, chemical experiments to show something of the elements of which our bodies are composed. A lump of coal containing about as much carbon as there is in a normal adult human body was converted into illuminating gas, explosives, dyes, tar, and other things. A lump of lime, a piece of iron, part of a stick of phosphorous, and so on. Was it fascinating? Did the boys like it?

"How are the clouds made? What makes rain, snow, sleet? What makes the shape of the rain drop? How far away are the stars? Of what are they made? Why do planets, suns, comets travel in definite paths? We explored the universe, taking bird's-eye views from vantage points where we could see that there is a relation between each form and phase of life and every other. We glimpsed the immutable laws which guide this pygmy planet and orient the life upon it. We burned steel with a bright flame in a flask of oxygen; we broke up light into its elemental colors; we constantly delved into new corners of a fascinating universe, discussing its dramatic phenomena week after week.

Then in the latter part of May, almost at the end of the season (we have no Sunday School in summer because of the general vacation exodus), I brought together these widely different

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topics into the final mosaic. The pieces fitted into a well-defined pattern, broadly pictured and without detail. That week I gave a carefully prepared talk, the only one of the whole term, on "The Marvel of It All." I felt humble and reverent myself; I could sense the great Power which moves us to religious expression. The boys felt it too. We had an unvoiced but moving kinship as we gazed upon my sketchy picture of the Maker's cosmos.

Perhaps two months after I took over this class, something happened which was a reward beyond any I ever expected, because work of this character must, in the last analysis, be its own reward. The mother of one of the boys stopped me on the street. "What have you done to my boy?" Her tone was a trifle severe. The twinkle in her eye escaped me and I found myself on the defensive, wondering what the scamp might have said at home.

"Nothing, why?" I countered. "Oh, yes you have!" and then I saw the twinkle. "I used to have to drive him to Sunday School, but now on Saturday night he says, 'For goodness sake, Mother, wake me up so I'll be on time for Sunday School.'"

The week-end of Memorial Day I took the boys on a camping trip to the Black Horse Barrens. We tramped, swam, followed the old Indian trails, studied trees, practised some woodcraft, watched birds and beasts, saw foxes, dug caves, and established a comradeship which broke down every barrier that usually exists between teacher and pupil. There were no more boundaries; we were on common ground with common interests.

The first Sunday in October came round. After opening exercises in the assembly hall, I went down to my class room. The little room was jammed with boys. Every chair was filled and boys were standing so thick there was hardly room for me to get in. My little class of seven had multiplied to thirty. Every boy in the school near the age of the original seven was there, as well as several from other churches in the town. What was to be done? The class was too big; an unwieldy class gets less out of its work. Ten or eleven is my limit; seven or eight is better.

The class was divided by ages into three groups and two friends agreed to share in the divided burden. Each teacher developed his own topics in his own way, although we all three worked together, comparing notes on methods, subjects, and results. So began the second year.

I took the middle group, which averaged eleven years of age. I began to turn our programme toward human service, morals,

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and ethics. "What four inventions have made the greatest contribution to the welfare of man?" was one of the early questions. The unguided answers were many; debate waxed vigorous. One at a time, the offerings for a place in the hall of fame of great inventions were discarded or advanced. Finally there remained a dozen which rated high. The class decided that it would be extremely difficult to pick from these twelve the four which were of preëminent value. They did reach a conclusion about two; unanimously they placed the alphabet and the printing press in the lead. A majority opinion added fire making and paper making to complete the four. Considering that these opinions were arrived at in less than forty minutes by eleven-year-old boys, I believe the result of the debate was remarkable, even if inconclusive and still subject to argument.

"What is the greatest job in the world?" was another question to which the answer was a masterpiece — that of being a parent. It opened the way for a number of earnest, candid talks on healthy habits of mind and body on the basis of this concern for being equal to the task of parenthood. Gradually the trend of our talks shifted into ethical topics which continued through the third year.

The question which probably proved the most lasting source of discussion and which was "old business" again and again for fully two years was in two parts. "Is it ever right to do wrong?" and "Is it ever wrong to do right?" Being boys of eleven, they gave a quick and categorical "No" to each question.

"Good! That's settled, so now I can tell you two stories." The first one was not original. It told of a boy in school who lied. Another boy — a cripple — had been taunted and badgered by some of his classmates until in desperation he hurled an inkwell at one of his tormentors who ducked. The inkwell struck the teacher who entered the room at this moment. To the stern question, "Who threw that inkwell?" a boy answered — a boy who felt pity for the real culprit, the cripple, and was himself willing to accept a punishment that was not his. The other story was of a cad who broke a mother's heart by telling her that her son had been shot for cowardice in the face of the enemy and had not died a hero as she believed. He had told the truth.

The sharp demarcations of youthful judgments which brand good "white" and bad "black" were blurred in an instant by those two stories. It was intensely interesting during the next

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few weeks to see judgments tempered with mercy and thought and understanding. Black and white were merging by imperceptibly blending shades of gray until there were no fixed and hard boundaries.

"Old business" consumed the entire class period the following week and most of the next, so that I did not have a chance for three weeks to propound my next pair of questions: "What are right and wrong? Are they the same to-day as they were one hundred, three hundred, nineteen hundred years ago?"

Again there followed a discussion in which every boy participated over a period of weeks, during which the moral and ethical standards of biblical days were seen for the first time in their proper perspective. Some of the biblical "heroes" had an improved standing thereafter. They were discovered to be human characters in which good and bad, courage and cowardice, honor and duplicity, generosity and cupidity were mixed in proportions which were a measure of the civilization in their time. This wording is mine, to be sure, but the thoughts which prompted it were expressed in their own way by the boys, discussing the standards of right and wrong which guided the lives of the great historical figures who strode down the pages of Time through the Bible to this twentieth century.

Then one day, in "old business," the quietest boy in the class ventured this thought, "It's mostly when you don't know any better that you do wrong and that's why they approved of things in the olden times that are wrong to-day." Profound truth in plain garb! The ethical and moral progress of the world has been measured by the shifting balance between understanding wisdom and impervious ignorance.

One of the two other teachers presented a problem which was discussed by all three classes. He brought in and gave his boys an unused railroad ticket good for a ride between New York and Philadelphia. Coming down on a crowded train the day before a holiday, the conductor had somehow missed him. The ticket was unpunched and therefore redeemable for $3.24. The ticket was theirs now; they could do with it whatsoever they wished. There was enough money available to pay for a dish of ice cream for every boy in all three classes. What should be done? Some were for sending back the ticket to the railroad with a letter explaining the circumstances, some for sending it back without comment, and the others for tearing it up. The last

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course was chosen because one boy advanced the opinion that the conductor might receive a reprimand — undeserved in view of the crowded condition of the train — for failing to collect, if the ticket were returned with full explanation. In addition, he pointed out, the railroad had the money and the passenger, the ride for which he had paid; so the transaction was completed anyway. That boy was instructed to tear up the ticket. Intensely practical ethics!

To-day the ages of the boys in my group average thirteen. They have matured noticeably and our topics have kept step with their development. One of this year's slightly abstract questions was answered in a way which could not have been expressed more concisely by adult minds. The question, "What benefit do we derive from religion?" was answered, "Contentment and peace of mind." "Does it matter what we believe?" — a query designed to throw the spotlight on religious tolerance — brought much lively discussion which, after due allowance for a boy's language, might be restated by quoting Henry Van Dyke's envoy to *The Story of the Other Wise Man:*

> Who seeks for Heaven alone to save his soul
> May keep the path, but will not reach the goal;
> While he who walks in love may wander far,
> Yet God will bring him where the blessed are.

Another innovation this year has had an interesting result. Each group has been allowed to indicate what disposition should be made of the class collection. Detailed information was submitted on the several charitable and service institutions with which we are allied. The list ranged from Daniel Oliver's school in Syria and the Floating Hospital on the Grand Canal of China to local social service enterprises in Philadelphia. The boys of my class selected the Pine Mountain Settlement School in Harlan County, Kentucky. They wanted to dedicate their donations for the benefit of some definite individual at the school. The plan they suggested and approved was to adopt a boy of their own age, paying as much as the class could collect toward his tuition and upkeep. Accordingly a letter was composed, corrected, revised, and finally approved *viva voce*. The secretary was then instructed to send it off to the Pine Mountain School authorities, which he did the same day after coming to my home to use my typewriter. A carbon copy was made for the minute book.

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The boys wanted to enter into correspondence with their adopted mountaineer, but this did not conform to the policy of the school, and in explaining this the principal also wrote that the class might prefer to follow another course than the one they had decided upon. She suggested a boy whose first name was Fred. He was just out of the hospital and was convalescing from a severe attack of typhoid fever. There was a hospital bill for medical supplies and the boy and his family had no money. Would the class be interested in helping Fred by letting their contribution apply on this bill? Fred and his hospital bill were adopted. That his last name was withheld made no difference. The first name was sufficient to endow him with a personality which lively imaginations could visualize.

From that day on, there was a definite interest in the collections. Every time a letter is sent to or received from Pine Mountain Settlement School, the interest is revitalized and the amount of weekly collections is a good barometer of the course of correspondence on the subject of Fred. The total has averaged considerably larger since Fred's adoption than before. Here is a typical letter framed up by the class and sent out by the secretary a week or so ago — a little formal, surprisingly dignified and direct, yet human to the core:

Pine Mountain Settlement School,
Pine Mountain,
Harlan County,
Kentucky.

Dear Folks:

I have been directed by our First Day School Class to forward you the enclosed check which is another contribution to apply on Fred's hospital bill.

We shall be pleased to hear of Fred's progress and hope that he has entirely recovered.

Sincerely yours,

_____

Secretary

Next Sunday when the boys come into the room, before the class comes to order, the very first words from most of them will be, "What's the news from Fred?" There's human sunshine in our Sunday School class.

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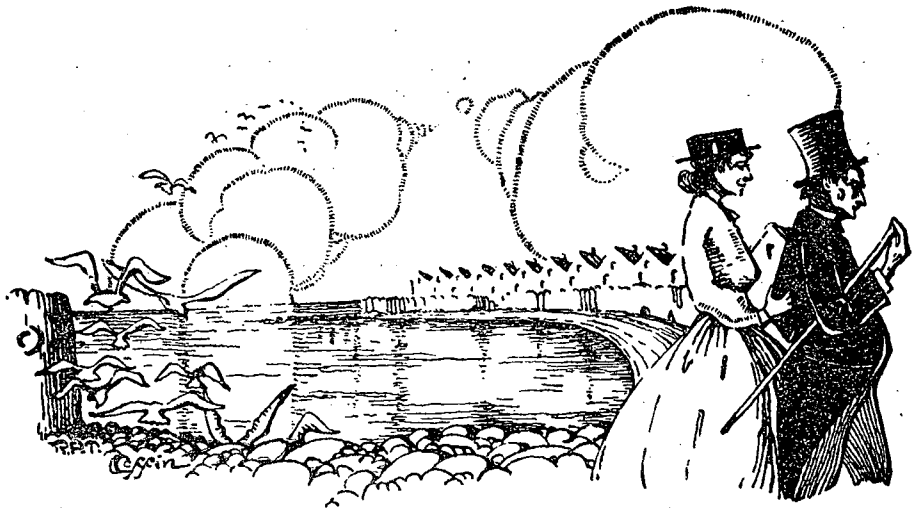

PATERNITY

WARWICK DEEPING

Drawings by Robert P. Tristram Coffin

HER father was a little snuffy man, who, after living for fifteen years as a widower in the white house at the end of Prospect Terrace, had developed mannerisms and personal peculiarities that were neither criticized nor questioned.

"Mary, I'm waiting."

He called her peremptorily. At a quarter to eleven every Sunday morning he would stand on the dining-room hearthrug, holding his top hat and his cane and his gloves, waiting for his daughter to go to church. Always he said the same things, and said them at the same time and in the same way.

He had a habit of sniffing; also a long pinched nose with blue veins on it, a narrow forehead, a precise mouth. Every button of him was done up. When he walked up the aisle of the parish church, he carried his top hat in his right hand and just as high as his shoulder. He joined in all the responses. During the sermon he sat bolt upright and as stiff as a backboard, sniffing rhythmically, and on his face an expression of alert skepticism, as though he were waiting to catch the preacher tripping.

His hobby was catching people out. He was the sort of person

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who, when he read a novel, scattered question marks and scrawls in pencil here and there, and if he found a mistake in the grammar he wrote to the author about it. He addressed frequent letters to the *Times*. He was fond of sending anonymous postcards to prominent people with whose views he disagreed.

"Sir:—I beg to suggest that your opinions are dangerous and fallacious. I beg to protest. . . ."

He was always protesting in his fussy, futile way, blowing his long nose like a trumpet, and sniffing his way through life toward an evangelical Elysium.

Mary was lame.

But her lameness was less an affliction than was her father, Mr. Frederick Fishenden of 17, Prospect Terrace, Barham-on-Sea. Mr. Fishenden had been a civil servant, and had retired on a pension and five thousand pounds or so invested in trustee stocks. He belonged to an age when Jehovah still sat at the head of the table, and had his slippers fetched, and ate roast beef and Yorkshire pudding on Sundays, and would not allow — sir — that any female had any sex outside the marital bedroom.

Mary had an allowance of twenty pounds a year, out of which she had to pay for her postage and her traveling expenses, such as they were. She was plain — pleasantly plain — and romance in its conventional form had not entered her life. Her father, neither in his person nor in his opinions, encouraged romance. Any young man hesitating outside the green door of No. 17, Prospect Terrace, and meeting that little old cock-sparrow of a man, might well have turned tail and sought adventure elsewhere.

Mary was useful to her father. She ran the house and kept the books, and was expected to darn his socks, and every Saturday evening she had to produce her weekly accounts.

"The books, my dear."

His audit was a solemn business. He sat in a cane-backed chair, jigging a foot and sniffing, and checking each item.

"Four bloaters — on Tuesday. How's that?"

"Two in the kitchen, father."

Usually he queried the amount of milk consumed. He was very touchy upon the matter of milk. He would say that he was convinced that those two wenches below stairs washed their faces in it.

"I abhor waste, my dear."

And every week she had to convince him that the maids did not use milk for their ablutions.

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He was not only a tiresome and pompous little person, he was also a most tempestuous tyrant. Mary was allowed a little room of her own on the first floor at the back of the house. It had a high window looking out upon a narrow garden shut in by brick walls, at the far end of which stood a stable. The stable was covered by a vine that sometimes ripened a crop of small white grapes. An old pear tree grew in the garden, and in the spring it was a smother of white, and in the autumn a pillar of fire. Mary loved the pear tree. Her father was always threatening to have it cut down, not because it perpetrated any definite offense, but because he liked to interfere with things and to exercise his authority.

Mary's room was supposed to be a work room. It was. She dealt with the mending there. Also she had an old, flat-topped desk by the window, and the desk had drawers, and one of the drawers could be locked. She kept the key of it in her pocket, for in those flouncy days women had pockets. The locked drawer was her one secret in that dull, Victorian little house.

Mary's secret was that she wrote. She had scribbled for years. As a child she had spun wonderful and impossible stories about princes and fairies and haunted castles; but now she did not write of impossible things. She had her moments of peace during the day when Mr. Fishenden was out of the house. He took a walk from eleven o'clock till a quarter to one, marching out in his top hat with a cane tucked under his arm; he pottered up and down the parade, and met other quidnuncs, and set the world right. From two o'clock to three he slept on the sofa in the dining-room with a handkerchief over his face and his hands crossed upon his tight little tummy. In spring and summer and autumn he took another little walk after tea, and then turned into the local Liberal Club for half an hour. He did not smoke and he did not drink.

So Mary had her secret hours when she was supposed to be mending the house linen and meditating upon the complete rightness of her lot. She would wait for the closing of the green front door, and then get out her papers and set herself down at the desk and escape into that other world. It was a wonderful world quite beyond Mr. Frederick Fishenden's ken.

Mary was writing a novel. She had written other novels. She belonged to that unexpected world of the Brontës and the Eliots; ostensibly she knew nothing of life, and yet the Mary who wrote

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somehow knew everything. The world seemed to look in at her window. The pear tree was a tree of heaven.

But her father was as inquisitive as a meddlesome child. One evening when Mary had gone to a party at Dr. Hale's — a musical party so-called — Mr. Fishenden felt fussy. He went exploring. Once a week he visited the gas meter, and poked his long nose into the linen cupboard; and on this particular evening he went rummaging in his daughter's room. He discovered the locked drawer in the desk. It annoyed him. He considered that nothing in his house should be locked against him. He tried his own bunch of keys on the drawer, but none of the keys would fit.

When Mary returned, he was waiting for her. He had no qualms about asking the most impertinent of questions.

He said, "I found a drawer locked in your desk. Why do you keep it locked? I expect to be told."

Mary was very patient with her father. She had to be patient.

"It is my private drawer, father."

"Private!"

His tone implied that his daughter needed no privacies.

"I keep letters and photos and things there."

"Letters! What letters? You don't get any letters that are private."

He was so utterly outside her real world that sometimes she wondered at him, and was exasperated even while she wondered.

"All letters from friends are private."

"What friends?"

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"Some of the girls I knew at school."

"O, girls' letters."

He sniffed. Such stuff could be passed over. And he remembered the gas meter.

"We have used too much gas this week. I expect those wenches have been keeping the jets flaring downstairs. You had better go down and look sometimes. Surprise them."

She stood observing him, seeing him all round as she saw the characters in her novel. He expected her to be a sort of domestic sneak.

"The days are getting shorter. They have to use more gas."

He snapped at her.

"Don't argue, my dear; see to it."

But he had not discovered her novel. It was beyond the capacity of his little, narrow, flat-backed head to conceive the wildness of his daughter perpetrating a novel. On the whole, he did not approve of novels — anything after Scott and Dickens. George Eliot he considered a monstrosity; women shouldn't do such things. He had read Trollope. Stevenson was in the air; but Mr. Fishenden thought Stevenson thin, flimsy stuff. The fellow's style was histrionic. Scott and Dickens had produced novels; the moderns perpetrated fiction.

One day in the spring of the year when the pear tree was in blossom, Mary did up a very neat parcel. It was the manuscript of her novel *Martin Hume*, and the manuscript was as neat as the parcel, for Mary wrote a beautiful, flowing hand. She was tempting adventure. Other and earlier novels had been relegated to an old sugar box in the attic where they lay concealed under piles of *Sunday at Home* and missionary journals; but *Martin Hume* was different, a grown man created by a woman who had genius. The parcel was addressed to Messrs. Lovell & Burnside, publishers, of Covent Garden, London, and Mary had chosen a time when her father was out in order to slip out and launch her parcel.

But as luck would have it, she met her father at the corner of Prospect Terrace just by the white portico of the Royal Hotel, and he stopped and pointed with his stick.

"What's that — what's that?"

Her tolerant and wise gray eyes concealed amusement. She was feeling very much in blossom, like the pear tree.

"Patterns, father."

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"Patterns! Patterns for what?"

"New curtains."

"Where? We don't want any new curtains."

"My bedroom. I thought of buying them myself."

"Nonsense. New curtains. The old ones are not worn out, are they?"

She smiled at him.

"Evolution is life. Everything should change once in five years, even curtains," and she walked on and past him, leaving him with a puzzled and disapproving look on his face. Evolution! Abominable word, smelling of Huxley and Darwin. Mr. Fishenden was a Liberal, but his liberalism was progress according to Fishenden. What nonsense women talked! As if a man's opinions and his personality were like lace curtains to be taken down and washed, or changed according to the fashion.

Meanwhile, Mary limped up the High Street of Barham-on-Sea to the post office, which still persisted in living in a white, bow-fronted building which was altogether charming. It belonged to the Barham of Nelson and William IV, when gentlemen wore coats of blue and of bottlegreen, and used the English language vigorously, and had not become too sensitive about sex and the benighted heathen and wenches who wore white stockings. Mary had her parcel registered. She came out with a slight flush upon her pleasant, plain, wise face. She went and sat on a seat near the flagstaff on the cliffs and watched the shipping and the clouds coming up over the sea.

Messrs. Lovell & Burnside were a firm with traditions and courtesy. They acknowledged the receipt of Mary's novel, but not on a postcard, so that Mr. Fishenden was none the wiser when he scrutinized the envelope. He had all the letters that came placed beside his plate on the breakfast table, and if there happened to be one for his daughter, he doled it out to her.

"Who's that from?"

"The pattern people, I think."

She had had to wear such a mask while living with Mr. Fishenden that she was able to conceal her excitement. She carried the letter upstairs with her to her room, and opened and read it, but was ready to hide it away should the little god of No. 17 contemplate interference. The letter acknowledged the receipt of the manuscript of her novel, and informed her that the novel was in the hands of Messrs. Lovell & Burnside's reader.

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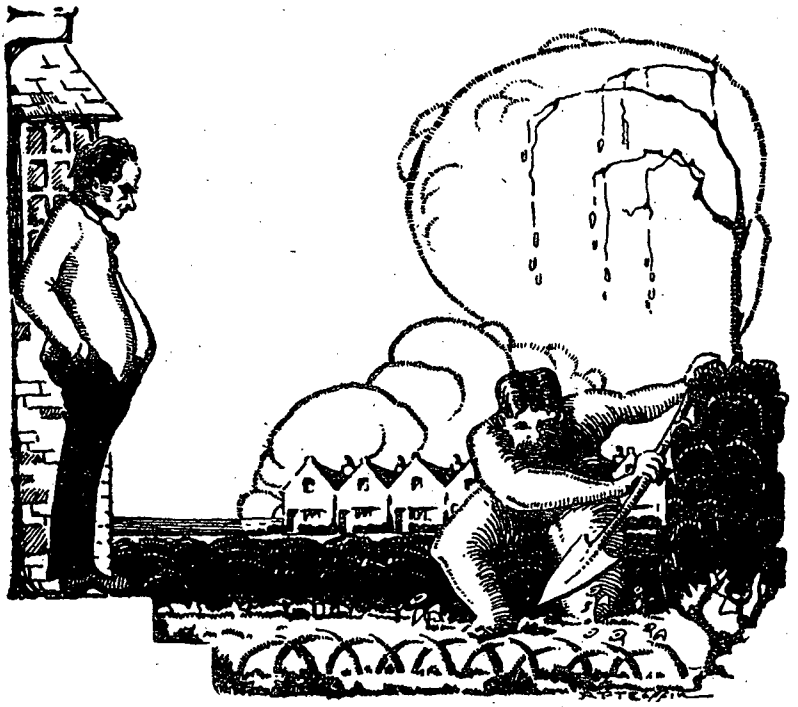

Three weeks passed. The pear tree had dropped its blossoms and had put on a coat of shining green, and the vine on the stable was beginning to weave a pattern with gilded leaves. Every year Mary's father had the little front garden above the area decorously stuffed with red geraniums, lobelia, and white marguerites; and it so happened that this bedding scheme was in progress when a gentleman and a valise arrived in a cab at the Royal Hotel. The gentleman wore an eyeglass; he had a largeness and an air of importance, and a pair of observant and ironic blue eyes. The Royal Hotel received him debonairly, for obviously he was made to be received in such a way.

He questioned old Tom, the head waiter, who invariably had a serviette over his left arm. It was said that old Tom would appear in heaven carrying that serviette.

"Whereabouts is Prospect Terrace?"

"Just here, sir. Turn to the right when you get outside."

The gentleman had lunch and half a bottle of claret. He lit a cigar, and wandered out and about, and surveyed Prospect Terrace, and the green door and green balcony of No. 17. He was interested in No. 17, and in the whole atmosphere of Prospect

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Terrace. But he was in no hurry; he idled to the cliffs and sat down on a seat and finished his cigar, and realized Barham-on-Sea as being not all Prospect Terrace. It had the sea and the sky and the shipping, and a certain, quiet, catholic flavor. It had produced a famous sea-dog, and now it had produced something else.

It was about a quarter to three when the gentleman strolled back to Prospect Terrace. Mr. Fishenden had emerged somewhat prematurely from his white handkerchief and his slumber in order to stand on the doorstep and overlook the activities of the jobbing gardener who was filling the front garden with pelargoniums. Mr. Fishenden knew nothing about gardening, but he flattered himself that he did know all that was to be known about jobbing gardeners.

So the gentleman with the eyeglass met Mary's father on the doorstep of No. 17, Prospect Terrace, and they observed each other. Mr. Fishenden detested monocles; they produced in his Liberal opinions and prejudices the redness of an extreme radicalism.

The gentleman with the monocle raised his hat to Mr. Fishenden. It was a gesture.

"Excuse me, I believe Miss Fishenden lives here."

Paterfamilias stared. His little, waspish plume of sandy gray hair seemed to erect itself.

He said, "I am Mr. Fishenden."

Obviously he considered the announcement to be final and sufficient. And who was this fellow with the glass eye and his air of damned self-assurance who was asking for Mary? Paterfamilias bristled.

Said the man with the monocle, "My name's Burnside. I have come down from town to see Miss Fishenden."

Possibly Mr. Burnside considered that the information would act as an "open sesame," but he did not know Mr. Fishenden or the amount that Mary's father did not know. Anyway this little cock-sparrow of a man remained on the doorstep, with his hands in the pockets of his tight trousers, and his Pickwickian tummy stuck out.

"My daughter's busy."

Mr. Burnside began to appreciate his curmudgeon.

"Is that so? When will she be at liberty to see me?"

"When I choose, I think, sir. What's your business?"

"My business is with your daughter, Mr. Fishenden."

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Mr. Fishenden was nonplussed. Who the devil was this fellow, a flash-bagman, a super-tout? Or was it possible that the fellow was matrimonially inclined, and that Mary had been concealing some romance?

He said, "My daughter does not see strangers, sir, without my knowledge and permission."

Mr. Burnside began to smile.

"I think I told you that my name is Burnside."

"It might be Smith, sir, or Jones, or Robinson."

"It is neither Smith, nor Jones, nor Robinson. I belong to the firm of Lovell & Burnside."

Mr. Fishenden had a lapse. He remembered the hypothetical new curtains, and the parcel of patterns. But then — the eye-glass?

"Ah — you've come about the curtains?"

Mr. Burnside's monocle twinkled.

"Not exactly. We are a firm of publishers. Possibly you may have seen our name. It has been known for some seventy years."

Mr. Fishenden was both surprised and annoyed.

"Ha, of course! I do know the name. But I fail to see — what my daughter — . We get our books from the local library."

"I dare say you do, sir. But I have come down from town to see your daughter about a book."

"What book, sir?"

"Her book."

"My daughter's book? I fail to understand you, sir."

"The book, Mr. Fishenden, written by your daughter, and sent to us about a month ago."

For the moment Mr. Fishenden's prim little mouth hung open. He looked rather like a fish with sandy gray spines on its head.

"A book, sir! My daughter — written a book! I have had nothing to do with it."

Said Mr. Burnside sardonically, "I don't suppose you have."

But, obviously, something had to be done about it; even Mr. Fishenden realized the inevitableness of the situation. Incensed and astonished he might be. His daughter and a book! Incredible! And she had said nothing about it; she had maintained a most undaughterly silence; she had not even availed herself of his acumen as a critic. Incredible! Most unwomanly! And the member of an eminent firm of publishers standing on the doorstep!

But the book! What sort of trash? A novel — of course.

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He moistened his lips. He became aware of the jobbing gardener kneeling there doing nothing, listening with a trowel and a flowerpot idle in his hands. Wasting Mr. Fishenden's time.

He said, "What is this book? A novel?"

"Yes, a novel, sir."

"Fiction. Of course. May I say, sir, that my daughter never asked my permission —?"

"Is that so, sir? You surprise me. Possibly you will be surprised, Mr. Fishenden."

"Probably not, sir. Sentimental trash, sir, probably, sir. How could my daughter —?"

"I admit — the miracle. No doubt — from your point of view —."

Mr. Fishenden's face seemed to narrow to an edge. Was this fellow being ironical? Was he poking fun at an ex-member of Her Majesty's Civil Service? Confound him!

He said, "You had better come in, sir. We will discuss the matter in my dining-room."

Mr. Burnside grew more bland in response to Mr. Fishenden's pomposity.

"Really, you must excuse me, but I have come to discuss the matter with your daughter. It is her book, Mr. Fishenden."

"Granted, sir. I have had nothing to do with it."

"Let me assure you that I do not hold you responsible. My opinion of the book is — that it is a piece of genius."

"Genius, sir?"

"Yes, genius. Believe me, I absolve you from all responsibility."

Mr. Fishenden began to feel quite sure that this publisher fellow was indulging in irony, and Mr. Fishenden did not approve of irony save when he used it himself, heavily and with emphasis.

He said, "You'd better come in," and he let Burnside into the hall, and going to the foot of the stairs, shouted peremptorily — "Mary, Mary, come downstairs at once!" She came. She was aware of a stranger standing in the hall who was gazing with an air of ironic joy at the back of her father's head. His monocled glance raised itself to her. He looked at her with curiosity, interest. He held his hat in his left hand.

"Miss Mary Fishenden, I presume?"

"Yes."

He held out a hand.

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"My name is Burnside. I have come down to see you about *Martin Hume*. May I congratulate you on that book?"

She colored up, and her gray eyes looked coy.

"You are Mr. Burnside, the publisher?"

"I am."

"I'm very glad."

And then she became aware of her father posed in the dining-room doorway rather like a dog who had sat up to beg and was not being noticed. He sniffed. She knew from his expression that he was about to exert authority.

"Mr. Burnside, am I to understand that you have come to interview my daughter on business?"

Burnside looked first at Mary, and then at her father.

"I may say — pleasure and business. We should like to publish Miss Fishenden's book."

Her father raised a hand as though he were signaling to traffic and ordering it to abate its pace or to stop.

"One moment, sir; I have not seen this book; I expect to read this book before I allow it to be published."

He tightened his tummy. He was the little, paternal censor guarding the morals and the autocracies of Prospect Terrace. And Mr. Burnside fixed him with his monocle and looked amused.

"Indeed! But surely, sir, you have read some of your daughter's work?"

"Never."

He turned an accusing glance upon his daughter.

"Scribbling in secret. Must be ashamed of it. I won't allow my daughter to rush into print without my — approval."

"I can assure you, sir, there is no need for alarm. Besides, I think it is Miss Fishenden's authority that we need. If she says 'Publish,' we publish. It is a question of terms. I am here to discuss terms."

His ironic and friendly monocle glimmered at Mary.

"Do you say 'Publish,' Miss Fishenden, provided we agree —?"

She stood on the last step, and ignored her father.

"Of course, publish, Mr. Burnside. Would you care to come up to my study to discuss details?"

She turned and climbed the stairs, and Burnside followed her, carrying his hat with a certain jauntiness. He expected paterfamilias to protest, but he had a glimpse of Mr. Fishenden left on one leg, with his face screwed up, and most illiberally inarticulate.

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Closing the door of Mary's study, he gave her a little bow and a quizzical look.

"Remarkable man your father, Miss Fishenden, nearly as remarkable as your book."

Messrs. Lovell & Burnside were men of business, but on this occasion Mary and her book appeared to appeal to other-worldliness. Mr. Burnside had come down to Barham-on-Sea with the idea of proposing to buy Mary's book outright, but instead of doing so he advised her to accept a royalty agreement. Mr. Fishenden had performed one service. He had made of Burnside a cavalier and a partisan, and had pushed authoress and publisher into a conspiracy of understanding.

"I suppose you are of legal age, Miss Fishenden?"

"Yes, I'm twenty-nine."

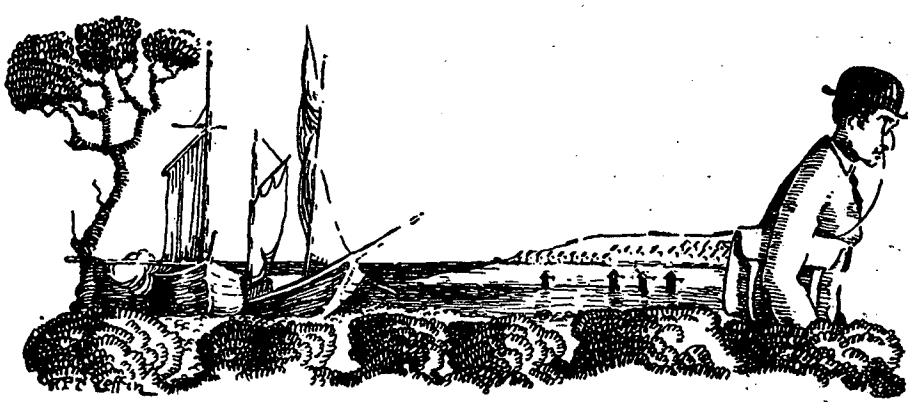
So Mr. Burnside departed, and Mary met her father at tea, and poured out his tea for him, and he was portentously solemn. He had received a shock; he did not like to confess it even to himself, but his daughter was different; it is possible that he was just a little shy and afraid of her. He asked her no more questions about the book, or about Mr. Burnside, or the terms of publication. He cultivated an official and departmental silence.

Actually this silence continued for three months. Life went on much as before, though Mr. Fishenden was a little less peremptory, and his daughter more a person.

A week before the publication of *Martin Hume*, she came down to tea and presented her father with a copy of the book.

"Perhaps you would like to read it."

Mr. Fishenden read *Martin Hume*. He sat up till eleven o'clock reading it. He was astonished, shocked, a little bewildered. He



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could not understand how a daughter of his could have written such a book. Things happened in it which were not supposed to happen in a respectable, English household. And the language in places! And the hero was nothing less than an infidel! The little, authoritative soul of Mary's father gibbered and protested. And yet, in a sense, the book overwhelmed him; it was beyond and over and around him; it had the bewildering bigness of a strange city in which Mr. Fishenden's conventions and opinions were lost. He wanted to shout at the book, to write an official letter beginning with a peremptory and protesting "Sir."

At breakfast Mary found *Martin Hume* lying beside her plate. Her father's face wore the expression it assumed just before going to church.

She poured out his tea for him. There was silence. The presence of *Martin Hume* was ignored. She knew that her father did not approve. She had not expected him to approve.

And yet, three years later, when Mary had a little house of her own in town, and had visited America, and was very much a figure in the great world, Mr. Fishenden was walking up and down the parade of Barham-on-Sea with his top hat more at an angle, and looking more of a cock-sparrow than ever. He had assimilated and digested his daughter's fame. He had pinned it in his buttonhole. He wore it — too — as he wore his trousers.

He had the air of assuming himself to be a celebrity.

"Yes. That's Frederick Fishenden — the father of Mary Fishenden. Very exceptional man, obviously, to have produced such a daughter."

Obviously.

HELLS AND HEAVENS

EACH man pictures his hell or heaven different.
Some have snug little home-like heavens, suburban, well kept.
Some have a wild, storm-swept heaven; their happiness has been
in storms, heaven must have storms mixed with fair weather.
And hell for some is a jail, for others a factory, for others a
kitchen, for others a place of many polite liars full of blah,
all gah gah.

— *Carl Sandburg*

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THE DANGERS OF BEING A BOY

Concluding Article in a Series on Growth

H. MUNRO FOX

THE different organs and parts of the human body and of the bodies of animals are connected by a sort of telegraphic system. This is formed by the nerves. The central exchange is the brain, where messages from one part of the body are sorted out and retransmitted to other parts. In this way all the parts act together as required. The numerous muscles needed to carry out a movement, for instance, are each given the right message through the nerves. The nervous system is the mode of communication.

There is, however, another and quite different manner in which one part of the body influences another. The second system of communication is a chemical one. Chemical substances are given out into the blood by certain parts of the body. These substances circulate in the blood stream and on arriving at other regions they influence the functions there.

As we explained in a previous article, these chemical products or messengers are secretions. They are formed by definite glands, such as the thyroid gland in the neck. When the thyroid gland is diseased or is removed, mental deficiency results. When a certain other gland is absent, diabetes is produced, and so on. Now the genital glands — both male and female — also form such secretions. One may ask: "What is the proof of this, and how do these sex secretions act on the body?"

The sexual function of females is periodic. In some animals, such as the dog, there are usually two periods of heat — as they are called — in the year. In other animals there are several periods occurring in one season. This is true of the mare and the sow. When the ovaries are removed from a female, the heat or menstruation ceases. The castrated female no longer has a sexual cycle. But if an ovary taken from another individual by operation is grafted into the one that has been castrated, the sexual rhythm starts normally again. How does the ingrafted ovary bring about the return to normal rhythm? It might do this through the nerves. But this has been proved untrue. The action is really caused by secretion. In proof of this, an ovary may be

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grafted into various unusual parts of the abdomen, into places where it can have no connection with the rest of the body by nerves. Yet the result is the same. The ovary pours a chemical product into the blood which brings about the periodic changes in the female organism.

We must now inquire a little more closely into the microscopic structure of an ovary. In the abdomen of each female are the two ovaries. Like all parts of the living body, the ovary consists of microscopic divisions called cells. Some of these cells become eggs. Each egg as it grows is surrounded by a layer of other cells which nourish it. This group of cells with its egg is called a follicle. The follicles come to project from the surface of the ovary into the cavity of the abdomen. Each is of a size visible to the naked eye. Periodically, a follicle bursts. The minute egg it contains then passes into the womb, where it may be destined to meet a microscopic sperm coming from the male.

We have seen that heat is due to a secretion produced by the ovaries. We know to-day that the cells which surround each egg form the secretion. An operation can be made on a dog to prove this. If all the follicles in the two ovaries are destroyed with a hot needle, the animal never again comes on heat. The necessary secretion is now lacking.

The complete proof that it is the follicle cells which produce the secretion was given by experiments on rats. A number of females were castrated — that is to say, their ovaries were taken out. These animals then ceased to come on heat. From other rats the liquid was collected out of the inside of the follicles, and when this was inoculated into the blood of the first lot of castrated females, heat came on once more.

The liquid secreted in the follicles, which is thus the cause of heat, circulates in the blood to those parts of the sexual organs which undergo change in the heat period. It also arrives at the brain through the blood stream and there gives the signal to the nerves to call forth all the behavior of sexual excitement which is characteristic of heat.

What causes the womb to grow in order to accommodate the growing fetus? What causes the milk glands to increase in size and secrete milk? When a follicle bursts, the egg passes to the womb to be fertilized there. What happens now to the burst follicle? Does it simply disappear? Not at all. The burst follicle closes again, increases greatly in size, and becomes filled with a

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yellow liquid. It forms a big, yellowish lump in the ovary. This is known as the "yellow body." It forms a secretion which passes into the blood, goes round the body, and causes the growth of the womb and of the milk glands. We shall hear more of the yellow body shortly.

There is yet another intensely interesting and most unexpected aspect of researches on sex secretions. Everyone knows that boy babies appear to be weaker and more delicate than girls. It is certainly a fact that in the first year after birth more boys die than girls; for every ten girl babies that die, twelve boys succumb. Before birth, too, while still in the mother's womb, the boys are more fragile. More boys than girls are stillborn. For each ten girls, thirteen boys are stillborn.

Why Boy Babies Are Delicate

What can be the reason of this? Why should boy babies apparently be more weakly? Some have sought to explain the higher proportion of male stillbirths by the greater size of the male infant. This would obviously make greater demands on the mother. There would then be a greater possibility of these demands remaining unsatisfied. All the food for the unborn child is provided by the mother. The nourishment in her blood passes through the wall of the womb into the blood of the baby. If the latter is bigger and the mother not too strong, it is conceivable that the boy baby might be undernourished.

But this explanation will not fully fit the facts; for the greatest delicacy of the males is in the earliest period. At that time the embryo makes little demand on the mother for nutrition, for it is still too small. Yet more males perish in comparison to the number of females in the earliest stages. Against this size difference theory, is also the following fact: the young of rats and mice are of practically the same size in the two sexes, yet more male rats and mice die than females in the early stages.

Darwin suggested quite another solution. In any family of human beings, in any litter of puppies, the individuals vary. All have a family resemblance, but inside the family the members differ from one another. It is a fact which has been proved statistically that males are more variable than females. In a family there are more differences between the boys than between the girls. Darwin threw out the suggestion that since males are more variable, there is more chance of delicate boys turning up in a

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family. More boys than girls will be unsuited to survive. Hence more boys will die than girls, both before and after birth. Later on, the weaker ones will have been eliminated and there will be an equal chance of life for boys and girls.

But neither of these theories is satisfactory, and for a long time scientists were really at a loss to account for the facts. Just a few months ago, however, the American physiologist, Dr. Oscar Riddle, came forward with a brilliant suggestion to explain the facts.

It has been known for a long time that at birth some of the sexual organs of babies are enlarged. Later on they become reduced in size again. The womb of the female infant is larger at birth than would be expected. The breasts, too, may be developed and cases are known of female and even male infants producing milk. How are we to account for the curious overgrowth of these organs?

We know from the experiments of Steinach that the development of the mammary glands of animals depends on the ovaries. He castrated male rats and then grafted ovaries taken from females into these animals. The grafts "took" and later the males became "feminized." Their mammary glands and nipples grew, and milk was produced. This proves that the development of mammary glands takes place at the command of some chemical substance given off by the ovary.

Let us now get back to the curious facts that frequently female infants have a well-developed womb, and that infants of both sexes may sometimes possess breasts which secrete milk. Inside the womb of the mother the fetus is nourished from the mother's blood stream. The contents of the mother's blood pass across a filter in the wall of the womb into the blood of the young. In this way the baby is fed and obtains materials for growth. But not only food which has been absorbed into the mother's blood is thus passed to the fetus; other contents of her blood also pass across the filter of the womb wall — notably, the ovary secretion. The secretion produced by the mother's ovary, which causes her own womb and breasts to develop, passes into the blood circulation of the fetus. Once there, it has its normal effect. It stimulates the womb and the mammary glands of the baby to develop too. Thus the organs of the young become temporarily big.

After this digression we will return to the unequal death rates

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of male and female young, and to the greater delicacy of males which this seems to show. Why do more males die before birth? Why are boy babies more difficult to rear than girls?

We have seen that the secretion from the mother's ovaries passes into the blood of the fetus. The female fetus thus receives into its blood a female sex secretion — a chemical substance which later on in life its own ovaries will supply. But the male fetus gets a secretion belonging properly to the opposite sex. May this not be dangerous to its life? Is it not possible that there is something harmful to the male constitution in this stuff which the mother passes out alike to female and to male young? There are other lines of evidence that point in this direction, supporting the suggestion.

Two German workers have quite lately tested the matter by experiments on animals. They killed pregnant rabbits, rats, and guinea-pigs, and from the yellow bodies in the ovaries of these creatures they extracted liquids. Also from the wombs of the animals, extracts were prepared, which were then inoculated into young animals. The stuffs prepared from pregnant rabbits were injected into young rabbits, from rats into young rats, and so on.

The Perils of Having a Mother

It was found that the injections did, indeed, cause the genital organs and the mammary glands of the young female animals to develop. But on the contrary, in the male young so treated the growing genital organs became reduced in size. And further, the growth of the young male animals was retarded. It follows that in actual fact the secretions from the ovary and from the womb, while stimulating development of the female young, hinder that of the male. It is obvious that this strongly supports the suggestion already made. Inside the mother's womb the female child receives a sex secretion favoring its growth, but the male in the womb gets a harmful secretion which may even endanger its life.

Let us now look into another line of investigation which points in this same direction. Everyone knows how diseases are prevented to-day by inoculation. Small doses of microbes, or of the poisons which they form, are injected by the doctor into the blood of a person. These doses are too small to produce the disease, but the blood reacts to the invasion by forming a chemical substance which neutralizes the poison.

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Happily for us, these neutralizing substances — or antibodies as they are called — are formed by the blood in considerable quantities. Much more is produced than is necessary to overcome the small doses of poison which the doctor injects. And these antibodies remain in the blood for some time. If later the same person accidentally gets a really big injection of the harmful microbe, the body is ready with a defense. The antibody is already in the blood and the microbes are killed immediately. So the person escapes the disease. This is the way in which typhoid fever and many other diseases are combated.

This faculty which the blood possesses of producing antibodies is not a reply to the invasion of microbes alone. Many other things, when they accidentally get into the circulation, cause the formation of the neutralizing stuffs. This brings us back to our discussion of how the male baby in the womb is in a more difficult situation or environment than the female. Researches done in the last two years have brought to light an extraordinary fact: namely, that the blood of a mother carrying a male baby in her womb contains an antibody which is antagonistic to the male. The blood of a mother bearing a female baby does not contain this substance.

Boys More Greedy Than Girls

The reason appears to be that the growing genital organs of the male give off some chemical substance into the blood of the fetus. This substance passes through the womb into the blood of the mother. Being a male substance it acts on the mother's blood as if it were a poisonous stuff. In other words, it calls forth the formation of an antibody. This latter then passes back from the mother's blood into that of the baby. Once there, it acts inimically to the development of the whole male organism. It is at once obvious under what a disadvantage the young male labors. The female encounters no such difficulty, for the mother's blood has here no reason to produce a harmful antibody.

We have now seen two ways in which the male fetus in the womb of the mother is less well-off than the female fetus. The male may suffer from the secretions of the mother's ovaries. It may also suffer from antibodies formed in the mother's blood. But there are yet other ways in which the young male is at a disadvantage.

Vitamine is a word which to-day is on everyone's tongue. It means a substance, of unknown nature it is true, which is of

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extreme importance in food. Vitamines are necessary for proper nutrition, but are only necessary in extremely small quantities. They are present in all fresh foods, are usually destroyed in food preservation, and are essential to health and growth. It has been shown by feeding experiments that male rats require for their growth more vitamines than do females. And it is very probable that the male human baby, too, makes greater demands than the female.

Again, the male young requires rather more oxygen in breathing than does the female. The oxygen of the air is taken through the lungs into the blood. The blood carries it all around the body to the places where it is required. The oxygen for the unborn child is obtained from the blood of the mother, in the same way that food is supplied to the young. If the mother is ill-nourished and so has few vitamines in her blood, and if she has insufficient oxygen, it is the male fetus that will suffer rather than the female. In point of fact, statistics have shown that in London the proportion of boys to girls born is higher in the rich than in the poor classes. In the latter, where nutrition is low, the male babies will die rather than the females. And this will happen either in the mother's womb or after birth, since the constitution of boy babies will have been undermined sooner than that of the girls while still carried inside the mother.

We see, then, that there are a number of ways in which boys are worse treated than girls in the early days of their lives. It would be rash to say that boys are the more weakly. They have to put up with more and may really be constitutionally the stronger.

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THE EARTH-DWELLERS *

A Sequel to "The War Against the Moon"

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

Part I

Scientific Relations Between the Planets. It was not until after the signing of the Interplanetary Armistice in 1970 that scientific relations were at length established between Terrestrian scholars and their colleagues in other planets. In the beginning it was difficult to compare theories and results because — as everybody now knows — the distinguished physicists of Venus, Jupiter, and Mars are insensible both to light and to sound and dwell in a world of radiations, of which we human beings had previously been in total ignorance. The theory of sensorial equivalents made rapid progress, however, and to-day in 1992 we may regard ourselves as capable of transforming into Terrestrian languages every language of the solar system — except, perhaps, the Saturnian.

One of the most interesting discoveries which we owe to this new philology was the existence of the learned works that had been written about ourselves — the Earth-Dwellers — by our scientific colleagues on foreign planets. Mankind was far from imagining in those days that for millions of years they had been under observation by means of instruments far more powerful than their own. The progress of science as it existed on the Earth was far behind that of the neighboring planets, and as our sense

* From *The History of the Universe*, published by the University of Timbuktu, 1992.

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organs could not detect the radiations employed by those who observed us, we had no means of knowing that even in the most secret moments of our most private lives we were frequently in the field of observation of a celestial ultramicrotelescope.

To-day, any scholar can consult these monographs in the library of the League of Planets; and their reading is a task which one might well urge upon young men who wish to devote themselves to the sciences, not only because it is of great interest in itself, but also because it cannot fail to awaken a feeling of humility. When one considers the incredible errors of interpretation committed by beings so intelligent and so marvelously equipped for research, one cannot fail to look back over certain of our human conclusions and inquire whether we ourselves may not, perchance, have observed the animals and plants quite as clumsily as the scientists from Mars have observed us.

One example which seems especially worth studying with great care is that of the Uranian scholar, AE–17, who in 1959 published his great work, *Social Life Among the Earth-Dwellers.** Until the Interplanetary War his book was regarded as an authority not only on Uranus but also on Venus and Mars, where it had been translated. It may now be readily consulted by human beings, since the Uranians are the only ones among our fellow planetaries who, like ourselves, have a sense of sight — a circumstance which brings their vocabulary very close to our own. Moreover, the experiments conducted by AE–17 were of such nature that they turned the Earth almost topsy-turvy for six months. You can still find the story — from the Terrestrian standpoint — in the newspaper files or the memoirs of the period.

It is our purpose here, first, to describe briefly what happened on our planet in 1954, and second, to show how so distinguished a scientist as AE–17 interpreted — and misinterpreted — the results of his own experiments.

The Mysterious Spring of 1954. In the month of March, 1954, a great many observers throughout the entire northern hemisphere reported an amazing condition in the atmosphere. Although the weather was fair and fresh, storms of great violence kept breaking out suddenly within limited areas. Sea captains and airship pilots kept writing to the Central Meteorological Office that their compasses, without any conceivable reason, had suddenly begun

* 1959 is the date of the Uranian edition. The Terrestrian edition was published in 1982.

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to deviate in a strange and alarming way for several seconds at a time. In a number of places something like the shadow of an enormous cloud was seen to pass across the sun, although the sky was perfectly clear and the cloud itself remained entirely invisible. The newspapers published interviews with meteorologists, who explained that they had anticipated the phenomenon, that it was due to sun spots, and that it would end when the equinoctial storms came. But the equinox came and brought events of quite a different order and stranger still.

The So-Called "Hyde Park Hill" Incident. On the third Sunday of April, 1954, while a group of listeners, both men and women, were crowded around the open-air orators near the Marble Arch in London, the shadow of an invisible obstacle suddenly interposed itself between the earth and the sun. A few seconds later, beginning at the Park railing and extending three or four hundred yards inside it, the soil was suddenly heaved up, trees were uprooted, pedestrians were tumbled over and buried, while those on the edge of the disturbed zone were amazed to see that a funnel-shaped hole at least one hundred metres deep had been scooped out, and that the ejected earth formed a hillock of corresponding size.

"It all happened as if a giant had used a shovel," said a policeman, testifying at the coroner's investigation next day. "The outer edge of the hole was straight and smooth, whereas the side of the hillock consisted of a tangle of earth from which emerged heads, and bodies cut almost in two."

More than three hundred people had been buried alive, and even those who had been covered with only a thin layer of earth had great difficulty in getting out. Some, gone suddenly mad, rushed down the deep slope of the new hill giving horrible yells, while at the top of this mound appeared one of the Salvation Army's preachers — Captain R. W. Ward — who, with astonishing presence of mind, and while he was still shaking the dirt out of his hair and garments, began to shout: "It is as I told you, my brothers! Because you have sacrificed to false gods, the Lord is angered with His people. The hand of the Lord is heavy upon us. . . ."

This inexplicable event did, in fact, present so strong a resemblance to the divine chastisements described in the Bible, that some skeptics among the bystanders were immediately

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converted and began lives of religion and good works which they have continued ever since.

The incident made it possible to appreciate the virtues of London's police. Three of the "bobbies" were among the victims, but a dozen others immediately rushed up and set to work with much courage and self-possession. A telephone message was immediately sent to the Horse Guards and the Fire Department. The Superintendent of Police — Mr. Clarkwell — took command of the rescuing forces, and within less than four hours Hyde Park had assumed its normal appearance. Unfortunately, there were two hundred victims.

Scientists gave the most varied explanations of the accident. The idea that it had been an earthquake — the only explanation that could be reasonably made without an appeal to the supernatural — seemed scarcely probable, for the seismographs had registered no shock of any kind. The public, however, was content to learn from the experts that it was nevertheless nothing but an earthquake, though of a very special kind, to which they had given the name "vertical montiform seismism."

The House in the Avenue Victor-Hugo. The Hyde Park affair was followed by a fairly large number of similar incidents. These attracted far less attention from the public, because they did not involve any deaths; but in various places here and there the same strange hills were seen to form, each surrounded by a precipice with neatly cut edges. There are some places where these hills still exist — I may mention in particular, those in Sauk Centre, Minnesota, in Périgord, France, in Rosznov, Wallachia, and that in Itapura, Brazil.

But the mysterious spade, which up to this time seemed to be employed upon barren territory, was now directed against human habitations. About noon on April 24 a strange sound, which certain witnesses described as that of a hissing blade and others as that of a very fine and very powerful jet of steam, astonished passers-by in that section of Paris which is roughly bounded by the Arc de Triomphe, the Avenue de la Grande Armée, the Avenue Marceau, and the Avenue Henri-Martin.

People who found themselves in front of number 66, Avenue Victor-Hugo, beheld an enormous oblique fissure appearing in the wall of the building, which was shaken by two or three shocks. Then, suddenly, the whole top floor with its mansard

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roof, in which the servants' quarters were located, seemed to be lifted off by some powerful force. At the windows and on the balconies appeared the frantic occupants. Fortunately, although the house was literally cut in two, it did not collapse. The rescue parties discovered, in the middle of the staircase, the fissure produced by the passage of the invisible implement. It seemed highly exact, as if a blade had cut through the wood of the steps, the carpets, the iron of the ramp, following a rectilinear course. Everything in its path had been cut trimly and sharply in two — furniture, carpets, tables, books. It was a miracle that no one had been hurt. The servants' quarters were the only ones demolished, and they were empty because it was dinner time. A young girl who had been lying down, had seen her bed cut through obliquely; the stroke had passed by her side. She had experienced no pain, but had felt a shock as if from a rather weak electric battery.

Here again any number of explanations were given. The word "seismism" was once more oracularly pronounced. Some of the newspapers accused the owner and the architect of having constructed the house of inferior material. A Communist Deputy made an interpellation at the Chamber of Deputies. In America Senator Heflin accused the Pope.

Transportations. As in the Hyde Park Hill affair, the incident in the Avenue Victor-Hugo was followed by several others of essentially the same kind, which we shall not describe here but which — as it seems to us now — must have made those who saw them realize that some unknown and hidden will was pursuing a definite design.

In several countries houses, both large and small, were sliced into sections by invisible forces. Several farmers' cottages — one in Massachusetts, one in Denmark, one in Spain — were lifted in the air, dropped back to earth, and demolished, together with their occupants. In New York, the French Building was cut in two. Some fifty men and women met their deaths in the course of these incidents; but since they occurred in various countries, and moreover, since nobody had any intelligible explanation to offer, people talked about them as little as possible.

Quite different, however, was the series of adventures which followed, and which threw the entire planet into a state of extraordinary agitation during the months of May and June, 1954. The first victim was a young negress of Hartford, Connecticut.

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She was leaving her employer's house one morning, when a postman — the only witness of the accident — saw her suddenly lifted in the air, shrieking in terror. She was drawn up to the height of about a hundred meters, then dropped and crushed on the ground. The postman asserted that he could see no instrument of any kind in the air above her.

The second to be transported was a customs officer at Calais. He, too, was seen to be lifted vertically and then carried at great speed toward the coast of England. A few minutes later he was discovered on the cliffs at Dover, dead but without any visible wounds. He seemed to have been set down gently on the earth, but he was blue all over as if he had been hanged.

Then began the period of "successful transportations." The first of the transported individuals to reach the end of his involuntary trip alive was an old beggar, who was seized by an invisible hand as he was asking alms in front of Notre-Dame and was set down ten minutes later in the midst of Piccadilly Circus, at the feet of an astonished policeman. He had not been hurt and had an impression of having been carried in a closed cabin into which neither light nor air penetrated. Those who saw him snatched up had observed that he became invisible the moment he was lifted above the earth.

For several weeks these "transportations" continued. As soon as people realized that they were not dangerous, they became rather comic. The invisible hand seemed to be guided by the greatest fantasy possible. One day it was a little girl of Denver, Colorado, who found herself set down on a Russian steppe; another day a Boston dentist, who came to earth in Stockholm. The transportation which caused the most stir, however, was that of Senator Heflin who was taken in the midst of a stump speech and deposited in the Vatican. Another transportation which aroused great excitement was that of the venerable President of the French Senate — M. Paul Reynaud — who was lifted from the Luxembourg Gardens and set down on the shore of Lake Ontario. He took advantage of the incident to tour Canada, and on his return was given a triumphant welcome in the Bois de Boulogne Station. It is probable that this unsought publicity had a good deal to do with his election to the Presidency of the Republic in 1956.

It must be observed that all the people who were "transported" were discovered after their voyage to be drenched in a

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reddish fluid — no one could discover the explanation. This was the only inconvenience that resulted from these experiences, which were otherwise harmless. At the end of two months they ceased and gave place to a new series, stranger still, which began with the mysterious "episode of the two households."

The Adventure of the Two Households. The first of these two celebrated households was that of a young French couple who lived just outside of Paris in a little house in Neuilly. The husband — Jacques Martin — was a scholar, an instructor at the Lycée Pasteur, and author of a remarkable thesis on the *Life of Paul Morand.* Madame Martin was a young architect. They had four children.

At midnight on the fourth of July, Madame Martin was just dropping off to sleep when she heard a hissing, such as we have already described, felt a slight shock, and had a feeling that she was being lifted in the air at great speed. Opening her eyes, she was appalled to see that the pale light of the moon was shining into the room, from which one entire wall had disappeared; that her bed had been cut in two; and that at her left side, where a few seconds before her husband had been sleeping, was a gulf through which the stars were sparkling. Recoiling in terror to the side of the bed that was still solid, she was astounded — and at the same time reassured — to discover that it was not toppling, even though it now had but two legs. A moment later Madame Martin felt that she was no longer being lifted up but that she was moving forward at high speed. Then, with that sinking feeling near the midriff that one gets in express elevators, she felt herself descending. She imagined that now she would crash, and had partly closed her eyes to be ready for the final shock. But, when it came, it seemed light and gentle. When she dared look about again, she saw nothing. The room was black. Here is the rest of the story, in her own words:

"I stretched out my arm. Everything around me was solid. The gulf seemed to have closed. I called my husband, thinking it must have been a nightmare. I was still badly upset, and I wanted to tell him about it. I felt a man's arm and then heard an unknown voice, rather vigorous, saying in English, 'Oh, my dear, how you startled me!' I leaped back and tried to turn on a light, but I could not find the switch. 'What are you doing?' asked the unknown man, and he switched on the light himself.

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Then we both gave a cry together. Before me was a young, blond Englishman with a short little nose, rather near-sighted and still half asleep in a suit of blue pajamas. The bed was slit down the centre—covers, mattresses, and bolster had been cut in two. The halves of the beds were different in level by some five or ten centimetres.

"The moment he had collected himself, the attitude of my involuntary bedfellow in this difficult situation gave me a high regard for the British race. After a brief and excusable moment of dismay, he behaved as correctly as if he had been in a drawing-room. Since I speak English, I told him my name and he told me his — John Graham. The place was Richmond. As I looked around, I saw that half of my own bedroom had come along with me. I saw my window with its cerise curtains, the big photograph of my husband on the dresser, the little table of books by my bed, and my watch lying on the pile of books. The other half of the room was his and I didn't recognize it. On a little table stood the portrait of a very pretty woman, some photographs of children, some magazines, and a box of cigarettes.

"John Graham looked at me for a long time, examined my half of the room, and finally asked, with an air of great seriousness, 'What are you doing here?'

"I explained that I didn't know, and stretched an arm toward the big picture on the dresser: 'This is my husband.'

"Pointing with his hand, he replied, 'This is my wife.' She was strikingly pretty, and the disturbing thought came to me that she was perhaps at this very moment in the arms of Jacques.

"'Do you think that half of your house has been carried to France at the same moment that ours was brought here?'

"'Why?' he asked. He annoyed me. Why, indeed? The whole affair puzzled me, mainly because there was in it a kind of natural symmetry.

"'It's a queer business,' said he, shaking his head. 'How is it possible?'

"'It isn't possible, but it's so.'

"At this moment we heard sobs, which seemed to come from the upper story, and instantly we both had the same thought: 'The children!' John Graham leaped from bed, ran barefooted to the door in his part of the house and opened it. I heard children crying and coughing, and then the steady voice of my Englishman, mingling soothing words with oaths. I jumped out of bed and

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glanced at myself in the mirror. As I stood before it, I heard a distracted voice behind me: 'What a situation, Madame Martin! All four children have whooping cough. They are very sick, you see. If only Winnie were here! I'm a man and don't know what to do.'

"I gathered that Winnie was his wife. The coughing in the nursery redoubled, mingled with crying and calling.

"'Come and help me,' he said, in a tone of supplication.

"'Of course . . . but is your wife's dressing gown here, and some slippers?'

"He gave me his own dressing gown and showed me the way to the nursery. The children were superb, but the remedies he was using were ridiculous. After execrating all those English drugs, I succeeded in quieting them down. It was the youngest, a lovely blond baby, who seemed to be suffering most. I did my best to quiet him and gave him my hand. He took to me at once.

"We spent several hours in the room, in a state of great anxiety — he over his wife, I over my husband. I asked if he could not telephone for the police. He tried, but discovered that the telephone wires, like the aërial of his radio, had been cut neatly in two. The house must have presented a curious spectacle. The moment dawn came, John Graham went out. The children had fallen asleep. A few minutes later he came back to find me and asked me to come down outside, for really the front of the house was worth seeing. It was. Whoever was responsible for this miracle had evidently tried to choose two houses of about the same height and built in the same way. He had succeeded, but the architectural styles were so different that the effect of the combination was appalling. Our house at Neuilly was a very simple brick structure with high windows surrounded by stone borders. The English house was a little black and white cottage with big bow-windows. The juxtaposition of these two halves of such different structure was the most absurd thing imaginable. It made me think of a Harlequin by Picasso.

"I begged Mr. Graham to get dressed and telegraph to France to find out what had become of his wife. He replied that the telegraph office did not open until eight o'clock. He was a highly phlegmatic individual and didn't seem to conceive the possibility of breaking the rules and waking up the telegrapher under such very peculiar circumstances. I wanted to give him a good shaking, but all I could get out of him was, 'It doesn't open till eight.'

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Fortunately, about 7:30, just as he was ready to start, we saw a mounted policeman coming. He looked at the house with amazement. He brought a telegram from the Prefect of Police in Paris, asking whether I was there and announcing that Mrs. John Graham was safe and sound at Neuilly."

There is no use carrying on the narrative *in extenso*. It is enough for the reader to know that Mrs. John Graham had cared for Mme. Martin's children just as well as that lady had taken care of the little English children; that the two couples were delighted with the charm of their companions in adventure; and that they remained linked for life in a close friendship. Mme. Martin was still living ten years ago at Chambourcy (Seine-et-Oise) in the home of her family.

The space allotted this chapter in the general plan of *The History of the Universe* does not allow us to recount the various adventurous exchanges which amazed the people of the Earth in August, 1954. One can only advise readers to consult the more complete work by Professor Thompson of Yale, *Exchanges of Couples in America and in Europe During the Year 1954*.

The series of "sliced houses" is still longer than that of the "transportations." More than a hundred couples were exchanged, and this became the favorite theme of novelists and cinema writers. They contained a theme at once sensual and fantastic which the public found very much to its taste. There was, moreover, something very amusing in seeing (these things really happened) a queen wake up in a soldier's bedroom, and a Russian dancing girl in the White House. Then — as had always happened since the beginning of this mad year — the series came to a sharp conclusion and made way for another. It seemed as if the mysterious beings who were amusing themselves by upsetting the life of mankind must be capricious and must weary of their little jokes very easily.

The Invisible Cage. At the beginning of September, the invisible hand whose power was now known to the entire Earth, stretched out to seize some of the finest minds on the planet. A dozen men, almost all of whom were physicists or chemists of high attainment, were seized at the same moment in various civilized countries and collected in a clearing in the forest of Fontainebleau.

A group of young men who had come out early in the morning to climb among the cliffs found these elderly scientists wander-

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ing dismally among the rocks and trees. Seeing that something was wrong, the young men attempted to aid them, but were amazed to find themselves stopped suddenly by the resistance of some transparent but insurmountable obstacle. They tried to make their way around it, but after having made the whole circuit, they found that the scientists were enclosed by an invisible rampart. Several of the young men knew one of the scientists — in fact, were studying under him. They shouted, but he did not hear. Evidently sound did not penetrate this barrier and these illustrious personages were shut up like beasts in a cage.

They seemed, however, to resign themselves to their fate easily enough. They were seen to stretch out in the sun, take bits of paper from their pockets, write out equations, and discuss them with animation. Then one of the young spectators went to advise the authorities. By noon, a crowd of curious people had assembled. The scientists now seemed somewhat disturbed, made their way rather painfully (for they were all of advanced age) to the edge of the barrier, and, discovering that their voices could not carry outside, began to make signs for something to eat.

Several army officers were among the spectators; and one of them proposed to drop food to these unfortunates by airplane. It seemed a good idea. Two hours later the hum of a motor was heard and the aviator, passing above the spot with great skill, dropped packages of food precisely in their midst. Unfortunately, at a height of twenty metres above the ground these were seen to stop suddenly, rebound, and then remain suspended in the air. The cage had a roof made of the same radiations that composed its walls.

Toward evening the old men, becoming desperate, made signs that they were dying of hunger and dreaded the prospect of the night's approaching cold. The disconsolate spectators could do nothing for them. Was such a remarkable assemblage of great minds to perish before their very eyes?

At daybreak next morning it seemed at first that the situation had not changed; but on looking closer, people perceived that a new bit of stage decoration had been placed in the centre of the cage. All the arrangements had been organized by the invisible hand. The packages dropped by the aviator were now hanging at the end of a rope about five metres above the ground, and not far from it was another rope reaching all the way to the ground.

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For a young man it would have been easy to climb the longer rope and reach the packages that meant their preservation. There was, unfortunately, small reason to hope that any of these venerable scientists would be able to accomplish this gymnastic feat. They were seen walking about the rope and testing its strength, but none of them took the chance of climbing. A whole day passed thus. Then came the night. The greater part of the curious spectators departed. Toward midnight, a young artilleryman, who had been stretched out on the grass, took it into his head to see if the barrier of radiations was still there. To his great surprise, he encountered nothing. He continued on his way with a cry of triumph. The cruel powers which had been playing with mankind for two days had consented to oblige their victims. The scientists were fed, warmed, and none of them died.

Conclusion. From the end of May, 1954, contemporary newspapers contained no incident of importance which can, with any degree of probability, be related to the series of events that we have just described. Such are the principal facts which marked this period of the Earth's history — events which were at that time inexplicable, but which, as we know to-day, corresponded with a period of scientific experiments conducted from the planet, Uranus.

Part II of "The Earth-Dwellers" will be published next month.

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EATING FOR EFFICIENCY

WILLIAM CHILDS

CHARLES LAMB has waxed eloquent over the delicacies of roast pig. On the roast beef of old England others have written great books. As literature, the pig and the cow can raise no quarrel with William Childs, but as diet his slogan is: "Join the company of the great. Go vegetable wise." Perhaps no man has ever done as much as he to educate the public in the pleasant ways of the lowly carrot and cucumber. And why? In this article he tells in his own words the practical philosophy of the vegetable.

DOES the public want to be efficiently fed? Does it pay to run a restaurant along the lines of dietary and economic standards? Can the public be educated in its habits of eating? And if it can, toward what end should dietary education be shaped? During the thirty-eight years in which I have been engaged in feeding the public, I have witnessed many changes in the general attitude toward eating. There was a time when the chief essentials of a lucrative restaurant business were a menu extensive enough in the choice of dishes to satisfy the most fastidious appetite, and a price within the range of a modest purse. To-day this is not enough. The public now requires an intelligent variety of food. Menus may be limited in extent, but the average person has become more or less familiar with the terms, "vitamin," "calories," and "bulk," and he wants his selection to cover the proper food requirements. Not being informed, himself, of the constituents of various foods, he appreciates having the restaurant look after his well-being to this extent. And in fact, it is not a difficult task, in making out menus, to arrange them so that the most economical and the most complete foods will be chosen. The food offered in a popular, low-priced restaurant should conform to the dietary standards of health and adequate feeding. Besides this, there must be confidence in the sanitary preparation and distribution.

In early ages man's dietary habits were formed chiefly by his appetite and the availability of food. His life was spent in the open with much sunshine and physical activity. The foods he selected were simple, needing little preparation, and they were sufficient for his strength and physical development. It is difficult to determine just how adequate was the diet of primitive man, since we have no actual data and many of our conclusions are formed by inference. In the progress of civilization, however, definite signs of physical depletion have been manifest. There

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has been a pronounced change in the durability of the teeth and the general endurance of the individual. It would appear that the hardy life of primitive man and the general use of tough and unrefined food — much of it uncooked and consisting of a plentiful supply of fruits, nuts, and roughage — made for his endurance and long life.

With the progress of civilization man's sturdiness of physique has deteriorated. In spite of constant advances in the science of sanitation and control of disease, man is far from the vigorous, rugged creature nature intended. In the opinion of many, the importance of a proper diet is as great a factor in health as sunshine, physical activity, and sleep. The selection of a favorable diet should consist of: (1) an adequate amount of bulky foods; (2) starches and sugars; (3) sufficient food units (calories); (4) an adequate amount of protein; (5) a sufficient amount of mineral-containing foods; and (6) foods which yield vitamins. Besides these there should always be a sufficient amount of fluid. All nutrition experts stress the importance of a plentiful supply of fruit, vegetables, and milk, because of their richness in so many of the food essentials.

In primitive times, the hunting of animals and the eating of large quantities of meat was a natural form of nutrition. In later years, however, the actual importance of meat in the diet has been the subject of much investigation and discussion. Economically it is an expensive source of protein, and much research has been carried on to ascertain if protein may not be adequately substituted from the less expensive foods — cereals, vegetables, and milk. This discussion has led to the development of many "food cults" throughout the country.

Aside from its high cost, the actual value of meat in the diet is still a debatable question. Many physiologists to-day believe that meat has a nutritive value quite apart from its protein and fat composition and that its total absence from the diet is injurious to health. On the other hand, many nutritionists hold the opinion that the human organism thrives better on a small amount of protein and that the required amount can readily be obtained from other foods. If enough milk, vegetables, various fruits, nuts, and cereals are eaten to cover all the other food requirements, the addition of meat to the diet only means an excessive amount of protein. Certain it is that meat is the most expensive source of protein because of the high cost of feeding,

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raising, and transporting the animals. The opinion has been held by the medical profession that meat has an injurious effect upon the body, not only because of the excess protein which the body must eliminate, but because it gives rise to intestinal putrefaction, and the toxic products thus formed induce high blood pressure and other physiological disturbances.

Meat eating is largely a habit and a tradition. The laboring class, especially, feel that they are not being adequately nourished unless a large proportion of meat is included in their daily diet. The added palatability of all foods by the admixture of meat extractives gives a sense of sufficiency to the meal. No adequate substitute for this property of extractives has been found. In fact, it is commonly believed that high seasoning added to foods impairs the normal digestive processes.

If one is interested in developing a restaurant which follows modern theories of dietetics, it is quite possible to maintain a policy that will furnish a sufficiently large choice of foods, cover all dietary requirements, and place a minimum quantity of meat in the menu. An adequate meal at a moderate cost can be more readily furnished. People can be disabused of the idea, prevalent in the minds of many, that there is an inherent strength-giving property in meat. The animal fat which accompanies meat is no more nourishing than the vegetable fats of which nuts are a particularly rich source. The present belief of nutritionists is that an adequate diet should be a varied one. One should be sure the essentials are covered and avoid "fads."

The effect of adequate nutrition on the morale of individuals and their efficiency is very definite. It has been determined that the undernourished child is the more restless and less able to concentrate. Statistics among school children have shown that on the average the best workers are the well-nourished. It has been demonstrated that the prisons in which the worst riots and outbreaks occurred were those in which the food was utterly monotonous and unpalatable. If we can demonstrate how closely intelligent eating is related to greater efficiency and better morale, does it not behoove all of us who have the feeding of a portion of the public in our hands to give them the best food at the lowest cost under the best psychological conditions possible? It is a work worthy of great effort.

Next month, "Eating Æsthetically," by Alice Foote MacDougall

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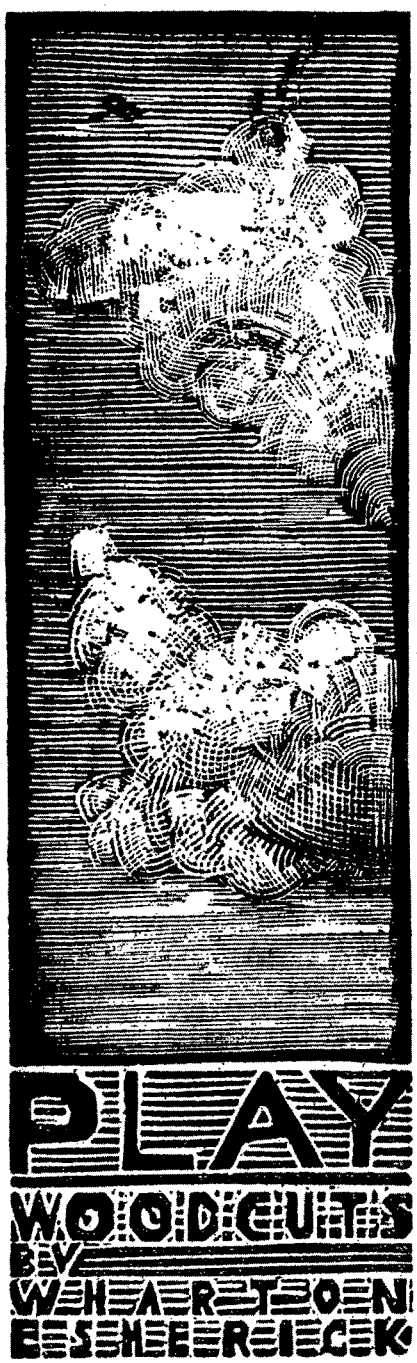

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SURF FISHING

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SAILING

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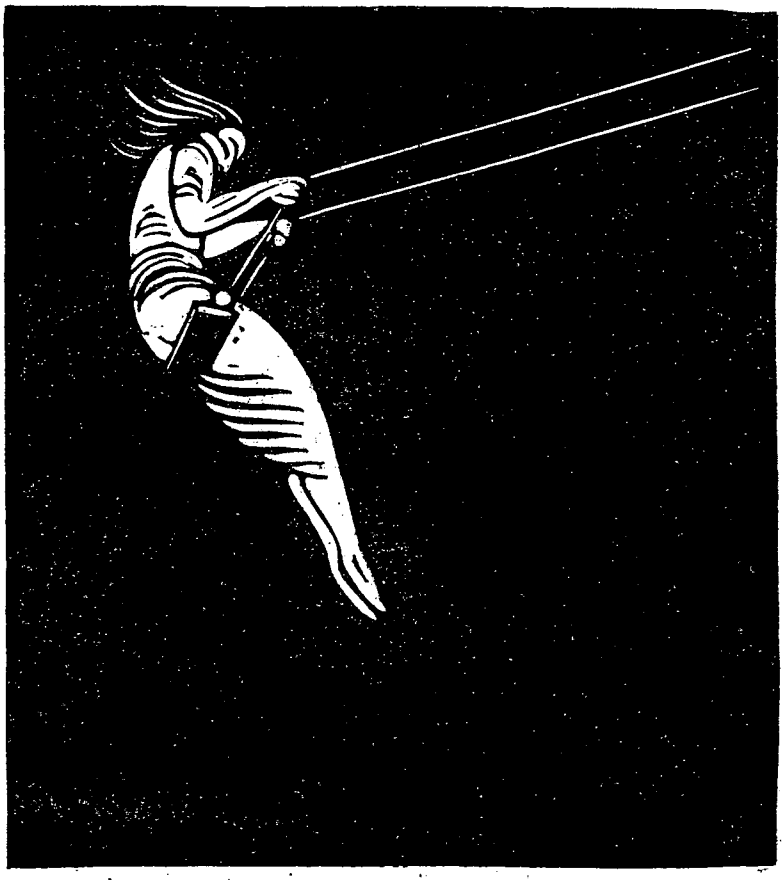

SWINGING

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COMPANIONATE EDUCATION

JOSEPH JASTROW

Forum Education Series — VIII

NOW and then the advent of an adjective may set an ideal by adding a new coin to the popular mintage. To take only presidential instances, in its day "the strenuous life" carried all before it, and later "watchful waiting" posed briefly as a panacean political policy. Such a verbal compact may be a catchword with the pragmatic go of a slogan, or a key-word offering the promise of a solution. What is interesting is that in the vogue of its application, the new key may prove to fit quite different social doorways even better than that for which it was designed.

Companionate marriage proposes manlike, or disposes womanlike, of marriage by so slight an inversion as would convert "unite" into "untie." It substitutes a slipknot for one of the Gordian variety. As was to be anticipated, companionate divorce has been suggested (or is this uncompanionate marriage?), in which estranged husband and friend wife maintain separate establishments adjoining a neutral zone sheltering the children, thus salvaging the family. Flexible duplex houses would seem well adapted either to the overture of companionate marriage, or to the finale of companionate divorce. Perhaps ingenious architects may provide for these social contingencies in ultramodern apartment houses — or should one say department or compartment houses? Yet the temper of the companionate idea is quite otherwise pedigreed. It aims to remove the vestige of a master in the house, the suggestion of anyone's taking the name or the direction of another; to do away with uncritical or unilateral honoring and obeying (and too abject loving) — all in the interests of right and free relations — a commendable ideal so far as it is compatible with worldly wisdom.

Yet it is a pity that this congenial and valuable adjective should take its vogue from the marriage relation, in which it has a questionable pertinence, and not in the educational household, where it provides a much needed verbal eureka. For we have variously fumbled in our approach to this added hole on the educational course. The handiest label is "adult education,"

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though some speak of it as "post-school education"; but the vitality of this significant movement derives only in part from the grown-up status of its constituency. Launched from a different social angle, the idea gave birth to the Worker's College or the Labor University. Similarly, summer sessions, extension courses, women's clubs, forums, Chautauquas, all participate in a commonly inspired endeavor, while correspondence schools and a voracious pack of Get-Culture-Quick Institutes have combed the field unscrupulously and profitably. Even this abuse testifies to the demand which educational leaders may yet learn to supply by matching philanthropic zeal with practical wisdom. Dorothy Canfield Fisher has summed up one side of it in the illuminating title-question of her book: "Why Stop Learning?" May her gospel prevail!

Yet it's not any one project but the spirit — the "inside experience," as Mr. J. K. Hart puts it — that needs to be loud-spoken by the announcer of an adjective. The "big idea" is companionate education, taking the pedantic, didactic, institutional, formal, testing, examining, grading, flunking, degreeing, nursing, disciplining, rewarding temper out of the teaching relation, and putting into it the companionate animus of fellow-students pursuing a common interest — the few chosen leading and stimulating, and the many called eagerly following, yet companions all in a joint enterprise.

It may be only the accident of a vocabulary that the French have no word for a lecture (a term that naturally acquires a dubious repute, such as "curtain lecture") but call it a *conférence*, which puts it at once upon a proper mutual basis. And in the same spirit the *conférencier* sits like his hearers in a comfortable chair and does not stand towering above his audience. It may be a further accident that the hearers do not attend but *assist at* a conference. A properly responsive audience does just that; it has a share in the exercise, which is not a passive and receptive one. Difficult as it is to embody the idea, I yet venture to think of a companionate lecture.

Now there need be no fear that the sudden advent of the companionate age will close the schools in favor of companionate institutes of learning. Schooling is indispensable so long as immaturity is the natural condition of the young for a deplorably long period. But it is most unfortunate that, because boys and girls go to school to learn, or to prove their resistance to learning,

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the teacher-and-pupil relation should be fixed and limited to that condition. Under a prevalent view, living is made to begin where schooling ends, and school ends where life begins. To broadcast the companionate idea that stimulating contact with creative and inspiring minds is an integral part of an adequate adult life, and not for the few but for the many, is an ambitious programme, perhaps too large an order for one adjective to fill.

It may be well to acknowledge that as yet the female of the human species *sapiens* — whether as the more serious or the more leisurely half — has responded to this urge more generously than the male — as the contrasted purposes of men's clubs and women's clubs show in setting and programme. Yet this feminine preference, suggestive to some masculine temperaments of undue docility, has stood in the way of a more general acceptance of companionate education. At the worst it introduces the suspicion that is directed to the uplifter — a most uncompanionate relation. And it may be that women, despite their insistent desire for emancipation, tend to preserve the schoolgirl complexion of mind. Once again, vocabulary has played us a shabby trick in making "coeducation" refer to the juxtaposition of collegians of both sexes in hard, straight rows of formal seats, instead of to the companionate sharing of an intellectual venture.

The heart of it all lies in the teacher-pupil relation, as the spirit of the family lies in the parent-child relation. The formidable task that the ministers (not the administers) of education face is to liberalize this teacher-pupil relation, to alter its complexion radically, to denature it of its school-day context, to renature it upon the mature pattern of companionate direction. "Teacher," though not beyond redemption, is a pretty difficult word to rehabilitate, and "pupil" is even more hopeless. Professoring has a presumptuous or an unctuous flavor and has almost become the proprietary perquisite of dancing masters. We are sadly in need of a refurbished educational vocabulary which will abolish in one imperious, destructive stroke this Freudian implication of superiority and inferiority that inheres subconsciously in the teacher-pupil relation, and will transform it to the setting of the mature in interest, purpose, and experience. Let some philological genius come to the rescue!

I am well aware that the mere idea of companionate education without practical backing will not bring together the speaker on

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the platform and the hearers on the floor, nor annihilate their psychic distance; but even as an overture it has significance. The failure of the colleges is a many-sided story. The educational structure is a glass house, and stones have been so freely hurled from within and without that every façade shows broken panes. Yet, underlying the several plans for reconstruction or redemption is the sensed incompatibility of the two ideals and the accompanying spirit and procedures — the one of schooling, the other of companionate education. The confusion of college and university has its roots here; in America the "universities" in name are inevitably both in fact. Here and there an isolated institution may attempt a completely graduate school and with some approach to the companionate ideal. But for the most part the college-university or university-college faces the compelling situation that it ministers to the transitional period in which pupils are emerging from dependent imitators into companionate thinkers.

The junior college is a proposal to facilitate or segregate this adjustment by providing separately for those who must be, or prefer to be, content with the former status, and for those eager and ready for the latter. It seems a promising part solution in many ways. The experimental college — whether of the pattern of Mr. Meiklejohn's or some other remodeled structure — though presenting a differently oriented programme, invites the companionate relation at an earlier stage. And much of the legitimate criticism of college instruction is directed precisely against the prolongation of such schooling methods to minds that are, or if properly selected should be, ripe for companionate pursuits.

Recently the University of Michigan announced a project to bring the alumni back to a companionate status and establish for them just such courses as would appeal to mature worldly interests, thus unexpectedly providing an illuminating contrast to the undergraduate procedure. Amherst has, in a measure, set a precedent for the proposal, and a provision at Vassar College, through the generosity of a bequest, has taken a step in the same direction. Companionate education, though mainly expressing the reality of a need, gives promising indication of a varied and ready clientele.

The devitalizing routine of the college professor results in no small measure from the wear and tear and intellectual incompatibility of his side of the amphibious relation. The school-

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master swamps the professor. And still worse, the schoolmastery machinery and post-adolescent flare dominate the academic temper and ruin the academic career. The president and deans are naturally the target of it all; for the very abundance of authority which they possess, and shouldn't, makes them the only redemption in sight. In an institution devoted to companionate education, presidents will cease from troubling and deans may take an indefinite rest. For one of the glorious rewards of companionate education is that these functionaries will not be needed, neither their pedestals nor their gold lace, and the useful part of their services will be taken over by companionate-minded leaders free from an overgrown lust for control, though ready to contribute such wisdom of direction as they are far more likely to possess.

Though it would be hopeless to try to make over the typical college professors into companionate educational leaders — and many of them would resent the attempt or wouldn't understand what it was all about — the others would welcome the transformation as a resurrection. The constant contact with immature minds alone is not conducive to the full maturing of the intellectual in these worldly days. He may be for years a "full professor" in title and emoluments, and may for years have acceptably filled the cup of information of sievelike or retaining minds, yet will not have fulfilled his complete function if he fails to share in the companionate enterprise of his profession. And, be it recorded in frank humility, that what many of these "full professors" are full of would unfit them for any other service than as attendants at the filling stations so liberally provided on our democratic roads to learning, where those who run may learn to read.

All this must be acknowledged and dwelt upon; for companionate education makes new demands upon both sides and sets new criteria of fitness. The companionate following has so far shown a far readier eagerness for this educational enterprise than the companionate leadership. And a further canvass, particularly in the great busy centres, will rapidly swell the census of enrollment in so vitally democratic a cause. The larger clientele and the possibilities of establishing workable patterns of companionate education are inevitably dependent upon the mass interest of intricately coördinated groups of men, sensitive to the need of guidance in the problems of their occupations and their reflec-

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tions. One must turn to the cosmopolitan outlook itself for the source of such leadership, for a course of study and establishment of effective opinion in the companionate temper.

If so minded, any great city can marshal the forces of support for companionate education. In its inception it must depend upon the vanguard of private interest, while in policy and practice it aims at a public service. Not to leave the situation without citation, one may mention the New School for Social Research in New York City as an institution congenial to this purpose expressed in a working programme. Whatever the idea of its godfathers when they burdened their protégé with this name (for neither novelty, nor sociology, nor research are the proper passwords to it), the actual vitality of the movement and the needs which it has encountered and satisfied are those of companionate education. What it needs is a companionate marriage with an angelic (in the financial sense) enthusiast for intellectual progress. Again we need a philological genius to convey in one word a friendly shelter of human knowledge.

Companionate education continues the authentic tradition inherent in the university as such a company of companionable scholars. In these progressive days such a microcosm of leadership must reflect, and take its purpose from, the macrocosm of its setting. However important the platform, a more intimate contact of creative minds must be established and favored. Companionate education requires a nucleus, a definite centre of radiation and expansion; and central to that nuclear development is creative effort and research, as well as application. A companionate institution will be in no way aloof or remote or esoteric; it recognizes the public source of its vitality and assumes its responsibilities in response to it.

It is, indeed, a school, but equally a companionate "centre" — a habitation fitter and richer in connotation than the "social centre." This implies a group of men for whom it is a home and the opportunity for a professional career. And since it is the way of generations to come and go, such a nucleus implies a companionate discipleship in which the torch is handed on to younger bearers in fact and not in symbolic ceremony. Its companionship reaches out to the many-sided interests of men of affairs, breaking down the barrier between the university and the universe, companionating them likewise in its humanistic endeavors.

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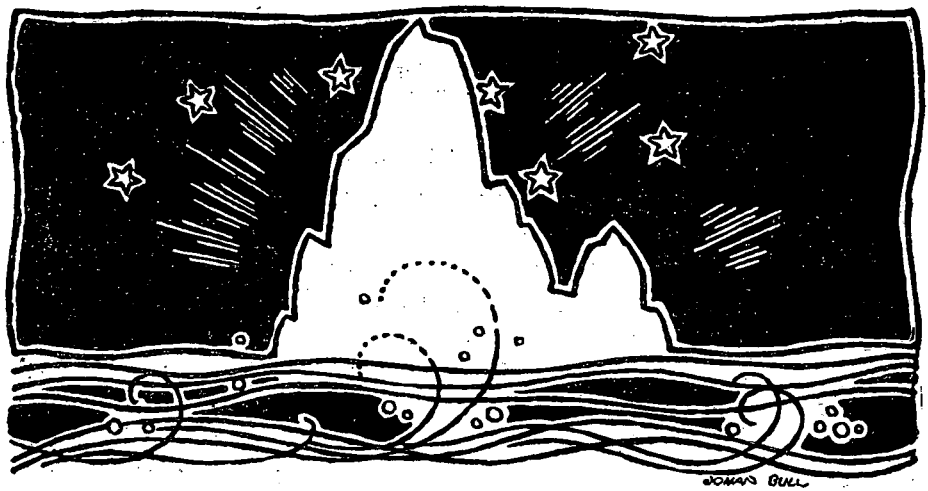

THE REPUBLIC OF GREENLAND

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

PROUD as we are of the contributions made by the New World to democratic government, we have paid little attention so far to the first American republic. For Greenland is about as much a part of North America as Newfoundland, and the Republic of Greenland was founded in 986 and lasted until the country became a dependency of Norway in 1261. That may not seem a very long time looking back, but it is almost twice as long as the United States has been a republic.

Some consider that the real discovery of America took place when the Irish found and colonized the half-American island of Iceland about 800 A.D. For the Irish told the Norse Vikings about Iceland, which led those incomparable navigators westward into the ocean. Thereafter the finding of Greenland and America were foregone conclusions, even had they been farther afield than they are. But the discovery might have come as an accident after centuries, and not through a brilliant adventure, as it really did.

The Norse occupation of Iceland, swamping the previous Irish, began about 860, and by 930 there were something like fifty thousand settlers. This colonization is better known historically than almost any other in the world — better even than many of the colonizing enterprises which resulted in the first

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thirteen American states. We have the names of more than four hundred chieftains who settled at specified places, and many of the people of Iceland to-day can trace their descent back to them without breaks or guesswork.

There were many reasons for the colonization of Iceland, some of them — such as a dislike for the tyranny of kings — roughly parallel to motives prominent in later American colonization. It was natural, therefore, that a democratic form of government should arise. It did so gradually, by definite stages as the need grew. First there were local parliaments, somewhat corresponding to a New England town meeting, except that they were on a bigger scale. Finally in 930 a national parliament was established. This was both the highest legislative body and the supreme court, somewhat as the House of Lords is the supreme court of England. It will celebrate its thousandth anniversary of functioning in 1930. For, although the Republic of Iceland, like its daughter republic of Greenland, ended in 1261, the parliament continued to operate, somewhat as the Canadian parliament operates in spite of membership in the British Empire.

In a sense the discovery of Greenland was an accident, or at least it was that if you date it back to the year 900 when Gunnbjorn — a navigator not otherwise known — was driven by storms into the seas west of Iceland and saw to the west of him cliffs which he reported on his return and which were named after him the Gunnbjorn Skerries.

But what may be called the effective discovery of Greenland took place in 982 according to the brilliant and fateful plan of one of the great explorers and colonizers of history — Eric the Red. For through that plan came not only the founding of the first republic in the western hemisphere, but also the discovery of America itself. That some of us have heard little about this republic and about Eric the Red may seem strange, but it is not so very strange when Genghis Khan — a conqueror beside whom Alexander and Napoleon were provincial — is known to our narrow Mediterraneanized civilization chiefly as an isolated name or as a figure in poetry.

The father of Eric the Red, Thorvald, was a member of the Norwegian nobility. With that nobility man-killings were in those days about as fashionable, although illegal, as cocktails are with our best people to-day. But such breaches of the law had to be discreet then as now. Thorvald killed the wrong people

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at inopportune times, the family was outlawed from Norway, and Eric was taken by his father to Iceland, where they settled on the northwest coast.

If anything, man-killings were more fashionable in Iceland than in Norway, because of the independence of rival chiefs, the absence of a strong executive, and the importance of piracy as an industry. There were only two ways to great distinction in Iceland in those days — success under arms or in poetry. The ideal thing was, of course, to do great deeds and then to write a great poem about them. Eric does not seem to have been a poet, except in his later visions of exploration and colonization. But he killed enough people and, like his father, indiscreetly enough, so that the parliament outlawed him in 982.

The Discovery of Greenland

Had Eric been the ordinary type of Icelander of that day, he would have used the three years of his exile for a pirate expedition south along the west coast of Europe, perhaps as far as North Africa or even the Hellespont; for that was the custom of his time. But instead he outfitted an expedition for the rediscovery of the skerries seen by Gunnbjorn and planned the exploration of any lands that might lie beyond.

The discovery of Iceland by the Irish is supposed to have been an accident, and happened so long ago that we shall probably never get any direct evidence for or against. Gunnbjorn's discovery of the skerries to the west of Iceland was probably an accident too. It seems likely now that he saw no land at all, but only huge floating bergs which were strange in those times to the Norsemen and therefore likely to be mistaken at a distance for snow-covered mountains. That they were isolated rocks, and not part of any land, was the belief not only in the days of Eric but even during and after the time of Columbus; and they were always so shown on maps, lying in the ocean halfway between Iceland and Greenland.

The voyage of Eric the Red in the summer of 982 was, so far as we know, the first voyage of all time deliberately planned to search for land and based on theory instead of report — the theory that there might be land beyond where the isolated rocks had been seen. It was also the first time in known history where the commander planned to voyage through pack ice and search for land. For it is clear that neither the Norwegians nor the

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Icelanders had up to this time ever ventured to penetrate the arctic pack by ship or in any other way. They had merely seen it and followed its edge on their fishing cruises to the northwest and north of Iceland and Norway.

We are telling here the story of a great world figure, for he was both a discoverer five hundred years before Columbus and a colonizer six hundred years before the Pilgrims. He settled the first American island; he founded the first American republic; his son, Leif, was destined to discover the American mainland and to bring Christianity to the American republic of Greenland. The citizens of the Greenland republic were to attempt the colonization of the American mainland. Their children were to be the first Europeans born on our continent, and traffic between Greenland and North America, between Greenland and Europe, and therefore between Europe and North America, was to be maintained by them for centuries, with records of it preserved at the Vatican as well as in several of the countries of northern Europe.

There were between thirty and fifty people aboard ship with Eric. They were his family, friends, and retainers, with their wives and children. There were servants, both men and women. They sailed in a ship that was more like our idea of an open boat. But it was large enough for many things besides the people, and probably more seaworthy than the galleons of Columbus — certainly more manageable, and safer on a lee shore.

This was a voyage of arctic exploration, but there had been none of the meticulous outfitting with which we are so familiar through newspaper and book accounts of modern exploration. They did not carry pemmican, which is beef dried, powdered, and mixed with tallow. Instead, they carried live cattle and hay with which to feed them. They had horses to ride and to work with if they should land. There were sheep for food and to furnish wool for clothing if the journey lasted for many years; and there were goats for milk and meat. There were dogs, and there may have been some chickens.

There were few skin garments, or none, among that crew, and everyone was dressed in homespun woolens. There were no scientific instruments like those of to-day, nor even like those of Columbus. There was no compass to guide the ship, no sextant to tell at noon how far they were from the equator, and no chronometer to show their progression westward. They had none

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of the modern devices that are considered indispensable to a polar explorer, and their chief weapons — whether against polar bears or hostile natives — were only bows and arrows, little if any better than those they might expect to find in the hands of whatever strangers they might happen to meet.

But this dearth of many things we consider useful or necessary was fortunately balanced by a corresponding absence of hampering theories. They did not fear sailing over the edge of the earth into Hell, as did the Christian sailors five hundred years later. They did not think they would be unable to sleep under the perpetual summer sunshine; nor did they fear melancholy in the darkness of the coming winter. The theory had not yet been developed that only heroes go exploring.

In the circumstantial accounts that have been preserved to us of this and many similar voyages, storms and fogs are mentioned as impersonally as in a weather bureau report, the length of the voyages is given as mere statistics. There is never a word of hardship or danger, and never a sign that those who sailed were afraid to go or that those who remained behind worried about them. This is not because human emotions are excluded from the sagas, for they tell of the lonesomeness of those who remained behind; they tell of envy, jealousy, ambition, and show the characters of that time to have been strong and weak, lovable and mean, as people are to-day. There is cowardice, too — rare, reprehensible, and much dwelt on when it occurs. But no more than if it had been a common voyage of piracy do the authors of the Greenland saga mention that anyone was afraid to go, or that anyone admired those who went for their courage. In fact, what is now called bravery seems to have been so commonplace in those days that it never occurred to anyone to be modestly reticent about his deeds and dangers — which shows how different exploration was in those days and ours.

The detailed histories of that time and the studies of our scientific men have shown that the ice conditions in the Greenland sea must have been about the same a thousand or five hundred years ago as they are now. We know, therefore, that soon after leaving Iceland and heading west Eric must have come in touch with the ice, heaving on the ocean swell in close-packed masses and preventing the ship from much more than sighting the mountains of Greenland in the distance. That ice is dangerous enough to-day with our strongly reinforced ships, and was far

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more dangerous to the clinker-built ships of the Vikings; for a little pressure on the side would open a wide seam even when the boards did not break, letting in far more water than they could bail.

There was nothing to do but follow the edge and look for a thinning-out of the pack. This Eric did, and day after day he felt his way cautiously southwestward until at last, after many hundreds of miles of this perilous voyaging, he came to the southern tip of Greenland, where the edge of the pack, as well as the land, turned west and then north. Still skirting the ice, he at last found an opening where ships of the Greenland trade usually find similar openings now, off what the modern Danes call the district of Julianehaab.

Misinformation is likely to be dangerous, but a lack of what is called education is frequently a blessing. Suppose, for instance, that Eric the Red had been brought up in New York City about the year 1900, starting his education at a kindergarten with a song that has been popular in our kindergartens until the last five years and is used in some of them still, the words going something like this:

"Dear little Eskimo
In your house of snow"

— and then going on with that sort of description until the chorus ends by saying:

"For in Greenland there is nothing green to grow."

Had Eric possessed that information about the country he was going to explore, he certainly would not have brought his farm animals with him. But because of his lack of modern education, he took it quite as a matter of course that he would find green grass for the cows he had brought along. Instead of building winter quarters out of specially selected materials brought along, breaking up innumerable packing cases, and going into winter quarters on a strictly supervised diet of preserved foods like a modern explorer, he and his people made for themselves houses of sod and stones, and barns of the same material for the animals. They mowed hay, cured it, and brought it home against the winter. They found the fishing as good as in Iceland, and the hunting better. They passed the winter in safety and comfort, without adventure.

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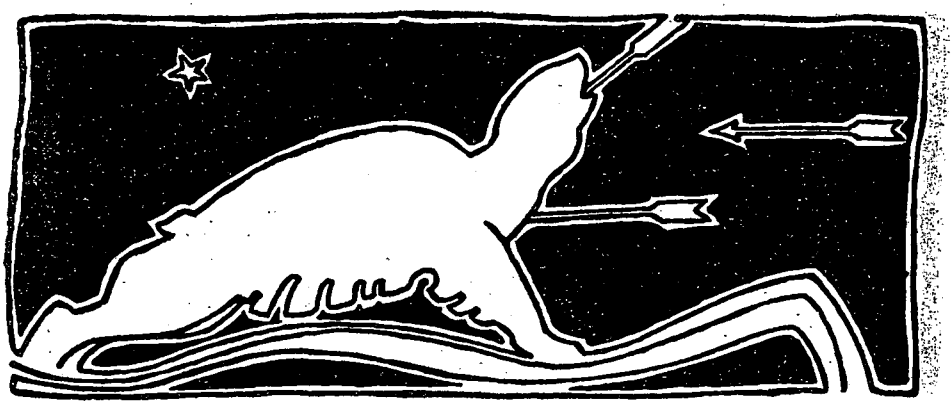

The Icelandic decree of banishment against Eric was for three years. He spent all the summers moving back and forth along the west coast of the land he had discovered, searching for pleasant districts to settle, for he had made up his mind to found a colony. He was thus not only the first arctic explorer, and the discoverer of the new Western World, but also the first of that typical Western product — the realtors. For the *Saga of Eric the Red* tells us that, in connection with his plan to secure settlers, he hit upon the device of calling the place Green Land, "conceiving that people would all the more desire to go there if it had a fair name." It was like calling a modern "development" Miramar or Coral Gables.

At the end of the prescribed three years of exile, Eric and his party returned to Iceland without the loss of a single member of the expedition and without the loss of any domestic animals other than those that had been butchered for use in ordinary course, as they would have been had they remained on the farm in Iceland.

The First American Realtor

That winter Eric carried out a publicity campaign so successfully that in the spring of 986 twenty-five ships set sail with him for Greenland. But even among the bold and skillful sailors of Iceland there were not many with the ability and persistence of Eric. It may be, too, that the storms that year were more severe, or the fogs thicker. At any rate, there were eleven ships that either were lost or had to turn back, for only fourteen arrived safely on the west coast of Greenland. We have no exact statistics either of the people or the domestic animals; but through

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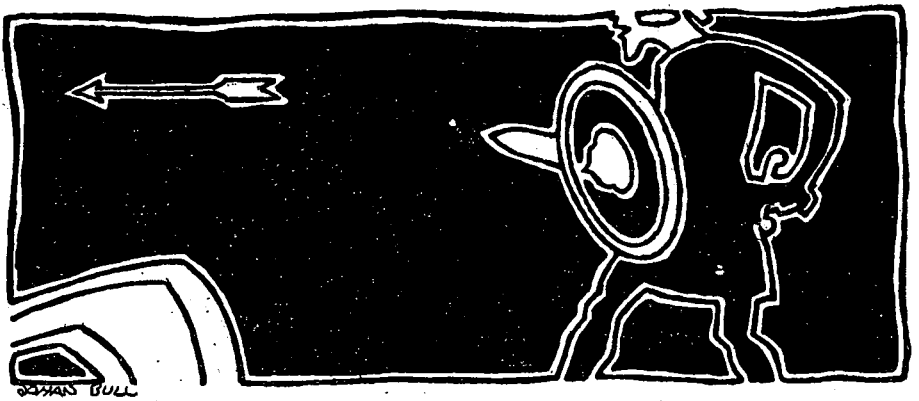

their knowledge of Viking ships and customs scholars agree that there was an average of not less than thirty people per ship, some putting it as high as fifty. The colonists were, therefore, something between four hundred and seven hundred. The numbers of the domestic animals have never been estimated, but in variety they were all the common ones of Iceland — horses, cattle, sheep, goats, pigs, chickens, geese, and dogs.

In later centuries, when Spaniards were searching for fountains of youth and Englishmen were fleeing the tyranny of kings, history has familiarized us with so much incompetence among colonists that we take it as the most natural thing that half the first Spanish colony should perish of hardship in what is now our northern Florida; that half the Cavaliers should die in Virginia, and half the Mayflower party near Plymouth Rock. But the Norsemen were a different type of colonist and none of them died from hardship the first year in Greenland, nor do the sagas record any serious troubles until several years later, when many died from an epidemic which was doubtless brought in by one of the ships which then frequently came from Europe.

The Icelandic parliament had been established fifty years before Eric sailed for Greenland, and the people were already used to the routine of democratic administration. It may have been the second or third year after the founding of the colony — and possibly even the first — that they met in a parliament which continued to function for several hundred years thereafter. It must have been as small as a New England town meeting at first, although the participants came from great distances, sometimes requiring voyages that we should think of as both tedious and dangerous. For they had occupied several hundred miles of

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coast, not many settling in any single fjord, each chief preferring to have expansion room for his family and followers.

The most notable session of the Greenland parliament occurred in the year 1000. In 999 Leif, the son of Eric the Red, had gone to Norway, where the Christian King Olaf Tryggvason, had become an enthusiastic proselyter. Historians are still arguing whether Christianity was with Olaf a passion or a policy. But in either case he lost no opportunity to convert not only heathens in Norway but Norse heathens wherever they might be. Learning that a presentable young man had arrived from Greenland — the son of the chief citizen there — Olaf invited Leif to spend the winter at court. Argument, influence, and pressure were used during that winter, and by spring the young man, though fearful of the anger of his father in Greenland, at last consented to baptism.

The initial victory won, Olaf's next step was to suggest to the young man that, now that he was a Christian, it was not only the logical thing for him but a great service to the king and country, as well as to the church, to carry missionaries back with him when he sailed for Greenland. To this Leif finally agreed.

The Discovery of America

Remembering all the disputed priorities and sequences in the history of the American colonies after 1600, it is not strange that there are disputed points in the Greenlandic history of six hundred years before. According to some of the books, the mainland of North America had already been discovered before Leif came to Norway, by Bjarni Herjulfsson in 986. But most historians consider this a foundationless tale that grew up in later centuries after the true one of Leif had become widely known and commonplace.

It was midsummer in the year 1000 when Leif, with the missionaries aboard, sailed from Norway for Greenland. Before that time it had been the custom to make the voyage in one of two ways. Usually they sailed for the southeast corner of Iceland and coasted west along the south coast of that country, landing once or oftener for supplies or to break the monotony of the voyage. A second departure was then taken from the southwest corner of Iceland, the vessel heading west till she met the edge of the Greenland ice, which she followed southwest, west, and at last north along the west coast until she found an opening in

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the pack and was able to reach land. When there was more hurry, the ships kept substantially the same course, but, instead of landing, they passed so far south of Iceland that only half the mountains could be seen above the horizon, and followed that course till they met the Greenland ice.

A better navigator than the rest, more adventurous, or perhaps more in a hurry, Leif now decided to sail direct for Greenland, keeping so far south of Iceland that no land would be seen. That was a long way to hold a true course by dead reckoning in those days without even a compass. And not at all strangely, instead of striking Cape Farewell, as they expected, they passed a little to the left, did not see Greenland — either because they were too far away or because the fogs were too thick — and finally came to a forested shore. This was probably southern Labrador, although it may have been Newfoundland. Recognizing that the country was not Greenland, Leif turned north, touched in northern Labrador, again in Baffin Land, and then made the crossing east to Greenland, arriving late in summer at his father's district, where the parliament was still in session.

Going energetically to work, the priests were able to convert the parliament to the new religion and to secure before adjournment the passage of a resolution which declared the country Christian. This was not so precipitate of the Greenlanders as it seems, for on their way from the then heathen Norway to Iceland many of them had stopped for one or more years in the Christian British Isles; some, indeed, dwelt there a generation or more, intermarried with Christians in England, Scotland, and especially in Ireland, and brought with them to Iceland both Christians and a knowledge of Christendom. Like the Icelanders, the early Greenlanders were great sailors, and many of them had visited the European countries, some as far south as Italy and Greece. Everywhere, with the exception of the north coast of Africa, they had found Christianity powerful and fashionable. They knew themselves to be — with Iceland — the last country in Europe not yet formally Christian, and they had more than a little reason to fear that, if they neglected the kindly overtures of the Norwegian king, his next step might be to send a fleet that would baptize them at the point of the sword. Fashion and fear, rather than a sudden spiritual change, strike the historian as the reasonable reason that explains what would otherwise seem unreasonable haste.

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It does not appear that the Greenland colony increased a great deal by immigration after the year 1000, although there were frequent voyages to Europe. There also were several voyages to America. The most notable was made by an Icelander — Thorfin Karlsefni — who arrived in Greenland with a fine ship and a large company in the autumn of 1019. That winter he married into the family of Eric the Red, and the following spring he sailed for America with three ships and probably well toward 150 people. They spent three years in exploration and in the first attempt to found a colony on the American mainland. On this voyage was born to Thorfin and his wife, Gudrid, the first native American of white parentage — the man child, Snorri — who later became a figure of consequence in the history of Iceland and from whom is descended a large family with a genealogy that comes down to the present unbroken.

Thorfin's party at first had peaceful relations with the natives, as did the English colonists centuries later. With striking similarity in the two cases, misunderstandings developed, and later bloody fights. In these the colonists had to their advantage only valor and perhaps a greater experience in businesslike fighting, slightly helped out by a partial armor that was worn by some of them. Their weapons, too, were of iron as against stone or native copper. But their bows — the chief weapon — were little better than those of the natives, if at all. There were losses on both sides, therefore, and it soon became evident that colonization was not practicable. Besides, Greenland satisfied the Norsemen almost as well as the American mainland in climate and local conditions. It was nearer to Europe, where they wished to trade and travel.

It was natural, therefore, that Thorfin's party returned at the end of three years, and that following him there were no determined attempts at colonization but only occasional voyages to America for adventure, trade, or (chiefly) to secure timber for buildings in Greenland, where forests were absent and driftwood was scarce. The last actual record of a Greenlandic voyage to America is in 1347, when the *Annals of Iceland* state that a Greenlandic ship had come to Iceland which had been on a voyage for timber to the American mainland.

Although the Greenlanders became officially Christian in the year 1000, they did not receive their first bishop until 1056. By that time there were two substantial settlements, but the records say that the Church of Rome found the combined colonies only

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one-quarter as large as a regular European bishopric. Eventually there came to be four churches in the northern settlement and twelve in the southern, with a monastery and a nunnery in addition. The northern settlement occupied roughly what the Danes have renamed the Godthaab district, and the southern what they call Julianehaab.

Greenland did not construct its own body of laws but borrowed them from Iceland, somewhat as the later American colonists borrowed the common law from England. Their parliament met every summer, functioning both as legislature and supreme court.

The most momentous decision ever reached by the parliament of Greenland came in 1261. Before that time the scarcity of ships had been increasingly felt. Drift timber was fairly abundant on the coast of the northern colony, and especially beyond them to the north, where people went in summer to hunt and to seek timber. But it was not good enough for the building of any but inferior ships. Sea vessels, therefore, had to be purchased, unless they were made out of timber secured in North America. The Irish traders, who carried on a considerable part of the commerce between Europe and Iceland, seem to have been unwilling to continue their voyages to Greenland. So the Greenlanders had to meet them in Iceland, or had to voyage all the way to the British Isles or Norway.

The Wily King of Norway

But it has become increasingly probable that the fundamental difficulty lay in Europe itself, where enterprise was waning as personal freedom decreased with the increasing power of church and state. The doctrine of the divine right of kings to rule and the sacred duty of the subjects to be obedient had made it hard to get anything done unless there was a king or a cardinal behind it. Under those conditions the emissaries of the Norwegian kings found more and more listeners both in Iceland and Greenland, when they pleaded with the colonies that the two countries should surrender their independence, placing themselves in the hands of that king who, by the grace of God, ruled Norway. Aside from this logic derived from the coöperation of church and state, the king's agents gained influence by promising various material benefits. The situation was more complicated in Iceland. In Greenland one thing mainly seems to have carried the day —

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the promise that if they became a part of the kingdom of Norway the king would see to the improvement of commerce.

Overborne by the European trend of things in general and enticed by these commercial promises, the Greenland parliament at its session of 1261 formally renounced the independence of Greenland and placed the country under the rule and protection of Norway.

But the kings of Norway did not keep their promises. Instead of the shipping improving, it declined rapidly. Instead of seeing to it that merchants should sail with well-chosen goods, the king merely leased out a monopoly of the Greenland trade to a firm of merchants in Bergen, issuing a proclamation that it was illegal for Greenland to engage in international trade or even to own ships, forbidding all subjects of the Norwegian king except the one firm to trade with Greenland, and sending a warning to the merchants of all other nations that they must keep away.

The Greenlanders obeyed, and the few ocean-going ships they owned soon fell into disrepair. After this had been allowed to happen, no more could be built, for voyages to America for suitable timber were no longer possible.

The Norwegians continued their obedience to the king's decree, and the Greenlanders could not help themselves. But the power of Norway at sea was waning, and that of England and many other countries was steadily rising. Smuggling to Iceland and Greenland became prevalent and seems to have been carried on chiefly by England from Bristol and Lynn. To stop this, one of the Norwegian kings arranged a meeting with the king of England, and on Christmas Eve, 1432, a treaty was signed between the two countries by which the English government agreed to prevent its ships from trading with the dependencies of the Norwegian kingdom.

With curious naïveté, the historians of the following centuries, right down to our time, have assumed that just because the king forbade it, the merchants of Bristol kept their ships at home or turned them in other directions. Accordingly, the historians have studied Greenland chiefly with the assumption that there were only three likely sources of information. They examined the records of the Church of Rome and found a good deal; the records of Norway and found less; the records of Iceland and found most of all. These three sources agree that communication between Norway and Greenland ceased in 1412 or soon thereafter.

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This has been assumed to mean the beginning of the complete isolation of Greenland from the European world. But now archæologists, digging in Greenlandic churchyards, have found corpses buried in clothes of European fashions dating down to as late as 1480, and some think as late as 1500. So all the historical records were clearly wrong, or at least inadequate. Greenland was evidently not cut off from the whole of Europe at the time when it was cut off from Iceland and Norway.

Until the archæologists made these important discoveries, proving the continuation of English bootlegging trade long after the kings had signed the treaty, the story of the disappearance of the Greenland colony had seemed comparatively simple and clear. It was assumed that with the paralysis of trade — when shipping became as rare, according to the record, as one small vessel to supply the whole vast coast every six years — the wealth and health of the Greenlanders must have dwindled rapidly, making them an easy prey for the Eskimos, who are known to have been in close contact with the Christians from the thirteenth century on. There were found among the Eskimos themselves stories of actual fights and of the destruction of the northern settlement by them. These tales were never much doubted until the last fifteen or twenty years. The general pieced-together explanation ran that some of the Greenlanders had taken passage back to Europe, a few at a time with each of the trading ships; that the Black Death may have swept the country, weakening them for the contests with the assumedly warlike Eskimos and with what Europeans consider a most difficult climate. There have been theories, too, that the climate was getting harder every year. These were all really inventions to explain the assumed fact of the colony's extinction, and had no foundation in any scientific or other dependable observation.

It was also assumed by a few students that a good many of the Greenlanders might have emigrated to the American mainland before or shortly after 1261 while they still were in control of their own shipping. Though unlikely, this seems not impossible, for literary records of the colony are very few during that time, and even important events might escape mention. Some have thought that the "blond" Eskimos, first reported by Sir John Franklin from the Coronation Gulf section in northern Canada in 1821 and later reported by many travelers, were mixed-

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blood descendants from the European Greenlanders who had intermarried with the Eskimos.

But the archæologists, who found in the Greenland graves the same sort of fashion in clothing that prevailed when Columbus sailed for the rediscovery of America, have given us a new angle for our speculations. The colony, then, was never cut off from European commerce and probably never died out. From the democratic, literary, and warlike followers of Eric the Red, they had doubtless been changing more and more in the direction of Eskimo ways of life. The archæologists working over the Greenland farms have discovered single barns that held more than one hundred head of cattle. We know from the literary records as well as from the archæological finds that the people wove their own cloth from their own sheep even down to the time of Columbus. But the archæologists have proved also, by digging up the waste heaps near the farms and examining the bones in them, that there was an increasing percentage of game in the diet of the colonists, as shown by the bones of seals chiefly, but also those of polar bears and walrus.

Those who are not Nordic understand that it is nothing but Nordic conceit which makes that race assume its own superiority. That part of the world which is not European realizes equally well that the fundamental superiority of European blood is only a European self-glorification. Anyway, suitable ways of life are the one important consideration in any extreme environment. It is not strange, therefore, that Eskimo ways should prevail and that the early artificial superiority of the Norsemen — based on their iron and on their commerce with Europe — should disappear when the iron wore out and the commerce dwindled. The bootleg traders from Bristol, when they came about 1420 to replace the legal Norwegian trade, probably found only a mere handful of people living in completely European style, and those only near the southern end of the west coast; while the main part of the southern settlement and all the northern had gone Eskimo in customs, and had begun to mix freely with the Eskimos through marriage.

Historians are searching hopefully now in the records of Bristol and other ports of England, thinking they may find evidence of the conjectured changes which we have just described. But it was not a literary age in England, and the trade was three times secret — because the king had forbidden it, because the

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king would tax profits if they were discovered, and because competitors might follow if they learned that profits were being made in the Greenland smuggling.

The later written history of Greenland, so far as we know it, begins with Frobisher and Davis toward the end of the 1500's — nearly a century after Columbus. The English at that time were not ethnologists, and the sailors who went to Greenland did not even know that there had been a Norse colony there. The first man who knew — or at least who was alive to the situation — was the Danish missionary, Hans Egede, in 1721. On arrival, he looked for the Norse language, for European manners, and for the Christian religion. Finding none of these, and being little more of an ethnologist than the British sailors, he may have looked with uncomprehending eyes at heathen who were a quarter or even three-quarters white. For no one had an idea in those days what a pure-blooded Eskimo ought to look like, and any that were met with were naturally assumed to be full-bloods, whatever their complexion.

White Eskimos

When Europeans at last began to take a biologically scientific interest in Greenland, the natives were discovered to be half white. This white blood was assumed to be recent, from times since Davis, and to be wholly of sailor origin. But looking back now, we find no real reason for agreeing with that view. It is more plausible to assume that a large part of that white blood, which makes the so-called Eskimos of southwest Greenland look so European to-day, came to them from a Norse colony on that same coast, who never died out but who, sensibly in an arctic country, adopted the almost perfect arctic technique of the Eskimos, joined forces with their teachers, and became one with them.

It was easy in the old-fashioned way to explain how natural it was that the Greenland colony should decline. It was assumed that the climate was warmer a thousand years ago, getting steadily colder. But the scientists have now shown that this assumption has no foundation in any known facts. It was assumed that the people died out when their commerce was cut off; but a better understanding makes it at least equally probable that they merely changed increasingly to the hunting life of the Eskimos. It was believed that the early travelers had found nothing but full-blood Eskimos in Greenland; but now it seems

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more likely that what they found were half-castes, speaking the Eskimo tongue. It was believed that European commerce had been wholly cut off; but we now think it was continued by the illicit English traders until it was taken up more openly by the whalers and others who followed Davis.

Why did the Greenland colony decline in power and prestige? We have answered that partly; it is a hard kind of question to answer fully, even nearer home. There is a town in Vermont, for instance, that had 760 people in 1840 but has less than 20 now, and such decrease is approached, if not equaled, by many sections in several New England states. We have been watching that steady decline for these eighty years, and not even the people who live there can agree fully as to the causes. The New England climate has not changed appreciably; the fertility of the soil has not been depleted; the markets for the products of the farm are not more remote; the people are still of the same ability and carry on their work under conditions which we consider to be good, or at least conducive to material prosperity.

But the decay of Vermont does not change the fact of Vermont's powerful influence upon American history. And the state may come into its own again — the signs of that are on the horizon. There are favorable signs, too, about Greenland just now. Meantime, in this Western world — which is democratic at least in the forms of government, from the antarctic tip of South America to the arctic shore of Canada — it is interesting to remember that Greenland was the first American republic and retained its independence almost twice as long as the United States has been a republic, and more than twice as long as any other American republic has been in existence. During this time Greenlanders not only maintained democratic institutions but did at least two things which have left indelible marks on history. They discovered the mainland of North America, passing that knowledge on to the learned world of Europe, where, as we know now, it never died out; and they produced a literature, notably the *Atlamol en Gronlenzku* (the Greenlandic lay of Attila) which, as part of the Old Norse Edda, is still studied and admired in every considerable university in the world.

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JAZZ IS NOT MUSIC

A Reply to George Antheil in the July Forum

SIGMUND SPAETH

JAZZ is not a *form* of music. It is a *treatment* applied to music, and, incidentally, to all the other arts, and to modern life in general. The jazz treatment, in brief, is a distortion of the conventional, a revolt against tradition, a deliberate twisting of established formulas. As such, it is thoroughly characteristic of the civilization of to-day.

It is human nature to rebel against orthodoxy, particularly when the underlying reasons for its laws and forms have been forgotten. All through the history of the world there have been climaxes of rebellion in every phase of life and art — rebellion against an established aristocracy, rebellion against political tyranny, rebellion against traditional ethics, rebellion against the formalism of literature, painting, sculpture, architecture, and music.

Every rebel in art has "jazzed" the formulas of his predecessors. In fact, "jazz" is a verb rather than a noun. Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Wagner, Strauss, Debussy, and Stravinsky all represent a jazzing of musical conventions, for they all, in some degree, distorted what before them had been accepted as conventionally correct. If their revolt proved constructive, their novel ideas became traditional, and served as established formulas for the next generation. With the exception of Stravinsky and Strauss, who are still living, this has actually happened to all the composers mentioned — all of them arch-heretics in their day.

If jazz effects are recognized as mere distortions of the conventional, it is easy to see that there is no such thing as jazz *per se*, but that all music may be subjected to a jazz treatment. The conventions of music deal chiefly with rhythm, melody, harmony, and tonal color. Jazz may therefore be applied in any of those directions. The distortion of regular rhythm (syncopation or "rag time") is the most familiar manifestation of jazz in modern popular music. But this is only one phase of that rebellious activity. The conventional outlines of melody may be distorted, as they are in the incoherent, helter-skelter jumps to unrelated

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intervals made by our hypocritical ultramodernists. Orthodox harmony may be distorted, as it has been all the way from Debussy to Schoenberg, with varying effect. As for tonal coloring, its possibilities of caricature and burlesque have been the mainstay of the jazz band. Nobody knows who first hung a derby hat over the end of a trombone, but certainly it looks better there than anywhere else. The sound of muted brass thus produced has become a recognized necessity in the instrumentation of modern orchestral music of the most serious type. Jazz instrumentation is already a commonplace on the concert stage and the search for new and strange noise makers still goes on.

Beethoven definitely jazzes the great choral melody of his "Ninth Symphony" when he breaks it up into a skipping rhythm and hands it over to a combination of trumpets, bassoons, triangle, and cymbals. In fact, the whole conception of that great last movement is jazzy in the extreme, with the kettledrums interrupting the repeated efforts of other instruments to start a satisfactory melody and the final entrance of soloists and chorus to put a stop to the orchestral bickering. Schumann was fond of slow syncopation and cross rhythms, as was his disciple, Brahms. Chopin delighted to ornament his melodies with all kinds of frills, and the tunes themselves have proved a treasure to eclectic popular composers. Incidentally, he ends one of his Preludes with a distinct blue chord, unresolved. Debussy's whole-tone scale was a jazzing of the conventional progression, and the resultant harmonies (technically chords of the ninth) now figure prominently in our popular music, from "Moonlight on the Ganges" to the "Rhapsody in Blue." The "Golliwog's Cake Walk" is an honest attempt at jazzing melody and rhythm as well as harmony, apologetically included in a "Childrens' Corner." Richard Strauss cleverly makes use of the most outrageous distortions in order to emphasize, by contrast, his simple and often banal melodies. "Til Eulenspiegel" is a classic of jazz treatment applied to one of the jazziest of characters in music.

The jazz treatment, therefore, is by no means confined to the so-called jazz composers. Nor is it limited to the field of music. The impressionists, post-impressionists, pointillists, cubists, and futurists have all taken their fling at the conventional methods of painting. We have had strange, formless pieces of sculpture that jazzed every tradition of the human body. Architecture proudly displays its monstrosities, some utilitarian, some merely perverse.

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Gertrude Stein and the vers librists have their unorthodox way with the conventions of literature. Even nature has occasionally expressed herself in the jazz manner, particularly in the distortions of the western canyons of America.

Jazz, then, has never in itself been music, and perhaps never will be, but simply a method of treating the materials of music or any other art. The popular composers have only in a few cases invented their melodies, generally borrowing this essential foundation and then "jazzing it up." The real artists of jazz in the popular field have been the arrangers and masters of orchestration — men like Ferdie Grofé, Bodenwald Lampe, Domenico Savino, and Frank Black. The one great creative genius of jazz thus far is George Gershwin. His "Rhapsody in Blue" was epoch-making, for it showed that the jazz treatment could be applied in other ways than for the mere complication of dance music. He used every type of musical distortion — rhythmic, melodic, and harmonic — and the unconventional tone colors were supplied by Grofé, who did the jazz orchestration. But the whole thing rested upon a foundation of honest invention and individual self-expression. The "Rhapsody in Blue," therefore, is music rather than jazz, and thus occupies a niche of its own in American tonal art.

Gershwin's "Concerto in F," for piano and symphony orchestra, is even more significant. It is perhaps the best piece of absolute music yet composed by a native American. If it has a weakness, it is in the orchestration, which is Gershwin's own. In at least two places his climaxes fail to come off, simply because he

Is Jazz Music?

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is not sufficiently familiar with the resources of the symphony orchestra. The basic musical ideas, however, sparkle with individual genius and the jazz treatment is always legitimate. One almost wishes that the composer had completely thrown off the burden of the Liszt tradition, particularly in the Finale, which is not quite up to the first two movements.

A mere jazz treatment of music already composed in some other form, such as is now common with every conceivable classic and near-classic, cannot possibly create the feeling of permanence. Neither can the commonplace, banal melodies of the average popular composer, no matter how skillfully treated, make any more than a transient impression. Jazz remains a method of arranging (or disarranging) music, not a form of composition.

The question then arises whether the jazz method of treating musical materials is likely to have any permanent effect upon the art. The final answer to that question can be given only by posterity. The law of evolution has functioned consistently in music, and mankind has somehow grown accustomed to depending on the survival of the fittest. Thus far it has worked with surprising fidelity, and the chances are that it will go right on working. This means that if the revolt of jazz is in any sense constructive, instead of merely destructive, it will leave its mark upon the music of the future. Beethoven's innovations became traditions because they were fundamentally sound. Wagner's revolutionary music drama triumphed overwhelmingly because it had qualities far in advance of the conventional "grand opera." Debussy has already become orthodox, and the world is rapidly adapting itself to the far more severe dissonances of his successors.

The weaker elements of the jazz method are gradually disappearing, which makes it perhaps a question whether even the stronger elements will survive. The monotony of the foxtrot rhythm has become distinctly tiresome, and relief is constantly sought in all directions, even that of the old-fashioned waltz, the tango, and the square dance. But this is a restless age, and for physical reasons the foxtrot will be hard to kill.

Certainly the day of merely noisy jazz is already over. There was a time when this treatment implied merely a raucous and inarticulate shouting of hoarse-throated instruments, with each player trying to outdo his fellows in fantastic cacophony. The pianist pounded out the fundamental rhythm, with a suggestion of tune, to which the others added their indiscriminate variations.

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Paul Whiteman changed all that when he insisted that jazz musicians must read their music from regular parts and play the same piece twice in the same way. Under his baton — as well as those of Lopez, Bernie, Golden, Olsen, and others — there developed a "sweet jazz," which produced soft, dreamy, subtly exotic effects, often presenting real beauty of tonal coloring. The old, raucous noises, the jugglings, gesturings, and absurd posings, are now almost forgotten, and a good jazz band has become on the whole a serious and dignified assemblage. Such musicians as Maurice Ravel, Stravinsky, and Koussewitzky have gone on record as saying that the rhythmic patterns and instrumental colorings of American jazz constitute our most significant contribution to musical literature, and they are probably right, simply because America has contributed nothing else that was not purely imitative or completely commonplace. (This, of course, does not include the Negro folk music, nor that of the Indian, neither of which properly belongs to us.)

But even Messrs. Ravel, Stravinsky, and Koussewitzky would not go so far as to call jazz music. They recognize its effect upon the established formulas of the art, and they recognize also the characteristically American spirit of this treatment. But music is the organization of sound toward beauty, and thus far jazz has merely distorted the organizing factors of rhythm, melody, harmony, and tone color. Whether these distortions have produced or will produce something that adds to the permanent beauty of music, time alone can tell.

Jazz, then, is not yet music, but thus far only a method of distorting music, with its bad effects, perhaps, still overbalancing its good. But, like everything revolutionary, it may in time prove its solid foundation and emerge with a real contribution to the permanent materials of music. Meanwhile its influence will continue to be considered chiefly destructive. If the jazz elements ever become a part of recognized music, as is quite possible, they will enter into it so subtly and imperceptibly as to seem no longer a distortion but a normal expression of established othodoxy. In that case, even as now, it will be impossible to say definitely, "This is jazz, and this, on the other hand, is music." For the jazz will remain a treatment rather than an element, even when disguised by the veneer of respectability, and against its onslaughts the mighty fortresses of Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms are fairly sure to stand impregnable.

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Illustrations by Thomas Handforth

ORIENTAL SKETCHES

LAURENCE ADLER

The Temple Bell at Nara

THROUGH the aisles of the pines at Nara we hear the faint, mysterious boom of the great temple bell, calling thousands to worship Buddha at the feet of the great Diabutsu. All the mystic questioning of the East is throbbing in its monotonous call. Dimly forgotten civilizations strive to find reutterance in its pine-scented echoes. The burden of the ages becomes mingled with its refrain.

O temple bell at Nara, make me a living part of your refrain! Let my very breathing become tuned to the ageless ecstasy of your pealing!

Within the temple, in its frame of burnished gold, the ancient god sits enthroned. Mild and monstrous, he looks down in relentless splendor on the passing thousands. He is the symbol of divine continuity, of divine wisdom; war, hate, and even death cannot touch him. He is the eternal challenge and the eternal mystery — the arbiter of the ages.

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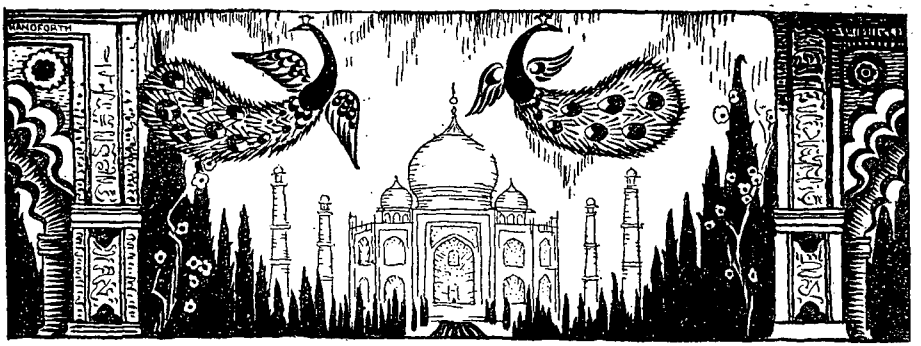

The Taj Mahal at Sunrise

AT first it is the ghost palace, an ethereal wraith that almost fades into the stillness of the dawn. Then with the growing light it becomes an enchanted pavilion, floating as it were between heaven and earth. Strange green birds begin to call in the cypress trees, and the fountains of the garden enfold the white image in their cool embrace. Then suddenly the marble Taj becomes flaming rose, and the tropic sun, bursting over the trees, turns the garden into mellow gold. The tall minarets and dome of the palace take added stature in the full light of early morning. The eye can hardly bear such perfection of symmetry, such ineffable grace of design.

We climb among the cypresses, high onto the garden wall, and then into the alabaster tower of the fort. We find a stone seat by a lonesome parapet, and look back upon the fairy Taj, shimmering in the sunlit haze by the river. A spirit of serenity descends upon us. We belong no longer to the fretful modern world of to-day. That is a paradox. We have become part of the pageant of the past, linked with the legendary centuries that have gone by, in deep communion with all the magical, indefinable glamour that spells India.

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From a Siamese Sampan

THE burning tropics — a glazed, opaque sky, a sun beating down remorselessly on our helmets as we elbow our tortuous way through Bangkok's canals and riverways. On either side of us numberless little craft — almost choked and blocked with teeming humanity — humanity at full tide — brown bodies gleaming in the relentless light of Siam — children's bodies glinting through the muddy waters — children's voices at play calling from the lush green banks — brown children's bright eyes challenging us with inviting glances from under the shade of some waving, flamboyant banana tree — strange cries of tropical birds blending with the voices of the river life — hawkers of every kind screaming their wares, jostling their sampans against each other — sampans full of all kinds of tropical treasure, brass and jewels, ivory and teakwood, mangoes and the alluring breadfruit.

Whole families live in these river craft, cooking, washing, nursing their babies, and above all talking, out-talking each other, out-talking the timeless Orient of which they are but a part and symbol. The brown pulse of life in these river haunts is full of a nonchalant, lazy sort of *joie de vivre*. Human existence here is merely incidental and accidental.

The all-compelling fatalism of Buddhism echoes even among these stagnant river haunts, and the poverty of living becomes evident even amid all this natural abundance of the tropics. On that balconied hut above the serried jetty sprawls a mass of undersized, decrepit humanity, sordidly awaiting the next turn of the wheel. Beyond the bend, and screened by tremendous palms and banyans, stands the abode of a wealthy merchant. Here reigns a river nabob, a prince of the canals, but withal an apostle of democracy, for he mingles his cries in chorus with his brother hawkers even as he regards us with the full-fledged indulgence of an Oriental stare.

Teeming life of the river banks, overshadowed by the gorgeous trees of the tropics, the answer to your challenging, strident cries lies in the pulse beat of distant ages!

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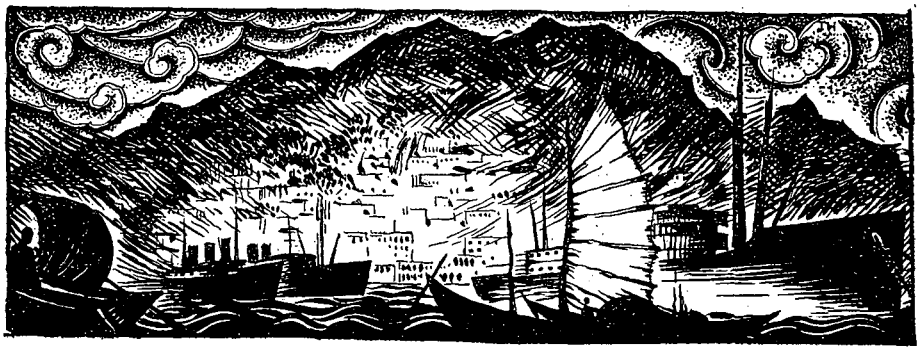

Hong Kong Harbor

BROWN, shaggy mountains, towering high, and in their cup the bluest of waters — Hong Kong Harbor. Bizarre dream mountains, guarding the flotillas of all the world — at night mountains of velvet, diamond-studded, crowning the dark waters of the bay with a tier of glowing diadems.

From the far corners of the globe they sail into the mountain-girdled harbor — imperial Britain's fleet, French dreadnoughts, Japanese gunboats, and the ever-present red-sailed junks — boats from the Indies and Australia, from the Philippines and the antipodes. All the romance of distant strands, all the spindrift of the southern seas, is gathered together in Hong Kong Harbor and rewoven. One is at the end of the world, and yet at the beginning of adventure.

The town itself is trim and neat, and even Britishly smug, yet full of the polyglot, riotous color of the Orient. Here is China in pleasant captivity — outwardly docile, inwardly rebellious. And this apparent contradiction is evident even on the grinning coolies' faces as they carry, high aloft on their shoulders, some English matron in her sedan chair. China is indeed a land of paradox. What is white is black, and what is black is white — and let no man ask the reason, for there is no reason except in the fascinating grotesqueness of conception that is essentially the Chinese *raison d'être*.

"It all belonged to China," says the little coolie, and his eyes follow a bit wistfully the line of the peak above the city. And as we climb that outpost of Britain's empire, and become, as it seems, almost a part of heaven leaning over the sea, we debate within ourselves as to the white man's burden.

Meanwhile China is watching wistfully from the outposts, watching the ships of the world as they nestle in her magnificent harbor, and start proudly forth again to wander over the seven seas.

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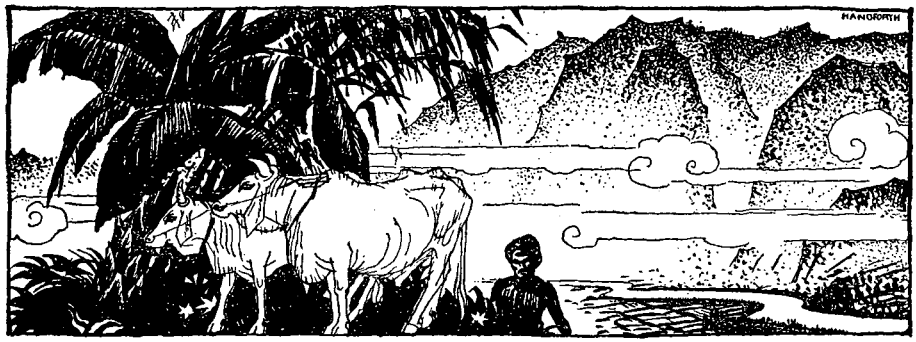

On the Road to Kandy

WE are slowly climbing along the ridge of the Cinghalese mountains; below us and about us is a green labyrinth; above us giant palms and banyans, breadfruit and banana trees overarching the road. Bamboo thickets on the one hand retreat into inaccessible jungle. On the far side we are hanging over floating ethereal valleys, islands of paradise. Far down the ridge of the mountain, the terraced rice fields glimmer in the sunlight, webbing in their chaliced pools the limpid light of the tropics. There is, indeed, a sophisticated softness in this landscape of Ceylon — wild, torrential nature and the gentle culture of man have here become indefinably interfused.

As we reach the brow of the mountain plateau, the aroma of a hundred spice bushes fills the air with languorous fragrance. Vast tea orchards are succeeded by groves of cocoa, clove, and almond, and the perfumed nutmeg. Over this mountain plateau the God of Profusion has waved his smiling wand and led us faltering into fairyland.

And now the lake of Kandy comes into view, a celestial mirror in the hills reflecting, as we near its banks, a voluptuous jungle of verdure, and far in its depths the gleaming red and white Temple of the Tooth. And over all this enchanted country a summer haze seems to brood; its waving palms are ever beckoning and alluring; nothing is real; all, it seems, might vanish at a touch. The mind can hardly grasp such evanescent beauty, and the very horizon line melts away into the dim vistas of dreamland.

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Nikko

INFINITE, stately splendor among the giant cryptomerias of Japan — the peace of green-shaded cathedral aisles and the worship of ancient gods, time-honored and peerless in their burnished glory. The shrines of Nikko are set in a solemn crown on the brow of the hills. There is something dateless and timeless about their splendor. The Shinto and Buddhist deities which are here enshrined are not forgotten gods. They are still reigning. Their halos gleam dimly in the vast ambient spaces of the cryptomerias. The legendary heart of Japan is still beating in these shrines and what fabulous beauty has been chiseled into their making, has been wrought into their carved pagodas!

These dusky idols gorgeously enshrined in fretted lacework of lacquer and gold demand more than a challenging admiration from the passing throng. They are symbolistic, not of pagan divinities, but of something deeper that cannot be put into words. It is, indeed, a sort of *Welt-Atem* that finds its breath and expansion in such worship.

And so these gorgeous pagodas, these lacquer temples with their golden interiors, with their temple flowers and the incense of their flowered worship, become a breathing miracle, an evocation of the Japanese life-beat set among the wooded aisles of Nikko. Nature, art, and religion have here united in a pæan of praise, and the gorgeous panoply of Autumn with its crimson shafts among the cryptomerias reëchoes the song.

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LOYALTY AND THE EDITOR

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"THE man has no loyalty whatever. He never stands by a friend. At least, if a friend shows the slightest deviation from the course the editor thinks right, he gets slammed just as if he were the worst kind of a politician. Nobody can ever count upon his loyalty." Many times this was said about the greatest editorial writer yet seen in this country, Edwin L. Godkin. One hears it constantly about every editor who refuses to let friendship or political associations debar him from criticizing even his intimates if he considers that they are doing the wrong thing. To the old newspaper belief that an editor was appointed to his job in order to defend his party or his employer through thick and thin, the spectacle of an editor determined to hold the scales absolutely even as to friends and foes came as a good deal of a shock.

Naturally the first editors of a completely independent stripe came under suspicion. What were they after? What was their price? No other explanation satisfied. Unfortunately in certain instances these cynics were justified by events. Horace Greeley, for instance, who had wavered more than once in his loyalty to Lincoln, was finally brought around to his support for reëlection by the promise of a Cabinet position, which Lincoln had not bestowed, however, before Wilkes Booth fired the fatal shot.

When an absolutely unpurchasable editor like George William Curtis appeared, the political world had no use for him. He was an intellectual snob, a silk-stockinged aristocrat, a holier-than-thou reformer. Since nothing seemed to satisfy him, he was immediately denounced as an impractical visionary who would not make any of the compromises necessary for mere existence in this "practical" world — "practical" being so often synonymous with tolerance of wrongdoing. When the editor in return began to gird at the "practical men" as being anything but practical because of their lack of ideals, the politicians vacillated between a feeling of personal injury and of rage at this person whom you could not seem to pink in a material place. So the outraged citizens fell back again on this question of loyalty. Why, if nothing in the city of his adoption pleased him, didn't the editor go back to the country he had come from; or, if he had not been

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born abroad, to the farm in northern New York or Ohio on which he was reared?

Yet, to this day the man in political life cordially welcomes press support from any source. The editor may be an Anglomaniac, or a freethinker, or a single-taxer, or a Christian Scientist, or a pacifist, or a hidebound partisan — his support is always eagerly accepted. Only there is the ever-present expectation that if he once comes on to the "reservation," he must stay on it. There can be no occasional basking in the orchards of others. Once you draw your claymore for a political chief, you are expected to be as subordinate as the meekest of privates in the rear rank. If you are, thereafter, absent without leave, the hope is that the evilest of fates will pick up a deserter as treacherous and treasonable and disloyal as yourself. Once a Campbell, always a Campbell. How else is a party leader to know who his cohorts are? How can he hope to cross the political Alps in the face of the frosts and storms of a too-often undependable democracy if he cannot be sure that those who join the army of political righteousness will always stick to it?

Correlated to this is the consciousness of every politician that he is really impeccable. The longer he stays in office, the surer he becomes of this and the more impatient he is with those who allow themselves to be betrayed into an occasional bit of fault-finding. There was Grover Cleveland, for instance. As long as the *Evening Post* of Edwin L. Godkin and Horace White supported him at all points, his admiration for it knew no bounds. Its Washington correspondent — the charming Francis E. Leupp — was his intimate friend and trusted advisor. For years the *Evening Post* ranked as the President's mouthpiece and everybody in the journalistic and public life of Washington knew that if Mr. Cleveland had not read its editorial page before he went to bed, he perused it at his breakfast table the next morning. Again and again, the President acted as the *Evening Post's* editorial page desired.

Then one day there came the — to this day inexplicable — Venezuelan Message to Congress. The *Evening Post* cut loose. Godkin volleyed and thundered at Cleveland with all the vigor with which he had till then upheld him. The President was stung to the quick. This failure in loyalty was a genuine shock to his belief in human nature. Out of the White House went the *Evening Post*, and it was not long before he publicly remarked

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that he daily read its editorial page, but only one corner of it — that in which appeared the "newspaper waifs," the jokes reprinted from other dailies. The *entente cordiale* was never wholly reëstablished; Mr. Cleveland always thereafter adhered to the school of those who criticized the *Evening Post*. He could not see that Mr. Godkin was entirely consistent. His anti-imperialism had upheld Cleveland when he pulled down the American flag after it had been illegally hoisted over Hawaii; how could he do else than oppose the President in a needless row over a South American boundary which actually brought the two great English-speaking nations within sight of war? Nor could he understand that Mr. Godkin could offer no higher proof of his loyalty than to protest against an act which seemed to give the lie to Cleveland's record in foreign affairs. Mr. Cleveland appeared to believe that it was the *Evening Post's* duty to support him. He would certainly have heartily approved of one of Marryatt's heroes, a petty officer, who, his trousers being stolen in the tavern in which he was sleeping, reported for duty at the mast on time in his underdrawers, with his shirt tail flapping in the wind. To the captain's indignant question as to what his appearance might mean, the boatswain replied, "Duty before decency, Sir!" To Cleveland duty meant loyalty to his every policy; to Godkin international decency rose above every claim of loyalty to a statesman, or friendship for him personally.

As for Theodore Roosevelt, he could give and take, yet his sensitiveness to newspaper criticism was such that on various occasions he asked newspapers to withdraw Washington correspondents who lampooned or attacked him. In view of the complete subserviency of the press of to-day to a far less virile and powerful presidential personality, it is interesting to note that, if memory serves, not one of the newspapers appealed to acceded to Mr. Roosevelt's request that it dismiss its correspondent. For the independent school of journalism of the *Evening Post-Springfield Republican* type he had no use whatever. Neither had he any liking for the hidebound conservative Republican press. He knew better than anyone else how its loyalty could be controlled. Of one New York editor who wished a certain diplomatic position, he said: "I suppose I'll have to give it to him. He'll knife me if I do, and he'll knife me if I don't." But this editor was a regular, whose paper to this day is loyal to the core. Even when the regular party editors did not ask or expect offices

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or other favors, Mr. Roosevelt was not overproud of their loyalty. But he was like all the others in that he was greatly pleased if an independent editor swung round to his side on a given issue. He never failed to acknowledge it; my own files contain more than one letter beginning, "How can I thank you," or in similar fashion.

Mr. Taft tried to make friends with the press, but he had no skill at publicity and because of temperament and physique could not do the "stunts" which kept Colonel Roosevelt on the front page. In his régime editors were sometimes told that the White House would be glad to coöperate — provided that the editors would guarantee to stay on the reservation. When they evidenced a desire to roam or to be free to do so, there was "nothing doing." What Mr. Taft's campaign for reëlection cost him in chagrin over the disappearance of the loyalties which had appeared to be his until the Colonel flung his hat into the ring, surely few can have known or understood.

As for Mr. Wilson and the editors, it was largely the same as with Mr. Wilson and his friends — one difference of opinion, one sharp criticism was usually enough to sever a friendship and support of years. One difficulty for Mr. Wilson was that, with only a few exceptions, he was deathly afraid of newspaper men. One of these who held his friendship to the end was James Kerney; but not even he, in his *Political Education of Woodrow Wilson*, has told quite the whole story, though his are the frankest and most truthful memoirs of Wilson which have yet appeared. Given his early fear and distrust of the press, it was hard for Mr. Wilson to make confidants of newspaper men; the several exceptions but proved the rule. When he met them as a group, he rarely showed that winning, humorous side of his personality with which he could charm anyone he set out to win.

His early and bitter experience with Colonel George Harvey and Henry Watterson did not add to his trust in the loyalty of editors. But when I once told him in the White House that I should denounce from every platform to which I could get access his un-American policy of segregating colored and white employees in the departments in Washington, since I believed it to be setting the United States Government on record as having two classes of citizens — one inferior and one superior — he immediately replied that feeling as I did I should take that course and he would understand that there was no personal animus in

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any of my remarks. We had some wonderful mass meetings of protest in New York, Baltimore, and Washington, but they did not shake Mr. Wilson's faith in my loyalty to the "New Freedom" — to which platform I adhered long after Mr. Wilson had himself scrapped it — and still do adhere.

What has been so true of men in the highest office is true of men in lesser places. My bitterest experience came in connection with a very dear friend, a reformer of national standing not so long dead. For years we saw eye to eye and he never took a single political stand without coming to me for advice and approval. For much more than a decade I was able to give him absolutely unbroken support. Then there came an hour when he again took office and appointed to a highly technical position one who had for years been his political manager. Frankness and truth and duty to certain principles of political conduct laid down for years for office holders, compelled a brief editorial note setting forth the regret that a reformer had made the mistake of imitating the professional politicians in placing his political Man Friday in an office which cried for an expert, since the happiness of thousands of unfortunates was at stake.

It was a quietly written remonstrance, but it severed a deeply cherished, lifelong friendship as the guillotine's knife severs a head. Never again did the reformer enter my door. After one or two letters all intercourse ceased. I heard that he spoke in bitter terms of my disloyalty; I do not doubt it. But there was a choice between loyalty to a principle and loyalty — or rather, silence in regard to the act of a friend — which was exactly the same act we had reprobated a hundred times in professional politicians. To have kept silence would have been disloyalty to the friend; it would also have in honor debarred us from criticizing any similar act by anybody else. But this reformer was as sensitive as Woodrow Wilson. Or, rather, like him he was so sure of the absolute purity of his motives and the unchallengeable wisdom of all his acts that differing with him became a crime — a treachery not only to him but to the cause. I possess various testimonials from other public men praising me to the skies, whose authors long since have looked with indignation or anger at my subsequent "disloyalty" in not upholding them when they went counter to their better selves, or to the principles for which we had once jointly battled.

This editor has often wished that he could shuffle off principles

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as easily as some others — in which case loyalties would not have bothered him so much. Sometimes he has felt like vowing that if a second journalistic incarnation falls to his lot, he will eschew all personal friendships with men in public life so as to reduce this matter of loyalty to its lowest terms. J. Rankin Towse, the dean of New York dramatic critics, never met an actor or actress, save once when he was wickedly tricked by the writer of these lines into shaking hands with a charming interpreter of Shakespearean rôles. He almost wept with chagrin at this blot upon a record which has otherwise been unsullied for fifty-three years. It has been his philosophy that no man could associate with those whom he had to criticize and be free from a conscious or unconscious personal bias; and there is much to commend his stand. But in political life, even where no direct loyalty was involved, knowing men personally has often mollified judgments and furnished the key to actions which otherwise were difficult of understanding or certain to be misinterpreted.

On the other hand the genus reformer can be so trying, because of his individualism, because of his unyielding insistence on his own particular methods (which so often explains why he is usually and for so long in a political minority), that the editor finds it extremely hard to work with him and be patient even when there is no ground for abandoning support. One New York editor, who long wrote favorably of the Good Government Movement which has now so entirely disappeared from municipal life, once told a group of reformers that he would continue to back them loyally, if they would only stay so far away from his office that he could not touch them with a forty-foot pole. "If I hear any more of your bickerings, I'll have to forget all about your cause." They left him severely alone after that and he championed their cause to the end.

Unfortunately for the editor, the politician, while demanding loyalty from him, feels under no obligation to the journalist. I was once asked by a man in high office to print a sensational piece of news and did so. It attracted international attention, but when this official was asked if the news had originated with him, he replied that he could not imagine where the news had come from. We never discussed the matter, although I was blamed in various quarters for setting afloat an unfounded report. That I had to endure because of loyalty to the confidence imposed in me.

That happens every day in Washington and elsewhere and

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explains the equanimity with which Merle Thorpe, editor of *The Nation's Business*, recently received M. Tardieu's disavowal of an interview which Mr. Thorpe himself had obtained for publication. It is one of the recognized privileges of a lying trade to disavow interviews if they produce unfavorable reactions; that was Mr. Thorpe's comment, only in politer and less frank words. There is no loyalty required or expected of the statesman in such instances. There are only two cases on record in recent years, both in the Coolidge administration, in which correspondents have held their loyalty to their profession higher than their relations to public men and told the truth, first about Mr. Coolidge's effort to disavow his criticism of Ambassador Jusserand, and second about an attempt of the State Department to use the press for anonymous anti-Mexican propaganda, the latter as reprehensible as it was cowardly.

But woe unto a reporter or editor who violates a confidence imposed upon him! If he does not cover the tracks of his informant, if he blurts out one word the statesman did not wish published, then let him beware. "Liar" is the least of the epithets applied to him; disloyalty to the ethics of his profession is the first charge against him. As a matter of fact, betrayed confidences are rare indeed. Although William J. Bryan, when he was Secretary of State, complained to me that the correspondents were constantly betraying his faith in them, it was hard to feel that he was justified when one noticed how tenderly all except the Hearst men dealt with one who was such a misfit in that office. The correspondents as a whole were amazingly kind to him and most respectful to his office, and so were many editors out of consideration for Mr. Wilson.

The truth is, of course, that with an independent editor there is constant confusion between his loyalty to principles and to men. The former must and should control; he stands by men only as he finds them loyal to the doctrines which appeal to him. It is obvious that the press gains in power when it is free to criticize public men and loses prestige as it is known to uphold them right or wrong. The hidebound partisan press has almost wholly disappeared — at least that type which was so prevalent prior to the secession from the Republican Party in 1884. Absolute loyalty to certain public men or candidates is still expected of some editors. But even with these the growing economic pressure upon the daily and its development more and more into a huge business

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institution makes for support of principles, or, better, economic doctrines, rather than men. The press support of President Coolidge has been almost unprecedented, but it would not have lasted had Mr. Coolidge advocated something which would have affected unfavorably the receipts of their business offices.

This last estate of the Fourth Estate is surely an advance; at least it makes for clarity. But as long as there are newspapers and politicians in office, the issue of loyalty will not down. The best that the independent editor can hope is that the man he chooses to support will not change all his opinions more than once in every five years — which was just the time that elapsed between Woodrow Wilson's writing that he devoutly wished some one would knock William J. Bryan into a cocked-hat and his putting him into the office of Secretary of State.

NOCTURNE

A SPLENDOR in the skies that night
With awe our senses smote;
My love gazed up with lifted chin
And Parian-chisel'd throat.

Her eyes star-dotted lines did trace
Of intricate design;
I, gazing at her upturn'd face,
Saw Beauty's perfect line!

The unmask'd glory of the night
Was mirror'd in her eyes.
She gazed in rapture at the stars,
I, into Paradise!

—*Leo C. Robertson*

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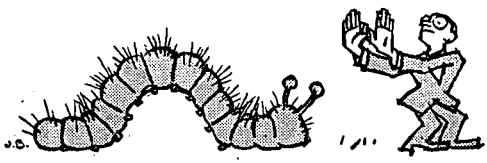
FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

STATES RIGHTS AND SECTION WRONGS



ALBERT C. RITCHIE, Governor of Maryland, reminds us from time to time of "the political foundation on which our whole governmental structure rests." He sees, as a good many see, that nationalism in a country as large and as diverse as ours leads straight into dangerous imperialism or into chaotic mobocracy.

A pedestrian-minded person must also suspect that it fosters trade jealousies between nations and discourages creative work in art and literature. For the growing tendency to deal in "national" terms, however fictitious or superficial such nationalism must be in fact, persuades us more and more to use one measure, and only one, for diverse activities — for trade as well as for government, for professions as well as for business, for culture, education, religion. It is as if we had only one measure (say, the bushel) for corn, blood pressure, and electricity. The "national scale," moreover, has become a sort of fetish, particularly in trade and education; and so long as we bow down to that fetish, it is difficult for us to see that national bounds are far too narrow for trade or that they are far too wide for culture.

But how escape? Governor Ritchie's argument for States Rights is likely to prove unpopular, partly because the North still has a fear complex, unreasoned but as powerful as the prejudice against a Stamp Tax; chiefly because states no longer have logical boundaries but are for the most part social and geographical anomalies, mere traditional divisions which disappear whenever their existence seriously interferes with politics or trade.

A more profitable suggestion comes from William B. Munro, that, since our government is now in fact largely one of sections or regions, such homogeneous sections, or groups of states, should be constituted into self-governing entities to take care of matters which concern them and which cannot, from the size

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and diversity of the country, be considered national questions.* "Make a black-and-white map of the Congressional vote on any measure of great economic importance and see how nicely the sectional pattern emerges. . . . The section or region is the only *natural* area that we have. Why should we insist on ignoring it entirely in the structure of our political administration? A good deal of our ineptitude in the handling of socio-political problems is the result of our doing so."

Professor Munro's suggestion has great value outside as well as inside the political field. Even if a different machinery of government may never be set up, he at least helps to liberate us from the thralldom of thinking always in national terms — an especially debasing thralldom when such terms, in point of fact, do not often fit the case. Realization that, if government does not have to be exactly of national size, neither do other things — this realization may yet save us from bureaucracy and mobocracy; it may enable us to see beyond those trade barriers which are the greatest single cause of war; it may even free us from a dissipated and uncreative "culture."

This idea, of course, that in America sectionalism is a fact and nationalism largely a fiction and *that both are likely to remain so*, may take some arguing. The author of *Where Freedom Falters*, after many penetrating comments on America, concludes with a generous but rather undiscerning gesture. He speaks of "national conscience" and "national opinion" and, after noting that "the people are far from being a homogeneous nation," adds, "Time will remedy that." Will it? One may reasonably conclude, as Professor Munro does, that "a vast and varied union of unlike regions" will never achieve genuine homogeneity. A temporary uniformity, but hardly homogeneity, may be accomplished through a far-flung imperialism. Rome did it, without modern means of communication, but it was always breaking down at the edges and was of necessity starkly imperial. Far-flung democracy presupposes citizens of the world, not of communities, and that is impossible, even with the radio. To a pedestrian mind the hope of it seems not only a vain dream but a pernicious delusion.

The aspects which touch government and trade have been already clearly set forth by Professor Munro and Norman

*See *The Invisible Government*, Chap. VI, New York, 1928, and Professor Munro's article in THE FORUM, January, 1928, p. 108.

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Angell. One consideration of the political aspect, however, makes more intelligible the case for a de-nationalized art and literature. Once you try to run government on a national scale, your only daily meeting places are the newspaper and the radio. Yet if these agencies are to endure in such a rôle they must keep everlastingly at their shock tactics; they must broadcast one day the most amazing, not the most reasonable, utterances of one mobocrat, and the next day a counterblast by another mobocrat. Such a process in course of time inures voters to a life without thought or food for thought.

Just why anyone should look for creative culture in such a nation is difficult to see. Both words, *creative* and *culture*, to be sure, are subject to misuse without notice, but if we think primarily of fused intellectual and artistic life (life, not merely condition), no other words quite so accurately fit the case. Culture, of course, frequently describes a passive condition, a sort of imitative appreciation, and is no doubt a worthy decoration of civilized people. Such culture may be national, even international; but it becomes increasingly inert, a "last enchantment," unless it is invigorated by new creations. Culture as an active process, on the other hand, itself implies creation, but it seems necessary to include the adjective *creative* to save the word from its reputation of second-hand urbanity and high-brow preciosity. This kind of culture — creative — has never, so far as I know, been national in the whole history of the world.

We speak of Greek culture, but the vital force of it came from Athens, a small, isolated town. Rome spread its pattern over a continent, but in the field of creative art and literature its work was notably imitative. Perhaps the nearest approach to national culture, outside of small, homogeneous nations like the Scandinavian, appeared in France during the eighteenth century, but it was really Parisian and rapidly became imitative and inert as it extended to the provinces, or beyond, to Potsdam and London. Such magic names as Memphis, Jerusalem, Athens, Alexandria, Florence, Ferrara, Venice, Versailles, Weimar, Oxford remind us constantly that creative culture has always been local. Civilization, with passive culture, may spread far; it is a question whether creative culture can, except as an influence.

For the most favorable seed-bed for the active growth of art and literature, as indeed of great architecture, has generally involved strong local traditions and intensive personal contacts.

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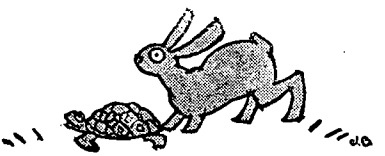
It is a matter of the individual or at most of the small group; and though one group may borrow from another, several groups cannot pool their traditions and technique as if they were merging business interests. When they attempt to, when culture is generalized and standardized, it is diluted, eventually dissipated. For art depends more on intensity than on multiplicity of contacts and sensations. Ten pieces of counterfeit money added together won't make one real coin, though some of our cosmopolitan editors and authors seem to hope they will. One Carl Sandburg, that is, is worth more than a wilderness of lifeless echoes. You may not like his work, may even hate it; but the very emotion of dislike concedes, at least, that there is something there, that his writings are sufficiently alive to stir your admiration or your dislike. They are alive, moreover, not merely because he may happen to have more talent and more genius than others, but because he has not drowned his individuality and his intensity in a national ocean of diluted patter. The same may be said, indeed, of unknown authors with far less talent, provided they also think and feel for themselves. It is not so much a question, in determining the possibilities of creative art and literature, whether a particular individual is a great artist as whether he is a genuine one.

It is a vain dream to suppose that because modern invention has annihilated space, one "pulsing, vibrant" culture, wedded to "normalcy," can flourish from Bangor to San Diego. New York City, attempting to be a great centre of national culture, simply does not produce anything (except in architecture, where local conditions control and concentrate the effort), nor does it give promise of producing anything commensurate with the fermentation there.

The regional idea is therefore timely. Once we get over the notion that everything in our great country must be no smaller and no larger than national, we may accomplish sectional government, world-wide trade, and local culture. We may even get over education by smatter.

— *Walter S. Hinchman*



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(*Continued from page 177*)

clasp the hand of Renée — the younger — she held up her arms for him to lift her. He gazed down as though surprised.

"By Cracky! You ain't got a speck of pity in you! Askin' a old man like me to tote you when you can walk faster'n I can." His words were unintelligible to her and her arms remained outstretched. She became impatient and jumped up and down.

"High!" she commanded in Cree.

He swooped down as though he would crush her and swung her up to the limit of his reach.

"Again!" she demanded as he put her down. Her sister Ada was making vain efforts to attract attention to herself.

Lonely turned to the priest. "Ain't they enough to drive a man crazy?" The priest laughed.

Old Lonely relit his pipe. The girls stood waiting expectantly. Finally he looked down at them.

"The Old Man is tired. You take hold of my hand, Ada, and we will walk. I'll carry Renée first and then I'll carry you." He swung Renée to his shoulder. Ada grasped his other hand and they started slowly up the trail to Lonely's cabin.

"I wanted to send the girls to the mission in Edmonton," said Father Robillier.

Lonely's arm tightened around Renée, but he made no reply.

"Ada said they would miss you if they were sent away," added the priest presently.

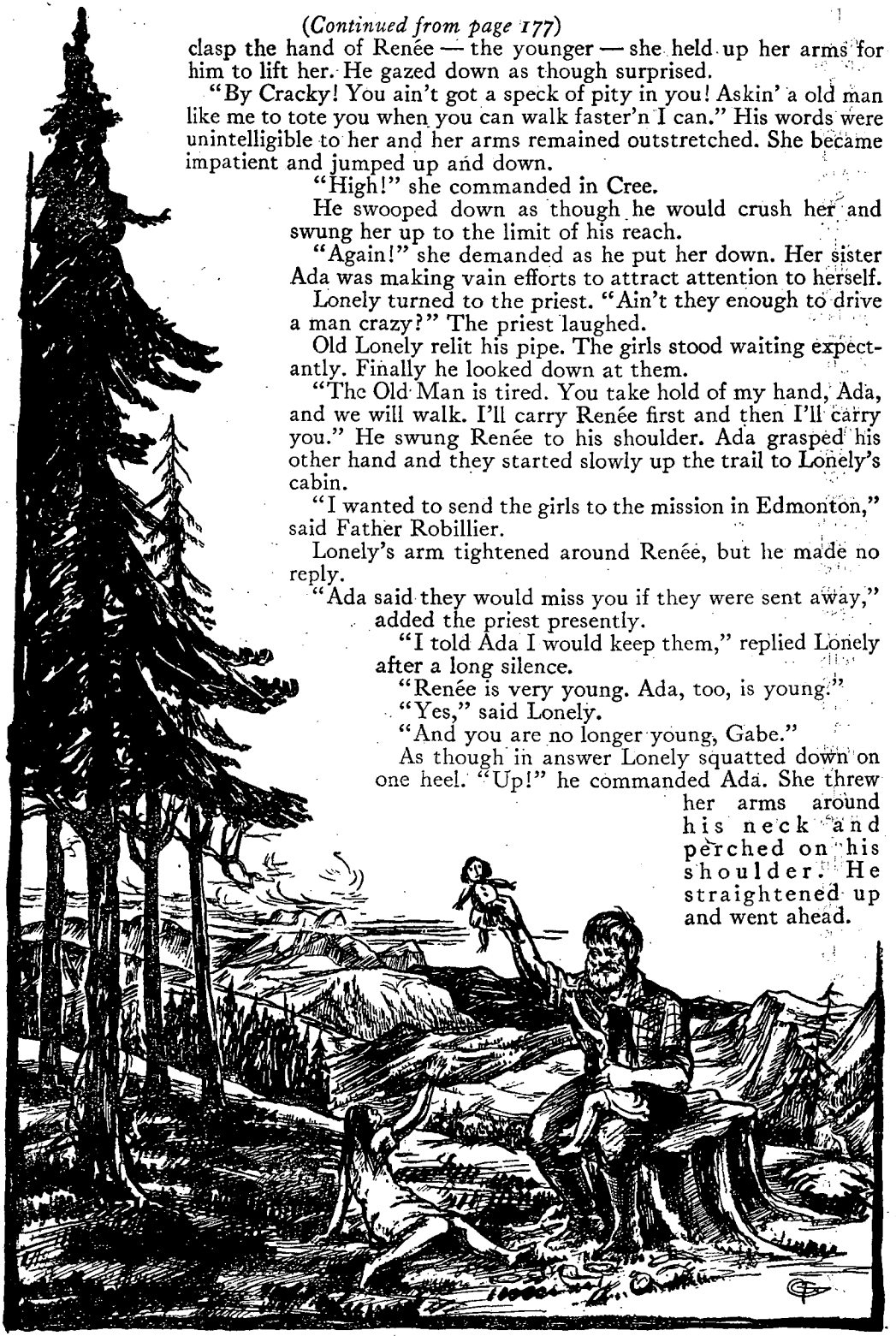
"I told Ada I would keep them," replied Lonely after a long silence.

"Renée is very young. Ada, too, is young."

"Yes," said Lonely.

"And you are no longer young, Gabe."

As though in answer Lonely squatted down on one heel. "Up!" he commanded Ada. She threw her arms around his neck and perched on his shoulder. He straightened up and went ahead.



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Father Robillier smiled. "I did not mean you are old now, Gabe. I meant you are adding to your years — you the same as I. These girls are babies. They need care. At the mission they could go to school."

"I can send 'em," retorted Lonely. "After schoolin' they'll come home again."

So the hands that were skilled in the setting of traps turned to fashioning dolls and toys and even clothes. The toys and dolls were crude and, judged by appearances, the clothes were failures; but the girls were proud of them and that was all that mattered. And when they came in at night from their playground, which stretched for a thousand miles into the north, Old Lonely portioned out on three tin plates the moose or deer meat, the beans and bread or bannock, and he poured three cups of tea — substantial tea of a deep maroon color. Sometimes there was a special delicacy for dessert such as stewed dried fruit. Afterward he lifted the pan of water from the stove and the three of them washed the dishes. Then he undressed the girls for bed, draping them in flannel gowns which he had designed originally to provide covering while their underwear was being washed. Each girl was swung high in the air and down for a kiss. Each face was almost hidden a moment in the mass of whiskers. There was a chatter of Cree and English and they were tucked in. Then drawing his chair between the hammocks, Old Lonely lit his pipe, took hold of the lines, and started pulling. Sometimes he hummed and groaned between his teeth, keeping time to the rhythm with clouds of smoke and a back-and-forth motion of his upper body as he gently rocked. Other times he removed the pipe and sang more lustily. But either way the little Indian girls and the whiskered trapper were very happy.

As time went on he wanted to think less of his promise to send the girls to school, and therefore thought more of it. One fall when Farrel, of the bank in the Crossing, was up for his annual hunting trip, he raised the very question Lonely had been trying to forget.

"Are you going to send them away to school, Gabe?"

"Uh-huh," replied Lonely noncommittally.

"I guess Laura must be about a year younger than Renée," continued Farrel. "I'm sending her to school down in Calgary next year."

Lonely rocked a while. "Ain't ther' a school in the Crossin'?"

"Oh, something they call one. I guess it's all right for In—" he checked himself quickly — "for people who can't afford something better; but I want my girl to get the best there is."

Lonely continued rocking, but he was burning within. So the school in the Crossing was all right for Indians but wasn't good enough for a banker's girl? And it was all right for people who couldn't afford something better, but he wanted his girl to get the best there was!

"Thinkin' some about sendin' Renée and Ada down to Calgary," said Lonely dryly.

"You are!" exclaimed Farrel. "Whereabouts?"

"Ain't jest decided yet."

"Too bad you can't send them down to a school like Laura's going to."

"Thinkin' some of it," replied Lonely thoughtfully.

"Oh, why go to that expense, Gabe? It costs like sin."

Lonely ignored the question. "Ain't nothin' better'n thet, is ther'?" he asked presently.

"Not out here in the West, Gabe. When she's thirteen or fourteen, though, I'm going to send her back to Montreal."

"Thinkin' about doin' the same if ther' ain't nothin' better," replied the old man.

So Lonely made his decision. He made the necessary arrangements. Then there remained nothing to do but await the day. One morning he arose before daylight. He had arranged to borrow a horse for the trip to the Crossing. Before noon he had gotten it and started back.

The girls heard the horse before it came in sight. They stopped their playing and waited expectantly to see who was coming. When they saw Old Lonely in the saddle they shrieked with delight and raced to meet him. They clung to his legs and demanded that they be lifted up.

He teased them a while, but finally dismounted and lifted them into the saddle, one behind the other. And until dark he continued to lead the old horse back and forth in front of his cabin.

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That night, after the girls were asleep, he went off among the trees with his pain. He spoke his thoughts aloud, as he had done often on far trails, and it seemed as though the pines understood and comforted, for at dawn he went back to the cabin able to swing the girls out of their hammocks, as he had done each morning since they came to live with him — able to swing them out and high in the air and tickle them as they loved him to do, and able to laugh at their laughs as always on such occasions.

After breakfast he hinted he had a secret to tell. They climbed on his knees.

"A new dress?"

"Nope. Gotta guess again."

"A new red ribbon."

"Nope. Thet ain't it." He shook his head gravely. "But come to think of it, I hev a new ribbon for each of you." He arose and went to a box nailed to the wall above his bed. "Been kinda savin' it, but since you been good I guess I might jest as well give it to you now." He took down a paper package and unrolled it. The girls were jumping up and down excitedly.

"Let me hold it, Papa," pleaded Ada.

"I want to hold it too," exclaimed Renée.

He handed the package down to them. "You mustn't get it dirty now."

For several minutes they were content to drink in the gorgeous color and touch their finger tips lightly to the material. Then they begged to have the ribbons tied in their hair.

"Don't even want to hear the secret I was goin' to tell?" he said sorrowfully.

They stopped their fidgeting.

"Secret?" questioned Ada. "A new secret?"

"Yeppy. A new one."

"Ain't it this?" questioned Renée, touching the ribbon carefully.

"Nope. Thet ain't it. Somethin' better'n thet."

"Peaches for supper?"

"Peaches? Why, by Cracky, it was jest the other day you et all the peaches you could hold!"

Renée solved it. "Another ride!" she exclaimed.

"Well, I'll be! How'd you guess it?"

They tried to drag him outside the cabin. "Yes, mam-ee," he agreed, pretending to ignore their entreaties, "you're gettin' another ride. I'm goin' to ride you all the way to the Crossin' this time."

"The Crossing?" they exclaimed, their eyes wide.

"Yes, ma'am, the Crossin'. Ain't thet fine?"

They tugged at him frantically, begging him to get ready at once. Slowly he arose to comply with their commands.

He started to gather together their few possessions. When they saw him taking everything they owned, they questioned him. His head was bent low over the heap of toys and dolls and clothing. "Yes, mam-ee, you're goin' down to the Crossin' and then you're goin' all the way to Calgary!" He made the announcement enthusiastically.

"Calgary?" questioned Ada.

"Yes, ma'am, down to Calgary. You're goin' down there to school. Goin' to learn to read and write and everything."

Renée came over and clutched the loose collar of his shirt.

"Are you going?"

He looked around at her in surprise. "Me?" he questioned.

She nodded. Both girls were suddenly silent.

"By Cracky!" He tried to laugh. "What'd they do with me around? Why, them boys and girls'd be jest plumb scared to death!"

Their happiness fled. By questioning they learned the truth. They were to leave him.

"I won't go! I won't go! I won't go!" Renée cried, her arms around his neck.

He arose slowly. Taking each of the girls by a hand, he walked with them over to his bunk. He sat down and drew them up on his knees. They would never leave him, they assured him again and again. He held them closely. He didn't want them to look into his face. So they sat a long time. He said nothing.

Finally Renée lifted her face and peered wet-eyed at him. "Can I ride up front?" she begged.

The question raised an important point. Finally it was settled. He tied the bundle of their possessions on his back. A little hand reached up to nestle in each of his. At the doorway he paused to look back. Freeing one hand, he closed the door quietly. The little hand was awaiting him as he turned. He grasped it and with head

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held high to hide his streaming eyes walked with the girls toward the waiting horse.

Two weeks later he returned alone. As he stepped across the threshold of his cabin he realized the full meaning of the parting. Even his home was changed. It was no longer his. It belonged to Yesterday. It was a strange place crowded with ghosts of laughs and whispers. He got down on his knees and started to whittle some shavings for a fire. After several slashes at the stick he paused. For a long time he was motionless. Then he arose and tossed the stick back into the box. He gathered together a few things, tied them into a pack, picked up his rifle, and hurried out the door.

For weeks he wandered through the hills, without a destination and without a thought for himself beyond a little food and a place to lie down at night.

"Oh, what a old fool you are!" he declared bitterly again and again. "Fixin' it so they won't come back till they're through. Why didn't you fix it so they come home in the summer? Was you afraid they mightn't want to go back if they got home onc't? Afraid! Huh! Didn't think nothin' about them wantin' to see you, did you? Didn't think nothin' about thet! And s'posin' they didn't want to go back? What difference'd thet make? You jest want to make 'em eat ther hearts out so you can show off thet you can do what somebody else done!"

And then, after he had counted the years over and over until the time of the girls' return seemed not so far away, he would remember his promise to send them to Montreal when the seven years at Calgary were ended.

"Oh, you old fool! You ain't got no sense at all! Jest as if them girls wanted to go schoolin' again after all thet time! Better be thinkin' about buildin' a new home for 'em and gettin' some more money afore you talk so big about sendin' 'em to Montreal!"

He chuckled at the thought of money. Why, he could bring in enough fur to buy a school! And he would sell those mining claims! Money? Why, he'd show people what kind of a man those girls had! He'd send down enough money to buy dresses for the whole town! And as for a new home for them — why, he'd build a cabin they would be proud of!

So Old Lonely ended his idle wandering and went to work. He trapped in winter and prospected in summer. After he disposed of his furs, he stayed a few weeks at his summer cabin, hewing logs or fitting them on one another with patient care. Now and then he received a letter from the girls. These he treasured until they were almost worn out.

The winter before the girls were to return was the longest he had ever experienced. He finally left his trap line a month ahead of time and went home before taking his furs to the post. There were a few final touches to add to the girls' house. And there was a bed to be made. He had delayed making it before so it would be fresh and sweet-smelling for them.

He searched the forest for the slimmest jackpines, straight as arrows. Each branch was lopped off carefully and the stubs were even whittled down with his knife. When they had been arranged side by side between the head and foot logs, he piled spruce boughs on them, coarser ones first and then the finest tips on top until the fragrant mattress was a foot deep. Over that he spread four new double blankets, two red and two white.

"By Cracky!" he chuckled as he stood admiring the effect, "won't them girls be tickled?"

Finally he gave the floor another sweeping with a store broom he had brought from the settlement — the first he had ever owned. Now and then the broom caught in a splinter in the adzed poles. Each time he shaved the place smooth with his knife.

When he returned later to his own cabin, he was startled at the contrast. "By Cracky, it looks kinda dusty," he muttered. "Say, I guess thet bed needs a shakin' down. Mebbe I ought to freshen it up some with some new boughs." He ran his fingers thoughtfully through his beard. "Hm—m—m. Mebbe I better throw thet whole mess right out." He nodded his head. "Yeppee. I guess mebbe I better."

He borrowed the broom from the girls' cabin and spared not even the corners. And when at last the work was completed he was as proud of his home as was ever a Dutch mistress of her well-scrubbed kitchen.

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When he came to the Revillon Frères post, he left his furs with Douglas Mac Gowan, the factor, while he went over for his mail. A stack of letters awaited him. Tucking them inside his shirt, he walked out on the high bank of the river beyond the row of shacks and seated himself on a log. There he opened the letters, piling the pages carefully beside him before even glancing at one. When they were all arranged he started at the top of the pile and went right through it. Though he could not read what they said, he pored thoughtfully over each line.

A long while he sat motionless, holding the letters pressed between his hands. Then he replaced them carefully in the envelopes, tucked them back in his shirt, and walked over to the post.

The factor was busy when Lonely arrived, so he seated himself on a bale of fur to wait. Presently the factor finished his work and the two men were alone.

"Got 'em, Lonely?"

"Yep, Douglas, they're right here," putting a hand inside his shirt and getting the letters as he spoke.

"Well, I guess we better read 'em before they get cold," said the factor laughingly.

"Guess mebbe we better," agreed Lonely with a chuckle.

Seating himself at his table, the factor arranged the pages according to their dates. Then he started to read aloud.

Lonely puffed thoughtfully on his pipe. His eyes were bright. Occasionally he slapped his leg and gave an exclamation of delight; but most of the time he was silent. The letters were very brief. One after another the factor read in which there was no reference whatever to Old Lonely or his home or work. They were personal chronicles of the girls. They had to do with the clothes they wore and the things they did and the fine people they met. Seldom was there even any comment on their work. But to the old man the writing spelled happiness.

The factor neared the end. Suddenly Lonely gave a start. He straightened up. The smile left his face and he turned anxiously toward the factor as though to interrupt. But he said nothing and the factor continued to read.

"Oh, won't you please let us, Papa? We may never have a chance like it again. Just think, we can stay with her all summer and when it is time to go to Montreal next fall we will be only a little ways from there. She is just crazy for us to go home with her. She says we will have a wonderful time. And she is going to school with us in the fall. It is all right for you, Papa, in that lonely old place. You are used to it, but I know we should both die. It is fun camping out for a little while but Renée and I could never stand living in an old cabin for four whole months. I tell you what, you come down here and see us before we go. We could go to plays together and we could find lots of things to do, and I know you would have a fine time. You ought to see Calgary. Were you ever here? Don't you get sick sometimes of a place like Peace River Crossing? Nobody ever wears moccasins or buckskin coats or fur caps with the tail on down here. Oh please, Papa, let us go back with her, won't you?"

The factor's voice died away, but he continued to hold the letter before him.

Lonely sat like a man who is struck but knows not why. He stared at the far wall but he didn't see the furs piled bale on bale. He saw a shining cabin built through seven long years. He saw a blanket-draped bed. He smelled the clean, fine perfume of spruce boughs.

A long, long time the two old men sat silent.

"Is thet all, Douglas?" asked Lonely finally. The words came slowly. They were colorless, scarcely accented.

"That's all, Lonely." The factor arose quietly and went to a box on the wall. He got out pen and ink and paper and returned.

There was another long silence.

"Yep, I guess thet's all," murmured Lonely as though to himself. "Thet's all. . . . Better jest send down what I got comin', Douglas."

"All of it, Lonely?"

"Yep, I guess you better."

The factor smoked a while. "Do you mean you ain't goin' to write nothin'?" he questioned quietly.

Lonely put his pipe in his mouth and puffed slowly on it. It was long since cold.

"I don't jest know anything to say," he replied.

"Well, now," suggested the factor, "we could just say you — well, let's see, you got

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the letters all right." He dipped the pen.

"How many letters did we get, Douglas?"

The factor counted them. "Ten."

Lonely meditated a while. "Well, then you might say we got ten letters."

The pen scratched. Presently the factor looked up.

"Got it, Douglas?"

"Yes, sir, I got it down."

"What else'll we say, Douglas?"

"Hm." The factor pondered. "Well, maybe we better ask 'em if that was all."

Lonely was silent for several minutes. Then he nodded. "Better say thet. Jest ask 'em if thet's all they writ."

Lonely lit his pipe. The factor finished writing and the two men sat smoking silently.

"Got thet, Douglas?" questioned Lonely.

"Got it all down here."

Lonely puffed thoughtfully. The factor sat with pen poised.

"Well," said Lonely finally. "I guess thet's about all."

"All right, Lonely." The factor dipped the pen. "Just close it up then, eh?"

Lonely cleared his throat. "Uh — why, I guess you might jest say for them to go back East — if they want."

The pen moved. Lonely watched intently. Finally it stopped and the factor looked up. "Got it all down here, Lonely," as he read the question in the old man's eyes.

Lonely carefully tamped down the ashes and tobacco in his pipe. "Ain't nothin' else you can think of, is ther', Douglas?"

The factor leaned back. "No sir, Lonely," he declared finally, "I think that just about covers it."

Lonely puffed at the cold pipe. "Yep, I guess thet's all," he agreed quietly. Then, as an afterthought he added, "Better jest put down thet I guess I can't get down this summer."

The pen moved scratchily across the page. Presently it stopped.

"Got thet, Douglas?"

"It's right down here in black and white, Lonely."

"How's it sound?"

The factor referred to the sheet before him.

"'I got ten letters. Is that all you wrote? I guess you better go East if you want. I guess I can't get down this summer.'"

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TWO POEMS

MARY AUSTIN

SANTA MARIA DE TODO EL MUNDO

FELICIANO, our sheep herder says —
And José Maria, tie cutter for the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad says, too —
That he lives at Santa Maria de Todo el Mundo,
Which is the same as saying that his home is
Wherever he hangs up his hat.

It is saying that he goes where the trail goes,
That he takes what he finds with only liking for a reason,
Young quail in the garramboya,
Pitahayas and piñon nuts in season.
It's saying he doesn't come in when it rains,
But curled up in his poncho wakes to hear it
Pattering on the close-piled aspen eaves,
Or the puma by the deer's half-eaten carcass
Scream in triumph as he leaves.
Or the bluebird wakes him with notes new-washed and rounded
And a bright wet wing.

It's saying that he works for other men,
But when the work is done there's nothing binds him,
Nothing over, like lessons taken home from school.
He keeps his axes sharp,
Or makes his herd dogs mind him,
And for the rest he lives by liking, not by rule.

And I say myself, there's one thing certain,
Whatever comes, I'll save some days to live like that,
At Santa Maria de Todo el Mundo,
Wherever I hang up my hat.

HOMESICKNESS

IT is sorrow to me not to be there
In the Rio Grande country where I belong,
Not to hear in March the drip of snow water,
To see the willows redden and the river greening,
Nor to watch in April at Peña Blanca
The wild plums blossom in a quick white storm.
Not to see the cut logs leaping
In the summer freshet of Peñasco water,
And the girls at Taos gathering plums in August,
The bent boughs leaning to the strong brown arms.
Sorrow it is, not to see the aspen money flying
Like curdled gold strained through the keen, bright air,
Or at Chimayo the chile drying
Till the walls of houses all come toward me,
With the warm, approaching red.
Oh, sorrow any time not to be there
In the Rio Grande country where I was bred!

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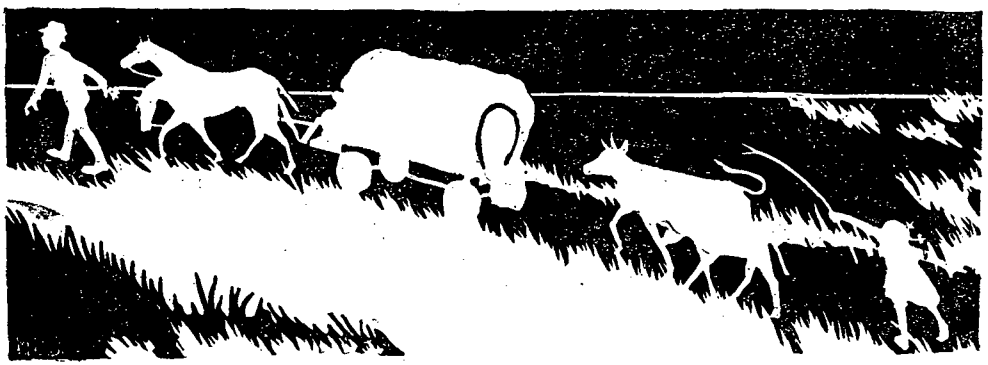

HILL COUNTRY

Forum Prize Biographical Novel — VI

RAMSEY BENSON

THE farmers of the Alliance had no giant in St. Paul that year — good citizens and of average ability, but not an outstanding personality among them. It was none other than Matlock who nominated Sven Opsahl their ablest member — an informal nomination, to be sure.

The house had adjourned for the day and Sven, repairing to the cloakroom to get his wraps, encountered Matlock there. Hitherto there had been no speech between them except perfunctory greetings; but now as they passed out together, Matlock fell into step by way of indicating his wish to bear Sven company.

The member from Gumbo didn't know what to make of it — the more since Matlock had nothing to say until they came out to the Wabasha Street front of the capitol where a very stylish team of horses and an equally stylish sleigh, piled high with rich robes, were waiting at the curb, in charge of a servant. Here, with a gesture of invitation, Matlock asked Sven to step into the sleigh.

Sven, instinctively on his guard, was affected with a feeling of distrust. He hung back, and Matlock laughed indulgently. "If you'd rather not go in my conveyance, perhaps you'll let me go in yours. Shank's mare, eh? Do you mind if I walk with you?"

His gracious courtesy made Sven more than a little ashamed of his own doubtful manners and his shame disarmed his distrust. He didn't know what to say, though, and the servant having driven away with the horses and the sleigh, there ensued a silence.

Matlock appeared to be thinking. "You impress me as being the ablest man among the Alliance members of the legislature," he said at length, "and as such I wish to talk with you."

Sven knew less than ever what to answer. His distrust returned. Was it Matlock's notion to cajole him with flattery? However this might be, his failure to respond at once in no wise disconcerted the lawyer.

"Of course," Matlock went on, "you know why I am a member of the legislature. At least, I am not concealing the purpose that has brought me here. I am here to get the forfeiture of the Bemidji & Grand Marais land grant vacated. I conceive that I can't be about a better business and when I say that, I consider — as I should — the public welfare first. I am told that you are opposed to the vacation of the forfeiture — that you made it the particular issue in your campaign for election. I understand, too, that the Alliance members generally are of your way of thinking. Will you tell me why?"

Sven felt awkward and at a disadvantage. There were no polished phrases at his tongue's end; he knew no way but

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to be blunt and his heart misgave him. "We think Jim Hill is rich enough already without our turning these lands over to him," he blurted out.

He expected to be met with a prompt and indignant denial, and when nothing of the kind was forthcoming, the effect was to prompt him to be still more blunt. "Ain't you Jim Hill's man in the legislature?" he asked, without pausing to think how it would sound.

"I represent the first district of Ramsey County in the legislature," Matlock replied, quietly and without heat — so quietly, indeed, that Sven felt rebuked.

"Of course — we understand that — you got to represent some district," he stammered. "But the first district — the rich men in it — they sent you here to — "

"To get that forfeiture vacated — certainly. I told my neighbors that I wanted to come to the legislature and I told them why. There was no secret about it — no underhand work. They agreed with me that I could be about no better business — that I could in no way render the people of my district and city and state and nation a more valuable service. If you were elected because you oppose vacation, Mr. Opsahl, where is the sin in my being elected because I favor it?"

Sven recovered his confidence a little. "Ain't it a fact," he demanded, "that if we vacate the forfeiture we'll put millions of dollars in Yim Hill's pocket?"

He was very much in earnest — so much so that he forgot and said "Yim" Hill.

But Matlock paid no attention to it — not the least among his courtesies that night. "If we vacate the forfeiture," he made answer, "the result will be the construction, under the terms of the grant, of the Bemidji & Grand Marais railway. No doubt there will be other results, but they sink into insignificance by comparison. Do I need to tell you, Mr. Opsahl, what happens to a wilderness when a railway is built through it?"

"Oh, I know about that. My country — where I live — it was a wilderness once and the railroad made it a part of Jim Hill's kingdom — just like Jim Hill is our king." He repeated the name, firmly, as if to demonstrate that he could get it right.

"Surely, Mr. Opsahl, you don't mean that any sort of improvement, however much it promises to benefit the public, ought to be blocked and defeated if it incidentally puts money in Mr. Hill's pocket?"

"Jim Hill is rich enough," Sven insisted, doggedly.

"That may well be," Matlock conceded. "But the harm of making him richer, admitting for the sake of the argument that the vacation of the forfeiture will make him richer — isn't it rather a trifle in comparison with the harm of defeating so beneficial a measure?"

"Anyhow I don't believe you will ever get us Alliance men to vote for your bill unless you satisfy us that Jim Hill ain't behind it. We got to know that, Mr. Matlock."

"But why should you care who is behind it so long as you cannot doubt that it will promote the public welfare? It seems to me that as the sworn custodians of the public welfare — sworn to uphold it and to serve it — we have no right to look beyond that undenied and undeniable fact."

Matlock had the last word. They came to the corner where Sven, as he made known, was accustomed to wait for a street car to carry him the rest of the way to his lodgings, and the car was already in sight. Matlock held out his hand and what else he had to say was not of a controversial nature.

"My bill," he made known, "has been reported out and is near the head of general orders — it will probably come up the next time the house sits in committee of the whole — perhaps to-morrow. I expect to speak and set forth my reasons for thinking the bill ought to pass. I want you to be there and hear me. My remarks will be addressed very particularly to you and the other Alliance men."

Sven shook hands, though not without constraint. He wasn't satisfied with what he had been saying. He was troubled by a sense of having been bested — he had been outdone in courtesy if not in logic. Had he been to some extent won over — perhaps by flattery? He couldn't be sure. But whether or no, he could not refuse to shake hands and he promised not to be absent. "I want to hear you speak," he declared.

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He was sincere in so saying. He didn't doubt that any speech of Matlock's would be worth listening to.

House File No. 137 was making a stir. Every day, when the speaker announced the order of petitions and memorials, pages scurried up the aisles with rolls of paper which they handed to the clerk — petitions relating to Matlock's bill.

The clerk was required to make some sort of a pretense of reading them — respect for a petition was a tradition going back to the days of the Stuarts in England. But he got out of it rather easily. Turning back the end of the roll he glanced at the first name signed.

"John Jones and 983 others," he proclaimed, "pray that H. F. No. 137 do pass."

Or, in the next breath:

"Thomas Brown and 1129 others pray that H. F. No. 137 do not pass."

Once the roll of paper was so big that two pages staggered under the weight of it. More than 20,000 names were signed. "Samuel H. Mortimer and 20,118 others," the clerk intoned, less perfunctorily than usual, for so weighty a roll was at least a novelty, and by that worthy of more consideration, "pray that H. F. No. 137 do pass."

Sven Opsahl went to some pains to look up Samuel H. Mortimer and found that he was a claim agent attached to the legal department of the Great Northern railroad. In a city a few brisk fellows like Mortimer could roll up a big list in just a little while. Broadly speaking, the cleavage was between the city and the country — on the one hand the business interests, with the numerous dependents whom they could control, and on the other the agrarians.

The legislature was similarly divided and the twelve Alliance members were far from measuring the whole agrarian strength as it affected H. F. No. 137. Many Republicans represented constituencies of that color and they were against the bill. It was at least certain that the final vote would disregard party lines.

It was in committee of the whole, if anywhere, that a bill was debated. The title having been reached, the clerk read the bill for the second time, and the speaker asked if there were any remarks. Sometimes there were and sometimes there were not. There were plenty when H. F. No. 137 came up.

Speeches were made both for and against the measure, but most of them were of no consequence. Passions were torn to tatters and the rafters were made to ring repeatedly; but except for an abundance of sound and fury, the showing was rather pitiful. Sven had abandoned his own intention of speaking since his talk with Matlock.

The house sat till far into the night in order to give everybody a chance. Matlock waited till the last and it was past eleven o'clock when he rose to address the chair.

He began with a bold quotation — bold because of its source. "I cannot forbear, Mr. Speaker," he said, "to repeat the words of a very great American, whose sentiments are of especial interest to us here in Minnesota for the reason that he lives among us, our near neighbor. I refer to Mr. James J. Hill. 'Our richest mines,' Mr. Hill has said, 'are in the top six inches of the soil.'

"So it is, Mr. Speaker. Nobody can doubt it who stops to think. The old adage is emphatically and everlastingly right — the farmer, mining the top six inches of the soil, is the man who feeds us all. We cannot eat gold and silver and precious stones and we can wear them only as useless ornaments. They serve neither to keep us warm nor to cover our nakedness. In the last analysis they have no worth except as they may be made to purchase the necessaries of life for which we have to look to the farmer. Even iron, the most useful of metals, is never so useful as when it is made up into tools to help the farmer in his work; for though agriculture is not the only industry, it is the basic industry upon which all others depend, to which all others are in a very real sense subordinate and auxiliary.

"Mr. Speaker, there has been too much talk about iron in connection with the pending bill. Gentlemen who have spoken here to-day seem without exception to have assumed that northeastern Minnesota is only so much waste land except for the mineral deposits there, and that the Bemidji & Grand Marais railway, if built, will serve no purpose but to develop these deposits.

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"Mr. Speaker, I can assure the gentlemen and others who may be interested in knowing the facts, that the minerals of northeastern Minnesota, rich and extensive though they no doubt are, make up but a small part of the wealth of that favored region. Beyond denial it is a rough country, but it is more than a jumble of broken rocks heaped helter skelter by some volcanic convulsion centuries ago. Here and there, and at no infrequent intervals, are valleys, varying in extent from a few acres to hundreds, where the soil is deep and of almost inexhaustible fertility, where an abundance of moisture is always at hand and where, under thrifty tillage, big crops may be grown year after year with never a failure.

"I grant you, Mr. Speaker, that there is no room in these valleys for farming on a great scale. But is that a drawback? Assuredly not. The little farm well tilled — what does more to make a country truly prosperous? Who is more worthy than the small farmer with his ten or twenty or forty acres? Who plays a more important part in shaping a nation's destinies? Far be it from me to disparage the big farms. Out where my friend, the gentleman from Gumbo County, lives the fields are broad and they are beautiful. Nothing is to be more admired than a billowing sea of wheat extending as far as the eye can reach — I know no sight more inspiring. But when all is said, our salvation is the small farmer who tills his own land and tends his flocks with his own hands and asks no favors of any man. That is where we look, and seldom in vain, for the sturdy independence which is the republic's best reliance, without which no republic can be great.

"Mr. Speaker, I am not guessing when I make the prediction that the Bemidji & Grand Marais railway, if built in accordance with the terms of the grant, will develop agricultural resources such as may well astonish the world. The world needs them, too — the United States needs them — Minnesota needs them. They will do their part to replenish the food supply which, if we are to believe the experts in statistics, is already in danger of being outrun by demand. In that sense we of the Minnesota legislature have the whole world's welfare in our keeping — our responsibility extends far beyond the constituencies which have sent us here, out across our boundaries to other nations, across the oceans to other countries.

"Mr. Speaker, the percentage of waste land up yonder in the northern wilds is amazingly small if only we are wise enough to make the most of the natural resources there. Apart from the valleys made fabulously fertile by untold ages of erosion breaking the rock down into soil, where towering cedars and hemlocks bear witness to the presence, in lavish abundance, of the elements that go to nourish plant life — apart from these treasure houses ready to open at the touch of the farmer's wand, are the higher reaches which, though they may never be brought under the plow, afford pasturage for sheep and goats — wild grasses waiting to be transformed, at almost no expense, into the choicest of meat and the finest of wool.

"Do I mean to say then, Mr. Speaker, that iron plays but an unimportant part in the development of the country? No, indeed — such is not my meaning. The part played by iron is of the utmost importance, for without iron there could be no development. It is a very godsend.

"Obviously, the country cannot be opened up except as the railway is built; and no less obviously the railway cannot be built without the expenditure of a great sum of money — such a sum as no grant of land can provide unless there enters into the reckoning some element which will give the land the character of what the bankers call quick assets. Let me repeat, Mr. Speaker — unless the land has the character of quick assets no grant of it is going to suffice to put through so enormously difficult an enterprise.

"Agricultural resources, however rich and varied, are not enough — the return from them is extended over too long a time. I dare say so much was understood by the men who undertook to build the railway in the first place — even though they had been fully acquainted with the wonderful agricultural resources of the region, they couldn't have gone ahead on the strength of these alone. Their hope was in the timber. The forests of pine had the effect of making the land a quick asset so far as they went. But it very soon appeared that they didn't go far enough and that is why the enterprise was abandoned. Those men found, on investigation, that

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the timber wouldn't afford the needful funds, and they could do nothing but let their charter lapse.

"So I say the discovery of iron is a very godsend. The discovery of iron gives the land the character of assets not only quick but virtually unlimited. Quick money — big money. Though railway building in so rough a country is immensely costly, the iron will pay. Not only that, Mr. Speaker, where the original plans contemplated the cheapest construction that could be made to answer, the iron permits the best construction regardless of expense. Bridges, and hundreds of them are necessary, perhaps of solid masonry instead of flimsy wood; and where the first plans proposed to go around obstacles, though the way should thereby be greatly lengthened, no such devices need be resorted to now — the way may approximate that straight line which is the shortest distance."

Matlock spoke for about an hour. He tore no passion to tatters and he smote no rafters. His delivery was conversational. His figures of speech were of the plainest and commonest, such as everyday people employ without thinking of them as figures. He seemed by his manner not so much the earnest advocate pleading a cause, as a teller of tales whose only object was to amuse and entertain. It was like listening to an informative yet never dry lecture dealing with some unfamiliar wonderland.

Sven Opsahl was left a prey to conflicting emotions. He felt the humiliating sense of having approached the subject in an unworthy spirit, of having let a narrow bigotry blind him to the larger considerations. Why had he needed to be told about those considerations? Why hadn't he seen them for himself?

He felt insecure in his position, as if his defenses had been broken down. Was he, indeed, doing wrong to vote against the bill?

He had to make up his mind at once. Of course the debate was over — no member would venture to speak after Matlock. A voice offered the usual motion — that H. F. No. 137 be reported out of the committee and recommended to pass.

"You have heard the motion — the question is on the motion," said the speaker. "Those in favor will say 'Aye'." Voices responded — by the robust sound they made a good many.

"Those opposed will say 'No'." Other voices responded — robustly — likewise a good many.

"The Ayes appear to have it," said the speaker. "The Ayes — "

But before he could give them the decision the cry went up, "Division! Division!"

"A division is called for. Those in favor of the motion will rise and remain standing until they can be counted." Half the house, more or less, stood up while the clerk threaded his way about, counting with his pencil.

"Those opposed will rise," the speaker directed and the other half of the house stood up.

The clerk finished the count and the speaker struck the desk lightly with his gavel. "Ayes 57, Noes 49 — the Ayes have it and the motion prevails," he announced.

That vote, of course, wasn't the last. A bill might be finally defeated in committee of the whole but it couldn't be finally passed there. It had still to clear the high hurdle — the third reading — when the roll would be called and every member would have to answer separately and go on record by name.

Sven Opsahl didn't get his mind made up. Two hours ago he hadn't harbored a doubt — now there was nothing in his mind but doubt. His convictions were as shaken as if a blast had been set off under them.

Once out of the building, the crowd dispersed quickly, going its many ways, and he was soon left alone with the great solemn soul of the night. That was a relief and a consolation, and he walked up and down the empty streets till the dawn of day, trying to touch bottom in the sea of uncertainty where he was cast.

He had dodged the vote in committee of the whole and no great harm done — if he had voted, the result would have been no different. But what about the third reading, when the clerk would call his name and wait till he answered or refused to answer?

Was he still ready to vote against the vacation of the forfeiture? If not, was he ready to vote for the vacation? And if he should vote for it, what would the world say of him?

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His world — his constituents back in Gumbo — the Alliance.

He knew only too well. They would say that he had sold his vote. Whatever professions of conscientious conviction he might make, nobody would believe him. He would be forever branded as the vilest of traitors, the traitor who betrays his cause for money. He would be an outcast with none to say a kind word for him, his prospects wrecked, his life ruined beyond repair. Nevertheless, if he believed that the forfeiture ought to be vacated, could he vote against the bill? Did he so believe? Had Matlock's adroit plea persuaded him, or merely befuddled him?

No history of H. F. No. 137 would be complete without some account of the Rigdon affair. Whether that curious incident had much or little to do with the fate of the bill, at all events there could be no doubt of its effect in helping the gentleman from Gumbo Country to come to terms with his perplexities.

George Rigdon, an Alliance man representing a newly formed county in the southwestern tier, a very ordinary personage but destined to wide celebrity of a sort, made his home during the session with a sister living in St. Paul. She was married to a small merchant named Bernheim and their home was over the store.

The first hint of what grew into a vast sensation was when Mrs. Bernheim called up the police in the middle of the night and reported her brother missing under circumstances which caused her the utmost alarm.

Rigdon had formed some acquaintances in St. Paul, among them a certain Polson. Polson and Rigdon, indeed, became cronies. Earlier in the night in question, a hack had drawn up at Mrs. Bernheim's door and the driver had said he had been sent to bring Rigdon to Polson's home where Polson had been taken suddenly very sick. Rigdon got into the hack and was driven away.

In about an hour who should call up Mrs. Bernheim but Polson himself. He hadn't been sick and he had sent no hack.

Citizens who gathered in groups to express their indignation weren't long in putting two and two together. The papers were full of the outrage, especially so since it became known that H. F. No. 137 was near the top of the calendar of the house and likely to come to a final vote that very day, and that Rigdon was an Alliance man.

Of course the inference was too plain to be missed. Everybody believed that Rigdon had been spirited away to keep him from voting against the bill.

What would the house do to vindicate its dignity? The legislature regularly convened at noon, and long before that hour measures had to be taken to stem the rush of people to the galleries.

Matlock's seat was pretty well back and necks were craned to get sight of him. If the invidious attention which he attracted served in any degree to disturb him, he gave no sign. He came in rather early and made his way quietly among the desks till he reached his own, giving greeting here and there as he caught a member's eye in passing, looking as he always looked, manifesting no concern.

The proceedings were slow in developing the expected sensations. The calendar being reached, the proceedings became more lively. The first title, a bill that nobody had ever heard of, went through with something like a rush. House File No. 137 came next. The speaker repeated the formula: "House File No. 137 — the clerk will report the bill."

In the midst of a tense silence the clerk began to read, hurdling over words, sentences, whole paragraphs. But even in that headlong fashion he hadn't got far when Matlock stood up. "Mr. Speaker," he said.

"The gentleman from Ramsey County," said the speaker, extending recognition.

Matlock waited a moment, but not to suggest indecision — a sort of rhetorical pause though with no hint of artifice. "In behalf of those of us, both in and out of the legislature, who favor the bill now before the house, I have only to say, in reference to the charge that we have abducted a member in order to prevent his voting — in reference to that charge I have only to say that it is equal to taxing us with being fools as well as knaves. That we have horns under our hats and hoofs in our boots is in certain quarters an article of faith with which I am not disposed, at the moment, to quarrel. But I will venture to point out the inconsistency, as it seems to

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me, of suspecting us of resorting to a trick which cannot but bring disaster to our cause.

"Mr. Speaker, so fatal to our cause would such a trick certainly be, that I might with far more reason accuse the opposition to the bill of having abducted the missing member. But I do no such thing.

"I accuse nobody. My sole purpose in rising now is to ask, Mr. Speaker, that House File No. 137 be sent back to the foot of the calendar, to be taken up at some future time when, as I trust, we shall be better able to deal with it as it deserves to be dealt with."

The speaker asked if there was any objection and when there was none he declared it the will of the house that the bill revert to the foot of the calendar where there would be fifty titles or more ahead of it.

The crowd drifted out of the galleries and cleared the stairways, and as they emerged into the street they were met by newsboys crying that Rigdon was found. He had appeared at his sister's house early in the afternoon with his nerves a good deal shaken, but otherwise unharmed.

He related that he had been set at liberty across the river in West St. Paul, but where else he had been he couldn't say. He had been blindfolded and gagged during much of the time. He could give no description of the persons who had spirited him away.

To vindicate its affronted dignity the House of Representatives took no steps. If it had been uncertain before, it was doubly uncertain now whether it ought to do anything, and having started to grind away at the regular order, it kept right on grinding.

Sven Opsahl, as much affected as anybody by the unexpected turn of events and more than a little glad in his heart that he wasn't going to be called upon to vote, was among the faithful few who sat through to the end. Just before adjournment a telegram was delivered to him.

The message was unsigned. The dateline showed that it came from Duluth; but who in Duluth so much as knew of his existence? The message was cryptic:

"Rigdon in pay vacationists. Abduction a blind. Real play foxier."

Was it meant to be a warning, and if so why had it come to him rather than some other member? He couldn't think that he had been conspicuous enough to be singled out by a stranger.

Rigdon in the pay of the vacationists? Sven didn't believe it. The abduction a blind? He had no way of knowing the truth of that, but if the abduction was a blind, Rigdon was a crook. No—something of a dolt he certainly was, but not a crook.

The house had its own post office and two or three times a day the pages brought members their mail. Sven was still puzzling over the telegram when the week's copy of the *Gumbo Voice* was laid on his desk. As if by instinct, his eyes first sought out the personals—the real news from home; but with the mystery of the telegram still on his mind he read without attention until, halfway down the page, he started to attention at the name of Weese Overturf.

"Miss Louise Overturf, in her third year at the state university in Minneapolis, has quit her studies there to accept a position of responsibility with the Zenith Investment Company, of Duluth. Miss Overturf's host of friends in Gumbo will heartily wish her good luck in her new venture."

Sven stared at the telegram still in his hand. If he could guess now who had sent it, he was as far as ever from guessing why. Was Weese once more trying to make fun of him?

He hadn't forgotten the scrap of paper thrust through his office door back in Gumbo. It had as good as elected him to the legislature. If it had been Weese Overturf's work and she had meant by it to trap him into doing something ridiculous, it hadn't had any such effect. Dared he believe that she had meant nothing of the sort? He didn't know that she had thrust the paper through his door any more than he knew that she had sent the telegram he held in his hand; but if she had—

He could understand that her new connection with the Zenith Investment Company might have put her in a position to find out a thing or two, and if the telegram was by way of passing them along to him—

Sven Opsahl was the last member out of the house. The chamber was deserted by everybody but the caretakers cleaning up, and they were not likely to mark the ex-

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traordinary elation that was upon him — such an elation as might result from the descent of a great light of inspiration.

XV

A newer garden of creation, no primal solitude,
Dense, joyous, modern, populous millions, cities and farms,
With iron interlaced, composite, tied, many in one,
By all the world contributed — freedom's and law's and thrift's society,
The crown and teeming paradise, so far, of time's accumulations,
To justify the past.

When John Gilpin Milford breezed into Gumbo he brought, from somebody somewhere, a letter of introduction to Pick Overturf, and if not otherwise more noteworthy than letters of introduction usually are, it quoted a prophecy of Jim Hill's. Of course, nothing more was needed to give it weight and authority with Pick.

"Some day we shall smelt our own ore right here in Minnesota. We have no coal but we have peat, billions and billions of tons of it. Though the deposits of iron in our hills should be practically unlimited, I am persuaded that there is heat enough stored up in our peat bogs to smelt it; and when a way shall have been found to take advantage of these resources, a new day will dawn for our wonderful state. Now we are restricted to the production of the raw ore — the smelting has to be done elsewhere, entailing great expense in the transportation of waste material. But when we shall have learned to make fuel of our peat, we can smelt the ore right here at home. We shall be able to produce the pig iron more cheaply than it can be produced anywhere else in the world, and the forges and foundaries and in consequence kindred industries which use pig iron will locate here, and not, as now, near the coalfields of Ohio and Illinois and Pennsylvania."

Milford had patented a process for working up the crude peat into briquets which looked like lumps of coal and burned readily. His figures made it appear that the process wasn't so very expensive — if they were to be trusted, he could manufacture briquets which would undersell coal. He counted upon a sufficient demand for domestic uses alone to make the venture pay right from the start. As for the future, let Mr. Hill testify.

Milford's idea was to put up a plant in Gumbo because there was so much bog nearby. He offered to go halves with Pick — the banker to furnish the money and Milford to turn his patents over to the firm.

Pick was captured. It looked like the beginning of big things — so big that they nearly took his breath away. He caught Jim Hill's vision and the thought of a thousand blast furnaces burning Milford briquets was enough to banish every misgiving.

The plant cost around $10,000 — rather a prodigious sum for Pick Overturf to raise, though he was thought to be a rich man in his day. But he found the money somehow and at length the briquets were being turned out in commercial quantities.

The first bucketful was fed into the big nickel-plated base-burner in the lobby of the bank. Base-burners were designed for hard coal only and by that the test was especially severe. It wasn't claimed for the briquets that they would take the place of hard coal.

The lobby was well filled with onlookers when Pick Overturf shook down the grates and poured the bucket of briquets into the hopper. They took fire promptly and burned hotly, with very little flame or smoke. Pick pinched the draft down to a point where almost any fire would have been extinguished and he varied it up to full blast and the peat behaved well under every condition.

The briquets were sold at the plant for a dollar a ton less than western lignite and two dollars a ton less than the poorest grade of bituminous coal from the head of the lakes. Peat was much lighter, too; there was nearly twice as much of it, by bulk, in a ton and Pick, expanding upon its merits, offered to bet any man $100 that a bucketful of it would burn as long and give out as much heat as a bucketful of any coal but Pennsylvania anthracite.

The local market took to the briquets greedily. Presently the plant, working to capacity, couldn't keep up with its orders and Pick talked about enlargements by another year. The two or three coal yards in the village languished and foresaw their finish.

But there were breakers ahead. There

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began to be whispers, started by none knew whom or with what foundation in fact, of dissensions between the partners.

The culmination was a quarrel that would have come to blows if bystanders hadn't interfered. Milford was the first to cool off and talk sense. "Look here, Overturf," he said, "I'll buy or sell, whichever you say. We can't go on the way we're going."

In just a few days Milford packed up and left, to be seen no more in those parts. He hadn't made an especially good impression with his breezy, pushing, boastful ways, and nearly everybody who cared about the rupture was glad Pick had bought and not sold.

Nevertheless, the prosperity of the enterprise departed with Milford's departure. It might have been because nobody else knew so well how to get results out of the machinery, or it might have been no more than a turn in the luck; but anyhow there could be no doubt that the business was on the down grade and slumping fast.

The first step Pick took after he gained control was to raise the price of briquets fifty cents a ton. He ran along at that figure for a month or so and posted another advance of fifty cents, making the peat cost as much as lignite. Lignite was poor stuff, low in carbon content and high in slate and other forms of slag, but more and more consumers were saying they would about as soon have it as the peat Pick was turning out.

The briquets, whatever the reason, were not holding up to their first quality. Instead of the hard, glossy, compact lumps that clinked in your shovel they were crumbly and soft, they turned to mud if they got wet and they had to be fed into a fire with the utmost care or they would put it out.

Pick's anxiety grew. The joviality left his face altogether and if he joked with anybody about anything, it was in a forced way. The plant caught up with its orders and began to accumulate a supply of briquets. They were stored in sheds where the rain couldn't get at them but the moisture in the air was enough to cause them to disintegrate and in a few weeks they were just so much dirt — not nearly as good fuel as the crude peat which the early settlers had cut out of the bogs and dried in the sun.

Pick spent more time at the plant than at the bank, but nothing he could do served to avert the disaster. A long cold spell, when the bogs froze five or six feet deep, afforded a pretext for shutting down the works and they were shut down. The men were paid off and told that operations would be resumed as soon as the weather permitted. But it was the general belief that unless Pick could enlist new capital in the project, no more briquets would be made.

From the first he had made no secret of the source of his inspiration — Jim Hill's prophecy. Now, in the hour of his great need and particularly when he was so much away from home, often as long as a week at a stretch, his neighbors guessed that he was trying to get Jim Hill interested.

But if such was his quest, nothing came of it. He returned empty of hand and heavy of heart. He got off the train after his last absence and neighbors who happened to be at the station knew at a glance that he had failed to obtain whatever he had gone after. They had never seen him so cast down, so listless, so seemingly tired out.

Still, they never once thought of the bank as being in peril, and when it failed to open its doors as usual a thunderbolt out of a clear sky couldn't have astounded Gumbo more. A card nailed up informed whomsoever it might concern that the institution was in the hands of the state examiner of banks, and the morning train brought out a deputy from the examiner's office to go over the books.

He had to shoulder his way through a dense throng of villagers and farmers gathered about the card and staring at it as if they fancied they might, by that, see farther into the mystery.

There had to be a receiver for the bank and Sven Opsahl's appointment to the post came about somewhat deviously. The state examiner and his department were under fire at the moment. The usage had always been, when a receiver was to be placed in charge of a bank, to look upon the appointment as a political plum to be dispensed in payment for party services already rendered or to strengthen somebody's fences for the future. The examiner now in office had not departed from the tradition. But it was his luck to be the in-

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cumbent when the system broke down and so many irregularities were brought to light that for the time being, as by way of works meet for repentance, he was making no partisan selections.

The fact that the bank was only a small plum and not very juicy no doubt had its bearing. Its bestowal, while testifying to the department's good intentions, entailed no great sacrifice.

Sven Opsahl was personally known to the deputy. During the session of the legislature, some investigation he was making had taken the member from Gumbo County to the examiner's records and by reason of the acquaintance thus casually formed the deputy had no sooner got his instructions than he thought of Sven.

Sven took charge at once and the deputy went back to St. Paul.

The bank was in a sorry condition. It had been, in a manner, looted and there were virtually no assets left. In the files Sven found some sound paper, but most of the good loans had been called in — to furnish Pick with the cash to keep his peat mill going. The receiver's first care was to go over the resources that had been given him to make the most of, and he doubted if they would yield enough to pay a tenth part of what the bank owed. The deposits amounted to about $50,000 — money owing the neighbors who had trusted Pick, some more and some less, and they would be lucky to get a dollar in ten.

Neighbors still trusted Pick Overturf. It was being freely and confidently predicted that no man would lose a penny — every deposit would be paid in full. Pick had never failed them yet — he wouldn't fail them now.

Sven hated to shatter their illusions and he delayed telling them the truth. As often as they asked him he evaded a direct answer. He could always say, if no better pretext offered, that he was still working at the books and could quote no exact figures as yet.

But necessarily there were limits — no illusion could be made to last forever. Certain signs were not to be blinked — the receiver's shifty reticence among them — but the sign that counted most was Pick's own demeanor. Why, if there was any chance that he might get back on his feet and pay up, was he keeping so out of sight and avoiding his neighbors as if he would rather not look them in the face?

Not once since the doors of the bank failed to open that first morning had Pick been seen abroad. So long as they pitied him, neighbors could believe he was ashamed; blaming him they believed he was afraid. He *was* afraid and his fear was the confession of his guilt.

Nobody knew how it was faring with him. If he was sick, at any rate the doctor hadn't been called. Womenfolks used to visiting back and forth, called at the big house no more. They had been made to feel that they weren't wanted — especially after Weese came home.

Weese had drifted farther and farther away from Gumbo and when her father's calamity came upon him she was employed in Detroit. Neighbors heard that she had thrown up a job paying her fifty dollars a week in order to come home — towering wages for a woman in those primitive times. They wondered. There had never been any sentiment about Weese, and from the day Pick fell heir to his fortune she was thought to have hardened toward her family and as good as cast off from them. But here she was back home.

The Overturfs had kept two hired girls and both were dismissed. Weese was doing the housework. Every Monday she was seen hanging out the family washing. She weeded the garden, too, and sprayed the plants. In the evening, just at dusk, she hurried down into the village and made her purchases for the household — the cheapest groceries in small quantities, a little sliver of some common cut of meat.

Folks were ready enough to be civil to Weese, though the hard feeling against her father had now risen to a high pitch, but she gave them no chance. Having made her few purchases, she gathered them up in her arms and hurried back home with her eyes on the ground, looking neither to the right nor the left.

Once, in the very doorway of the post office, so that he had to stand back to let her pass, Weese and Sven Opsahl met and he gave her greeting in proper form — he couldn't have done otherwise without being rude. There were a dozen witnesses to the little scene and they could testify that Sven behaved with perfect propriety. But Weese didn't answer him or lift her

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eyes or by the slightest token show that she was aware of his existence.

The village blamed her roundly for that. It had just that day become known that Sven was serving without pay in order that the salvage might be the greater — serving without pay and neglecting his own business into the bargain. Certainly he deserved better than to be passed by so coldly by a direct beneficiary of his generosity.

Sven's generosity stood out the more by contrast with Pick Overturf's selfish indifference, or what in these days looked like selfish indifference to the neighbors. They were asking, pretty pointedly, whether Pick intended to turn over the big house to help pay his debts. Of course he was under no legal compulsion to do so — since the house was his homestead, the law let him keep it if he chose. Neighbors whom he owed, however, and who considered that he had misled them and betrayed their trust, didn't think it looked well in him to keep anything back, law or no law.

Among the assets of the bank were several parcels of land which had been pledged in security for loans and which, the loans having defaulted, the bank had taken over by foreclosure. Pretty poor property for the most part, in no instance worth enough to pay back the loan. The poorest of the lot was the Witchgrass Forty.

The nickname was opprobrious but well deserved. Far or near no other piece of land had been so thoroughly subjugated by the pest — it was lost beyond any possibility of reclamation. The roots of the witchgrass had so infested the soil that a plow couldn't be forced into it.

It cornered in a marsh — a stagnant pool mantled over with a disgusting scum. Wiregrass, though the least fastidious of herbs, wouldn't grow there and cattle had to be very thirsty before they would drink out of it. Even the frogs and snakes seemed to shun it.

Then, one day about this time, a boy and his dog ran a gopher into a hole near the margin of the pool and that was the beginning of great things. The dog fell to digging with much energy and the boy, looking on, observed that although the top soil was sandy and easily thrown out, when the dog dug deeper he brought up a peculiar brown gravel, so heavy that he couldn't do much with it. The gravel was so unlike anything the boy had ever seen that he took some of it away with him to show to his father.

His father was Tom Gilpatrick, buyer at a wheat elevator in Gumbo, but formerly employed in the Vermillion mines, up near Duluth. He needed nobody to tell him that the brown gravel was iron ore. He took the specimen to Sven Opsahl. If there was iron under the Witchgrass Forty, Sven ought to be informed.

A discovery so momentous couldn't be kept dark very long. The news leaked out and was as prodigiously magnified as such news is likely to be.

Soon Gumbo was inundated with strangers of unfamiliar aspect — hustlers who hustled fiercely from morning till night and far into the night. Their talk was of options and prospects and they swarmed out over the Witchgrass Forty and lands adjacent like flies over fresh meat. Farmers caught the fever and forgot their crops.

Wild stories went the rounds. The Witchgrass Forty was where the great discovery had been made, and though none doubted that the whole country was underlaid with iron, most of the talk was about that particular tract. Mysterious persons were quoted as saying they would pay $100,000 for the property just as it stood, but they weren't ready to come out into the open. It wasn't long before neighbors, listening dazedly, were given to understand that Sven Opsahl, as receiver of the bank, had been actually offered $100,000 for the Witchgrass Forty.

One hundred thousand dollars would liquidate every claim against the bank and leave enough over to save Pick Overturf from coming to want in his old age.

Gumbo had its Main Street, likewise its Jefferson Avenue, and these two thoroughfares intersected. The big house was pretty well out Jefferson Avenue, to the eastward, but one morning when Pick and Weese wended their way downtown together they were not seen till they turned the corner into Main Street.

They walked slowly and the word flew before them — they were headed for the bank. By the time they reached it villagers had hurried up from every direction

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and there was quite a crowd waiting. Of course they scented something in the wind. Moreover, though it wasn't so very long since Pick had ventured abroad, a good deal of water had run under the bridge in the meanwhile and the mere sight of him was in the nature of a novelty. Neighbors wanted to see what he looked like after what he had been through.

They beheld a man suddenly stricken in years. Pickering Overturf had become an old man in those few weeks. His hair, never worse than iron gray, was no grayer now, but he had let his beard grow and it was as white as snow. That alone was enough to change his face almost beyond recognition. Wrinkles and sagging lines marked his once jolly face, and his face had shrunken and his skin had become the color of old parchment. Neighbors vowed that if they had met Pick in a strange place they would never have known him.

He made a pitiful figure shambling along with his shoulders bowed and so feeble that Weese was fairly holding him up. A stricken, shrunken old man; and as he drew near the crowd parted and formed a lane to the door of the bank — a mark of sympathy if not of respect.

Not a word was spoken by anybody.

The bank door swung open and Weese held it while she helped her father over the threshold. Neighbors observed that Pick lifted his feet heavily, as if he had but partial control over them. An ominous symptom. If he had already suffered a stroke — and the way he lifted his feet indicated nothing less — no telling how near his end might be.

There was nobody in the cage at the front of the bank and they passed on through, Pick hobbling slowly and Weese keeping pace with him, back to the room in the rear where in better days the president had been wont to deal with affairs demanding privacy. Sven Opsahl was in there, seated at the table and faced the other way; but he heard them and rose hastily as they paused in the doorway. "May we come in?" Weese asked, with a wan smile.

Sven was covered with confusion and the best answer he could muster was an incoherent jumble of words. But the effect was to bid them welcome after a fashion and he drew forward and set out a deeply cushioned chair — the chair to which aforetime Pick had ushered his particularly choice customers.

He sank into it now with evident relief. Apparently he was about spent. Sven remained standing and so did Weese, though he set out a chair for her.

Pick was the first to speak — after an interval while he panted for breath. "The Witchgrass Forty!" he gasped, weakly, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered.

Sven was less and less at his ease and at the mention of the Witchgrass Forty he flushed hotly. He glanced at Weese, but when he encountered her eyes regarding him steadfastly he looked down, saying nothing.

"Is it a fact that iron has been found there?" Pick inquired, still with an effort and breathing hard.

"Yes, sir — iron — that is — yes, iron has been found there," Sven assented, stammering awkwardly.

Pick rallied his strength. "I hear that you can sell the property for $100,000!" he broke forth, in a strangely loud voice.

His vehemence startled Sven, so that he involuntarily drew back a little. Weese's eyes, level and steadfast, still regarded him and the old man's, burning like two torches, were upon him too. In confusion he remained silent and this lashed Pick to fresh vehemence. He clutched the arms of the chair and jerked himself up stiffly. "Why don't you sell? Tell me — why don't you sell?" he cried out with prodigious force, though his voice went thin under the strain.

Sven fumbled nervously and to no purpose among the papers on the table. "I have waited," he confessed, as some penitent might own up to a fault, "until I could find out just what I am selling."

Pick's eyes shot scorn. "What difference does it make?" he demanded, angrily. "What is it to you, so long as somebody wants to buy?"

"What if the property is worth nothing?"

"Caveat emptor!" screamed the old man, so violently that Weese reached out her hand to restrain him. "Let the buyer look out for himself. If you can sell, don't wait. Not a minute! The bubble may burst. Can you sell? Tell me that!"

Their eyes accused him and once more Sven was the penitent confessing. "I have had offers," he confessed.

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Weese caught her breath, Pick bent nearer — intent — childishly eager, "As much as $100,000?"

"No exact figures were mentioned, Mr. Overturf. The negotiations didn't get that far."

"Why not?"

"I told the parties I couldn't talk business till I know better what I am about. I am under bond and the law holds me to strict account for everything I do as receiver of the bank — especially in the disposal of assets. It is my sworn duty to make the most of them. What if the Witchgrass Forty should be worth a million? If it should be worth more than $100,000 and I were to sell —"

Pick lurched forward out of the chair, to his knees. He seized Weese's hand in both his own. "Kneel down, girl!" he commanded her, hysterically. "Kneel down here in the dust at Mr. Opsahl's feet and join with me in praying him to sell — now — while he has the chance. Kiss his feet! See — I will kiss his feet!"

The old man actually bowed his head to the floor and he would have fallen prostrate if they had not caught him and lifted him up. Too weak to speak, he lay back in the chair with his eyes shut, his breath almost gone.

Over him Sven and Weese looked at each other. She was weeping and he was shaken as a reed in the wind.

"Is it that he asks so much?" she protested, brokenly. "Is that why you refuse — a dying old man —"

"Weese," Sven answered her, "I leave it to you — I will do whatever you say."

The trains are two hours apart and if you care to stop over in Gumbo so long, Alf Alfs will be glad to tell you about the iron boom and what came of it. Alf drives the free bus that meets the trains for the Nortstrom Hotel, but he is never too busy to talk. He was born in the land of the midnight sun, where Eskimos and Laplanders were his not distant neighbors, but for forty years and more he has been trying to be a Yankee and his endeavors have not gone for nothing.

From him you learn that the iron boom whiffed out about as abruptly as it came into being. The brown gravel turned out to be nothing but bog ore — stray drift brought down from a real deposit somewhere and of no commercial importance.

As for that conference in the bank between Pick Overturf and Weese and Sven Opsahl, nobody but the immediate parties ever knew just what took place. Everybody knows, however, that at the peak of the boom the Witchgrass Forty might have been sold for a lot of money and it is the general belief that the property would have been sold if Pick hadn't got up out of a sick bed and gone down to the bank to prevail upon Sven to hold off.

Nowadays, when Gumbo folks recall Pick Overturf, they think of him as a "square" man. He had done a wrong and nobody could have been more anxious to right it; but in order to right it, he wasn't going to permit another wrong to be done.

"Ay tank he ban afraid some feller get stung," Alf Alfs testifies, soberly.

Pick had another stroke at the bank and never spoke a word afterward, though he lived along for several years.

Sven Opsahl? Well, the *Gumbo Voice* is still his property and it makes him some sort of a living. Yonder he goes now. Yes, that chunky youngster is his son. The boy favors his mother's people — his Grandfather Overturf especially.

Pick, if you never saw him, had just such a round, jolly face in his prime.

But the bank — of course, with the collapse of the iron boom, the bank didn't pay out?

"Yah — he pay out," Alf assures you. "Yim Hill — he come across. It ban Yim Hill got Pick Overturf started to make peat and ven Pick go bust, Yim Hill ven he hear about him he say, 'Py golly, Ay pay.' Can you beat him?"

Alf's old eyes glow. He is mustering his resources to say something that you will have cause to remember. "Yim Hill — Yim Hill — Ay tank he ban pur-r-ty goot feller!"

THE END

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WHAT IS POETRY?

Forum Definitions:

THERE was once a time in English letters when poets knew what they were about. Anyone who will take the trouble to thumb back through the pages of literature will find that poets have often written reasoned essays in prose defining their art; and in this the critics helped them. Sir Philip Sidney and Alexander Pope, Wordsworth and Coleridge and Matthew Arnold have left us very able definitions of poetry; and what is more, they have left us poems which prove that they knew what they were doing. Pope's poetry was quite unlike that of Wordsworth, and Arnold's was different still; but the fact remains that each in his own way was conscious of the purpose and the limitations of his art.

But in our day, something disastrous has happened to poetry. To read some of the verbal concoctions which pass current for poetry is to be bewildered with a sense of impending chaos. Not only have rime and rhythm been abandoned by many writers of free verse; E. E. Cummings finds punctuation superfluous, and the school of automatic writers — of which Gertrude Stein is the most absurd example — has done away with the last shade of sense and meaning.

It is obvious, then, that poetry stands urgently in need of definition; and since the poets are too busy contemplating the illimitable beauties of their own souls to stop and find out what they are about, it was hoped that this definition contest might render them a service. But alas! If we must pray for the poets, saying: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," how shall we expect justice for poetry from those who are not poets? Of the two hundred and sixty-eight definitions received, not one extracted poetry from the slough into which it has fallen. Many who thought they were defining poetry gave no indication that poetry is in any way to be distinguished from good prose. Others said things of poetry that are equally true of painting or sculpture (see number 3 below). Some were as maudlin as the poets.

Hence it is with apologies that we award prizes to the following as the best definitions of those submitted — and may the god of clear thinking be more gracious next month!

1 Poetry is a creation of word painting by a genius. (*Fred Diehl, Pasadena, Calif.*)

2 Poetry is the expression of abstract thought in concrete terms by means of artistic metaphor. Poetry brings near the far, makes the unfeeling the feeling, the inanimate the animate, translates the foreign into the vernacular — in a word, makes the insensuous the sensuous. The imagination must be enlisted to understand and appreciate excellent poetry. (*Leo Konopka, Philadelphia, Pa.*)

3 Poetry is a criticism of life in terms of beauty. (*Mrs. George Pierce, Lakewood, Ohio*).

4 Poetry is the spontaneous, instinctive interpretation of truth and beauty, requiring the full, free play of the imagination, and finding exalted expression in metrical language designed to stir the emotions of men. (*George W. Lyon, Pittsburgh, Pa.*)

Next word to be defined: — RELIGION. Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by August 25. Prizes of $5.00, or any book mentioned or advertised in THE FORUM *(value not exceeding $5.00), for each winning definition.*

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The Editor will be glad — space permitting — to publish in these columns brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM.

Allegations Confirmed

The Editor announces that he is in possession of the names of Mr. Sinclair's authorities cited anonymously in the May debate — and the victor in the Train-Sinclair debate is still undecided.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I don't like Mr. Train's answer to my article in the June FORUM. I don't think it is quite playing the game to advance an argument and then, when I answer it, blame me for not having answered some other argument. Mr. Train says: "Mr. Sinclair seems deliberately to have ignored the question he was asked to debate, in order to indulge in a general diatribe against the veniality of big business and politics." But it was Mr. Train himself who set that thesis by stating that "Unquestionably the percentage of criminals . . . is infinitely smaller among the rich than among the poor. . . . The rich man, generally speaking, has no need to commit crime. . . . To convict a rich man, you must first find one who has committed a crime." Mr. Train took nearly three of his seven pages to elaborate that argument, and naturally I thought it was what THE FORUM wanted me to answer.

Nor do I think it is quite fair for him to say, "How unfortunate that so many of his authorities are nameless and the information to him confidential!" When you praise the present capitalist order you can always name your authorities, for it is an honorable thing to do. But when men in position to know about great crimes tell you about them, it is almost invariably confidential. Either Mr. Train's remark is entirely meaningless, or else he thinks I have invented these anonymous authorities. I am giving the names to the Editor of THE FORUM in strict confidence, and I think I am entitled to have the Editor state that I gave them to him.

Let me add that the criminal lawyer with whom I talked "on November 18th last," does not belong among "vainglorious bribe-givers and jury-fixers." He has quit the game, because he is no longer willing to do the dirty work which has to be done; and far from being "vainglorious," he was pouring out his heart to me in bewilderment and grief.

As to Judge Dill and his "alleged remark," which Mr. Train says "sounds like many of those familiar generalities by which all plumbers are stigmatized as crooks," let me assure Mr. Train that it was a leading American jurist telling to a literary man, with the utmost possible seriousness and in full detail, things which the jurist believed ought to be made known to the American people, if the American democracy was to be saved. A hundred such stories Judge Dill told me, giving me names, places, and dates while I wrote them down. Unless I am mistaken, Judge Dill also talked to Lincoln Steffens at great length on these questions. I will find out.

I hope THE FORUM readers have noted how the Harry Sinclair case has backed up my argument, and how the power trust lobby has done what I said it would do.

UPTON SINCLAIR

Long Beach, Calif.

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EDITOR OF THE FORUM

441 LEXINGTON AVE NEW YORK NY

UPTON SINCLAIR QUOTES JAMES B DILL AND THE QUOTATIONS SOUND JUST LIKE THE WISE IMPISH LITTLE BIG MAN THEY MAY NOT SOUND LIKE THE HIGHEST PAID CORPORATION ATTORNEY OF HIS DAY BUT I USED TO REPORT DILL WHEN I WAS A WALL STREET REPORTER AND HE SAID THINGS THAT NO NEWSPAPER WOULD PRINT ABOUT FINANCIERS AND JUDGES LAWYERS JOURNALISTS AND MAN THEY WERE TRUE THINGS AND THEREFORE INCREDIBLE AS DILL KNEW STOP HOW HE WOULD LAUGH WHEN THEY DID NOT APPEAR IN PRINT STOP HE GAVE ME FACTS TO ROAST HIM AND HIS ACTIVITIES WHEN HE WAS PUTTING OVER IN NEW JERSEY THE LAWS UNDER WHICH THE TRUSTS WERE FORMED FACTS TO EXPOSE HIS JERSEY LAWS WHY QUOTE TO ADVERTISE JERSEY THE LAWS AND ME QUOTE HE SAID WITH HIS GENIAL NEVER CYNICAL LAUGH STOP FOR JAMES B DILL WAS WISER THAN EITHER OF YOUR TWO CONTROVERSIALISTS STOP HE HELD THAT RICH MEN SHOULD NOT BE CONVICTED STOP HE DREW HIS FAMOUS LAWS TO DESCRIBE AND PERMIT THE CRIMES HE KNEW THEY NEEDED TO COMMIT

LINCOLN STEFFENS

Southern Progress

Texas charts the course laid down by Donald Davidson's "First Fruits of Dayton" in the May issue.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The idea that the South is intellectually and culturally asleep, and that it is due to be mysteriously awakened as other sections of the union have been awakened at some unspecified time in the past, is a provincialism all too current in the East. No discussion of Southern progress, or lack of progress, can be accurate if it is based on this misconception or if it placidly subscribes to the Eastern superiority complex.

Southern culture and civilization are different in several broad particulars from the culture and civilization exemplified in New England or New York or the Middle West. The fact that these differences exist does not support the inference that one is an inferior and another a superior product. The South has contributed and is contributing as much to national advancement along cultural lines as any other section of comparable population. It has furnished more than a proportionate share of the statesmen, generals, educators, scientists, artists, writers, adventurers, and financiers whose names are written large in American history and achievement.

It is a bulwark against the political radicalism of the Middle West and the political reactionism of the Northeastern seaboard. It is a bulwark against the social radicalism of the color-blind East. It is rapidly becoming a bulwark against the evil of industrial over-specialization. The South is engaged in a struggle of its own between liberalism and narrowness. It has, unfortunately, a vociferous element of religious extremists who have in large measure justified the "Bible Belt" accusations of the Mencken school. To a larger extent than in any other section of America, there is a struggle in the South to control the state through the medium of evangelical churches. The position of the churches in this fight is habitually misconstrued by outside critics. It is not a fight between churchmen and nonchurchmen, but rather one in which the churches themselves are divided into hostile camps. Many religious leaders of the South deeply deplore the prevailing tendency to mix religion and politics, though many others are fascinated at the prospect of playing with political power.

It is easy to exaggerate the spectre of Southern intolerance, as manifested in the Tennessee anti-evolution law and the Scopes trial; just as it is easy to heap insults upon Boston because of the latter's fanatical book censorship. The South's problem, from the cultural standpoint, is to keep what is best of its traditions and customs; maintain its essentially conservative outlook; hold fast to its own ideas of racial autonomy; continue to emphasize individualism, even at the risk of being accused of intolerance; and on the other side of the ledger to squelch its reactionaries and flatten out the provincials whose self-righteousness is merely a cloak for

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ignorance and a mask behind which burns the same sort of zeal that captured Salem, Massachusetts, in the long ago.

Northern efforts to "evangelize" the South and plant therein a Northern culture are worse than wasted. With all of its faults and excesses, Southern culture is preferable to-day in the eyes of Southern people to any other sectional brand. Nor, in the eyes of Southern people, are its faults any more numerous or any more glaring than the faults of culture as exemplified in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, or the rural bailiwicks above the line surveyed by Mason and Dixon.

W. P. HOBBY
Ex-Governor of Texas

Houston, Texas

Rejuvenated Humanism

Prose in praise of the elder spokesmen and the classical tradition.

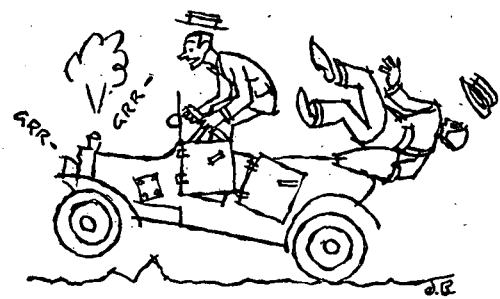
Editor of THE FORUM:

THE FORUM deserves thanks from all those who are concerned with critical ideas in America. For almost a decade and a half our contemporaneous literature has been trying to grow without taking any account of the elder spokesmen for classical tradition. But now it is gradually being discovered (once more!) that energy without knowledge runs in a circle, and opportunely THE FORUM commences a series of papers by Paul Elmer More, Irving Babbitt, and Sherlock Bronson Gass. I hope that this marks the reëstablishment of the humanistic viewpoint in the very centre of our literary life.

The antagonism between humanist and romanticist is a sterile one: the issues have actually been settled by Professor Babbitt. But humanism is exposed to attack from religious critics, and while I would not label Mr. T. S. Eliot as one, he analyzes very ably from a religious point of view. The strength of the humanist is that he does prescribe a method, a "way of living," that may be tried out personally. His weakness lies in his tendency to assume that other than strictly humanistic ends may be won by the practice of the technic of mediation: he tends to assimilate religious ends and humanistic ends, and say that the humanist's discipline leads to both. On the other hand, modern religion offers no practical method. It stands or falls by its "dogma or revelation"; it seeks "an awakening of feeling and fresh devotion"; but it has no actual experimental basis. Here is a direction for modern skepticism: the questioning of the results of the humanistically conducted life and the demanding of religious thinkers that they produce a psychological technic for the achievement of perfection in character.

GORHAM B. MUNSON

New York City



Be Seated, Please

The brand of car which many of us favored,
Though frequently the subject of a joke,
Kept our two feet employed and well-behaviored,
Unlightened of their elemental yoke.

While others toured the boulevards, recumbent,
We took our cars for our accustomed walk,
And, therein, feet found exercise, abundant,
Alas! those feet, henceforth, shall cease to stalk.

No more, afoot, we'll motor down the pavement,
For feet, at last, are scheduled to skidoo,
Emancipated, they'll know real enslavement,
In having nothing in the whirled to do.

Those were the dogs' own days when every flivver
Required that we stand squarely on our feet;
Resignedly, I wait till they deliver
The model which consigns me to a seat.

DAVE KIRKPATRICK

Seattle, Wash.

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Is This Art?

Paraphrasing Dr. Johnson's "animadversion" — to Mr. MacDougall, Sylvia Baker's drawings are, apparently, "animalversion."

Editor of THE FORUM:

Do editors sometimes close their eyes, reach into a pile of manuscripts, and draw at random?

I am asking you the above, because I can't understand six pages bound into THE FORUM for May. The first page is labeled "American Bison." I suppose the title is all right, but the lines suggest a sick guinea pig. The "Chameleon" may look natural, but it must have been "pickled" a long time. Evidently a "Sooty Mangabey" is one of our early ancestors — I can see a resemblance. What makes a "Banded Squirrel" so utterly unlike other squirrels? And are you sure it is a squirrel? It seems to me that enough has been said about Mr. Wilson without naming a bird that looks like that one, under the Moslem squirrel, after him. Or maybe you got the titles mixed up. After looking at the next page, I have decided to tear it out. The "Slender Loris" seems to be mathematically correct, but that name can never sound so sweet again. As for the "Common Marmoset," I can't believe it. Such things are not common. The first thing I noticed about the "Sleeping Cheetah" was his paw. That identifies it, but I think this cheetah is dead. The sketch of the "Hairless Terrier of Indo-China" doesn't look worse than the real thing. And I suppose that fact justifies the six pages.

ARTHUR R. MACDOUGALL, JR.
Bingham, Me.

Education for Living

The cultural value of the American verb "to do" and the English verb "to be."

Editor of THE FORUM:

I heartily agree with certain passages which I have seen from Dr. Stewart Paton's article. For a long time I have been increasingly discouraged over what is called education in America. There seems to me something radically wrong from the standpoint of both student and professor, although I have never been the latter and it is a long time since I was the former. It is not merely that academic degrees can be given for points won in courses in selling real estate, basketball coaching, etc., or that a popular prize fighter lectures on Shakespeare in one of our oldest universities. It seems to me that the whole ideal is wrong. Education should teach us to live; not merely get a living. It should civilize us. Last week I happened to be at Cambridge again and as I hung over Clare Bridge watching the boys and girls in their punts or canoes tied to the bank or slowly drifting down stream while they studied or talked in low tones or dreamed, I thought that whatever they might be learning, how many or how few facts they might be memorizing for the moment, those young people were being *civilized;* that they were learning the uses of things of the mind, the uses of beauty, the uses to which both work and leisure might be put. The besetting sin in America is to conjugate the verb *to do* every moment instead of *to be.* The incessant activity, regardless of what it is all about, leaves us empty. People do not enjoy their own society because it is not worth enjoying. They are not taught to have any resources within themselves. They are only taught to *do* things — not to savor, enjoy, appreciate them. I think that the founding of the School of Business Administration at Harvard, for example, is one of the worst blows ever given to educational ideals in America. It is a very useful trade school, but has served to confuse more than ever in the public mind the difference between becoming educated and merely learning one's bread-and-butter job; and this latter seems to be becoming increasingly the ideal of the hundreds of little colleges all over America.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS
London, England

Critics

Many poems I have writ,
Meaning what I say, to wit —
  The sky is green,
  The grass is blue;
  But critics all
  Will change the hue
When I am dead, and say I mean
The sky is blue, the grass is green.

MARGARET CLARKE RUSSELL
London, Ont.

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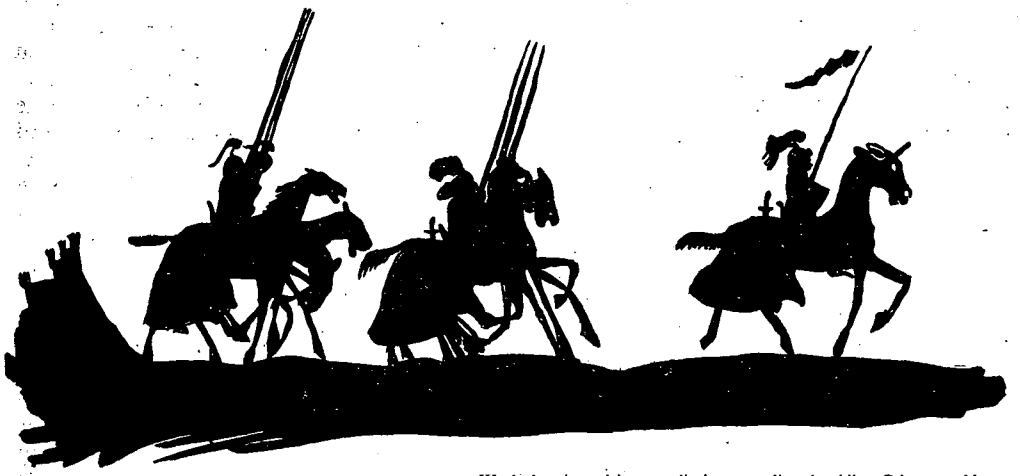

Wash drawing with no preliminary outline, by Allan Crite, age fifteen

Restoring the World to Men's Sight

IT is an ironic fact in American higher education that the most renowned colleges cannot turn to one another for enlightenment. So little do they vary — and so fearful are they that they might vary — that they provide themselves with no fund of fertilizing nonconformist ideas. For any invigorating cross-fertilization they must look to the unheralded semi-respectable institutions that plant themselves in the soil and then, without the support of a publicity office, devote themselves to some desperate educational need.

About a decade ago, for example, it became fashionable for colleges to proclaim an old ideal with some of the chaotic hotness of the twentieth century: "Man must become acquainted with his universe." Even if he cannot feel at home in it, he must at least know where he is. Professors of geology, anthropology, history, sociology, and astronomy were organized into courses in "orientation."

To-day colleges are admitting that this much-advertised programme of spiritual quickening has not produced the promised results. The young man — or the young woman — who looks about with the explorer's reverence and serene insight, and who is eager to employ his constructive imagination in some fruitful manner, does not come forth. In this particular instance, we may find the restorative of our faith in the educational superstition by turning to a small academic group whose existence is not generally known in the college world. Eight or nine years ago, some believers in the leavening power of art — a group headed by Mr. Fitz Roy Carrington — established a Children's Art Centre in one of the poorer districts of Boston. The founders dreamed of establishing two additional ones in other parts of the city, but for financial reasons had to be content with one. It was, so far as is known, the first of its kind, and it probably remains the smallest — a little one-room building fourteen by forty feet. From the first, it served its purpose singularly; it was not officially a part of any other educational or artistic enterprise, and therefore was unhampered in its efforts to minister to the needs of the immediate community. Here were children who could not go to the Fine Arts Museum of the city — in any event, not more than once a year — and their emotional lives should have some attention. The children were so responsive that the number of visitors in the eight years of the Centre's existence has been twelve or fifteen thousand. Merely as a place where children condemned to ugly sights, nerve-racking sounds, and overpungent odors might go and see something beautiful, it has been one of the most significant educative means that anyone could devise. It has brought a certain degree of calm to thousands of youngsters who were incessantly

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hounded by their chaotic environment.

Now, while this little institution was struggling through the first years of its honorable career, Mr. Charles H. Woodbury — the painter — was carrying on experiments in observation in the Catholic University of America. Through his own work in his own art, he had become interested in people's ability to see, and the relation this ability bears to the entire problem of systematized education. According to those fearful persons who believe that the ultimate test of intelligence is social standing, here were the most unpromising youngsters that could be gathered together. They revealed no evidence of a predominant Nordic strain, but instead were of all shades of color and spoke the languages of every corner of the earth; they were far removed from what colleges call a cultural background; and they were not conscious enough of their own state to be on any campaign for "refining influences." The only world they knew was a frowsy world; and they had to submit to a rhythm of life enforced upon them by some great social machine controlled from afar. Largely their days consisted of dodging trucks, delivery vans, and police ambulances that swooped into their lives and out again. Clearly these were not the exotic children who make up high-priced experimental schools.

Now what could Mr. Woodbury and his disciples, working with such unpromising children, do that would throw light on the colleges' efforts to make the undergraduate see his universe? A number of his conclusions are only old ones established on an unexpected foundation: for example, (1) that most people do not see with any accuracy even when they look at things in which they are supposed to be interested; (2) that people of all ages can be helped to see sharply; (3) that clear seeing is "tellable," communicable; and (4) that drawing, especially with an indelible pencil or crayon, is not only the most direct proof of observation, but the one most general in application. Two of his conclusions, however, attach themselves at once to the problem which the colleges have been trying to solve. They are: (1) that faulty seeing ordinarily is not the result of defective eyes, but of a dulled or confused mind; and (2) that the typical education of our day — typical especially of the colleges — which provides the student with so many ready-made classifications and, at the same time, with such a riotous welter of miscellaneous activities, is vicious in dulling any mind that would see.

In this artist's counsel to those who are not primarily interested in the fine arts, there is something audaciously opportune. Drawing has been thought of as for the elect, as a dilettante occupation for persons of "temperament," as something "arty." He shows that it is a universal language for all right-minded people — but a language that has not been developed. It was in developing it that he illuminated all education. These children of the Art Centre required more than classroom directions for using a pencil or crayon. They had to have a right emotional outlook upon the world. It was necessary to get past all the personal defenses developed in them by the social machine; it was necessary to find something more fundamental to work upon than the chaos of inhibitions, overfed impulses, and made-to-order categories that pulled their daily lives into painful unbalance. Once their minds were stripped of everything save an inward assurance that they were about to do the most genuine thing they had ever undertaken — the expression of an ennobled, emotionally ordered self — they began to draw with delight, with ability, and often with amazing distinction. They drew with such amazing accuracy that Mr. Woodbury was accused of teaching some magic technique, when as a matter of fact, he regards an imposed technique as the bane of drawing. He restored these children to the rightful possession of themselves and they did their drawing with a sublime self-discipline.

In other words, this modest, unacademic man reminds the colleges that instead of adding countless new courses to the curriculum in a desperate effort to show the student everything there is in the universe, they might spend some time in getting him into a right state of mind to make discoveries for himself. The confusion he suffers from is quite as deadly to sight as the confusion surrounding the Children's Art Centre. He is overwhelmed by an artificially imposed world of indiscipline. Whenever he is led by a

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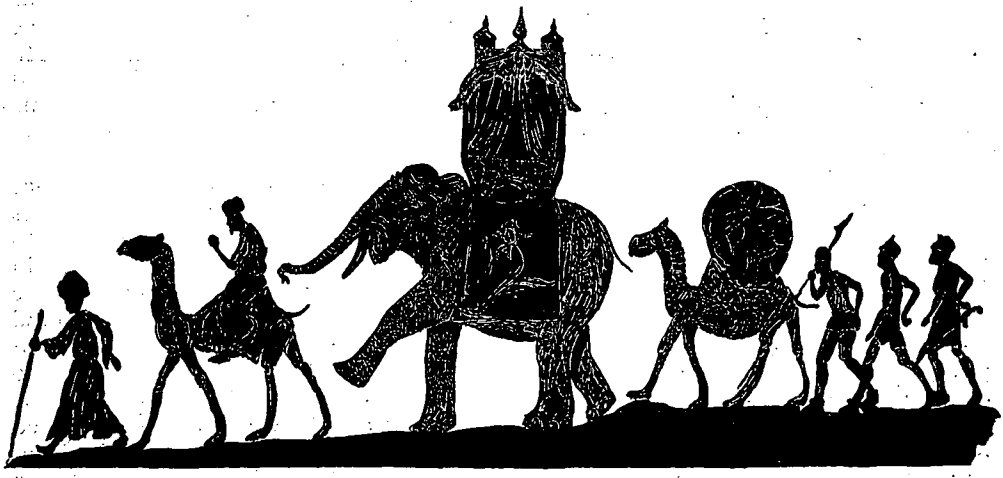
professor into the presence of the universe and commanded to look, the path of his vision is obscured by flying dance programmes, sputtering automobiles, pocket flasks, invitations to join clubs, fears that the invitations will not come, and notices to appear at the dean's office. How can he see the clear outlines of his more essential universe, to say nothing of coming into some working harmony with it? If a student — a perfectly well-intentioned, amiable young sophisticate — is called upon to recount an incident, to report a meeting, or to read a page of simple prose aloud, he flounders so hopelessly that even the hardened professor takes pity.

Now blank ignorance of one's environment is not more devastating than an impression of it that is wrong. For the effects do not stop with mere wrong impression. They enter, in the first place, into the work of the imagination. In commercial life, in political affairs, in industry — to say nothing of scientific research and art — the imagination is beginning to receive belated recognition. But how can we hope for an imagination that is authentic if every observation upon which it has been built is chaotic and distorted? Shall we ever see a satisfying new world robustly imagined from a feeble mélange of jumbled, unfocused material? In like manner the confused impressions distort men's thinking. May we expect right conclusions when the facts upon which they are based have been half-heartedly and incompletely observed? Obvious classifications made by others; prejudiced ways of looking at men's faces; hasty generalizations based upon the imperfect observation of too small a number of instances; the confounding of true cause-and-effect relationships with mere proximity or chronological sequence — these are the foundation upon which a tremendous body of undergraduates build their thinking.

The colleges, then, owe a great debt to the Children's Art Centre. For it has humbly reminded them of a way to acquaint the student with his universe. Instead of relying too much upon courses — courses in social complexes, world tendencies, and wheeling heavens — they might centre some of their enthusiasm upon the student himself. It is not enough that they bring before him a universe to be looked at; they must help him to simplify his intentions and order his emotional life so that he shall see with the unconfused, wondering humility of a beginner. Fundamentally he is sound. But nobody gets at him fundamentally. He is occupied with a thin plating of sophistication over an interior which he, child of the educational machinery of the hour, has rendered intelligence-proof. A new, right sense of reality must come to him through the joy of looking at things — even simple things — with honesty. When he is restored to such a state of intellectual and emotional health, he will begin to take notice of his universe; and he will find something orderly in it, whether anyone stands guard to keep him looking or not.

ROLLO WALTER BROWN
Cambridge, Mass.



Wash drawing with no preliminary outline, by Allan Crite

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Al Smith and a Catholic Party

The June debate in THE FORUM *asked whether or no, in the event of Governor Smith's nomination and eventual defeat, a Catholic party will be formed in America. The majority of commenting letters would seem to dispel any such idea.*

I see no ground for anticipating the formation of a Catholic party. Catholics are such a small fraction of the total population of this country that, as a party, they would have no power, and besides, would incur political as well as religious hostility, something that Catholics' ambitions for the expansion of their church here would be the last to desire.

CHARLES A. AIKEN

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Although I am a Democrat, my opinion is that Governor Smith will be so overwhelmingly defeated in the coming election that all thought of creating a Catholic (national) political party in this country will be put aside for twenty years.

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Flushing, N. Y.

I do not believe the election of Governor Smith as President would strengthen the Catholic Church in America. I am of the opinion it would have no greater influence in promoting the Catholic Church than the election of a Protestant has benefited the Protestant churches. I am sorry to see the religious question brought into politics, as the election should be decided entirely on the merits of the man and what he stands for politically.

JACKSON JOHNSON

St. Louis, Mo.

There is not a remote probability of the formation of a "Catholic party" in the United States, even if Governor Smith is nominated and is elected to, or defeated for, the Presidency.

EDWARD F. DUNNE
Former Mayor of Chicago and Former Governor of Illinois

Chicago, Ill.

It has long been my opinion that it is the ambition of Romanism so to control American politics as to make their church the ultimate state church of the United States. The first step to this end would be to form a Catholic political party having a balance of power. This would be a great detriment to the spirit of our Constitution. This latter has granted freedom of religious thought to all our citizens for over a century. Such freedom has been and is of equal benefit to Catholic, Protestant, and Jew, and is leading to a higher civilization and more lofty thought in religion. It should continue until all can meet on a common plane.

ALFRED H. COWLES

Sewaren, N. J.

I think it quite possible that should Mr. Smith be elected, interests antagonistic to him would endeavor to raise up a Catholic party to become the tool of political corruption; but such a party would be opposed by all the more intelligent Catholics and could never by any possibility originate among them. Personally, I shall probably vote for Mr. Hoover, because I know exactly what kind of a President he will make. But failing Mr. Hoover, I mean to vote for Mr. Smith, supposing that he becomes a candidate. I have a conviction that politics ought to be interesting, which it probably would be with Mr. Smith at Washington. And if there is an aching tooth of religious intolerance poisoning our national life, let's have it out at the first opportunity.

MARY AUSTIN

Santa Fé, N. M.

I do not believe there is any more probability that there will be a Catholic party in America than that there will be a Protestant or a Jewish party, which means that, in my opinion, there does not exist any likelihood whatsoever of such a development in American politics.

GEORGE W. P. HUNT
Governor of Arizona

Phoenix, Ariz.

I am inclined to believe that the leading Catholics in the United States are too shrewd to allow the setting up of a Catholic party. To organize a Catholic party would, in all probability, crystallize opposition sentiment so effectively that Catholic candidates would stand a much poorer chance of election than they do now. I believe that the leaders in American Catholicism realize this danger and are also keenly sensible to the unfriendly attitude of the Vatican toward such movements.

DR. FRANK A. FALL

New York City

I do not believe a Catholic party in America is in the offing. Al Smith has not become a formidable candidate by reason of his Catholic affiliations but rather by reason of his record on public questions quite outside the realm of religion. Smith, if nominated, will both lose and gain some votes on account of his religion, but the deciding factors in the election will be his record on certain moral issues — Prohibition, Immigration, Deportation of Alien Criminals, etc. A religious party, whether Catholic or Protestant, cannot control American politics, because the balance of power rests with that great body of our citizens who do not affiliate with any church, or, affiliating with some church, are not controlled in their political action by the views of their church.

WILLIAM P. HOLADAY

Washington, D. C.

In the event of the nomination of Governor Al Smith for President, I entertain no fear of the formation of a Catholic political party in the United States. Those who support Governor Smith will do so not on account of his religious belief, but rather on account of his demonstrated ability as an executive, and his sound common sense.

DR. JOHN L. AMES

Boston, Mass.

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Is Companionate Marriage Moral?

THE FORUM *for July sponsored a debate on this subject between Bertrand Russell, English philosopher, and William McDougall, psychologist of Duke University.*

YES

I can see no reason why companionate marriage should be considered immoral. Marriage, as it is practised in all civilized nations and generally accepted by the unthinking as a holy institution, is at best only a formula or formality, all of which means little to those who have found union unbearable or distasteful. Companionate marriage appears to me to be a step in advance and I approve of it as outlined by Judge Lindsey and Mr. Bertrand Russell.

GAYLORD YOST

Pittsburgh, Pa.

So far as I can see, the manners of a period go a long way toward establishing its morals. Apparently it is good manners for people to be divorced and remarried nowadays. If this is so, I don't see much reason for excitement about the "immorality" of companionate marriage. It is more frankly an experiment than is the marriage which ends in the divorce court, but I hardly think that makes it any more immoral.

PAUL B. WILLIAMS

Utica, N. Y.

I most firmly believe that companionate marriage is moral. It is in my mind an attempt to legalize the infidelity of man. And anything becomes moral, even infidelity, as soon as we create an institution to legalize it. Such an institution is companionate marriage.

KENNETH PERKINS

Atlantic Highlands, N. J.

Until companionate marriage has been tried many times and under many circumstances, I cannot say what I think about it, for I do not know — except as to its morality. Everything is moral that seeks the betterment of man's condition, and everything is immoral that does not. Therefore in theory Lindsey's "companionate marriage" is moral, and so, in theory, is McDougall's attack upon it. If I undertook a "companionate marriage," I should do so for economic reasons only; the question of its morality I should leave to Russell, McDougall, yourself, and God, and I shouldn't give a damn what any of you thought.

JAMES WEBER LINN

Chicago, Ill.

Companionate marriage appears, on moral grounds, to be as commendable as ordinary marriage. Morality would even seem to be advanced by the probable added willingness to marry on the companionate basis where, under the older conditions, sexual irregularity might be practised instead.

HOWARD ROBINSON

Miami University, Oxford, Ohio

NO

The companionate marriage is offered as a remedy for certain social ills. I am opposed to it because I think that its advocates are wrong both in their diagnostics and in their therapeutics. The facile assumption that most permanent marriages are failures is unproved and unwarranted. Marriage is no more a failure than the human stomach is. Foolish people can and do wreck both. The cure that companionate marriage offers is like the weird homeopathy prescribed by an ante-bellum statesman of the South: namely, to lighten the black cloud of slavery by diffusing it through the western territories.

DAVID SAVILLE MUZZEY

Professor of History, Columbia University

New York City

Companionate marriage is nothing but a camouflage for immorality. Its social aspect ought to be repulsive to decent, intelligent people. Morality deteriorates whenever the sacred bond of wedlock is weakened.

DR. EDWARD F. PARKER

Charleston, S. C.

I believe that companionate marriage would possibly make the woman of such a marriage a little too knowing. I can only see a companionate marriage leading to the woman in every case getting the worst of it. It seems to me that the whole success of companionate marriage depends on birth control, and, whether it is good or bad for the world, I don't know; but, while it is taboo in this land of ours, I do not think that it would be wise for young people to adopt companionate marriage.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

New York City

Companionate Marriage is a book, not an institution. It is of a piece with *The American Mercury*, *The American Tragedy*, *Elmer Gantry*, and *Spoon River Anthology*. It is the case of a lawyer, at the end of the present pornographic decade, trying to write a best-seller. As soon as it stops selling, we shall hear no more of it. No art nor literature nor domestic hearth can be made habitable by this pitiful, Lucifer fire of the flesh. They must all three be warmed by the steadier central fire of the spirit.

DALLAS LORE SHARP

Hingham, Mass.

The whole idea is repulsive. It is immoral in its origin, in its practice, and its result is death to everything that is sacred and holy in the marriage vow. Conceived in lust, born in hell, practised by the godless, it must end in domestic ruin.

MARK A. MATTHEWS, D.D.

Seattle, Wash.

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The Forum Airway

"Forum says" is becoming a byword and a password. Each night letters are released through Station WABC and the air carries them — broadcast. During June and July we introduced Dr. James Henry Leuba, Robert Tristram Coffin, Donald Rose twice, Elizabeth Harper, and Armstrong Perry — to say nothing of the aviation debate in which Lieutenant Donald Keyhoe substituted for Commander Byrd and Mr. Homer White of Cambridge for Captain Dewar. We are eager to know how distant a reception we are getting and should appreciate hearing from you if you do find us. Nine o'clock is usually the best time for the short programmes and seven-fifteen on Friday evenings for features.

Ham and Red Gravy

Gastronomic reactions to "Modernism and the Novel."

Editor of The Forum:

In the fall a farmer's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of ham and red gravy for the coming winter; the pig must be fattened. Out on the mountain side the pig is located, rooting here and there among the fallen leaves for an occasional acorn — a long, lean, lithe, swift creature, happy and contented with his fellows. The pig is herded into close confinement where day by day he is encouraged to gorge himself with corn and all the other fine things listed in a pig's gastronomic lexicon — except acorns. A few weeks of this and he's waxed fat, oh so awfully fat! He lives knee-deep in food and wants little of it. Boredly and lazily he condescends now and then to take a few bites of the choicest morsels, rooting the others aside — the food has lost its savor. He lies down in this corner, and grunts; gets up, and grunts. He saunters over to that corner, lies down, and grunts — not exactly satisfied anywhere. He's so fat, so full, so miserably comfortable.

Not intending a literal comparison, but reading "Modernism and the Novel" in the May Forum, I was constantly reminded of the gorged pig. But I suppose the gods, too, must have ham and red gravy for the coming winter.

John E. Kirkpatrick

Nashville, Tenn.

Genius Loci

Of this translation of "L'Enfant Jésus de Prague," published in the June, 1927, Forum, *Ambassador Paul Claudel writes, "Would to God I could write such fine Latin."*

Imber ut saevit niveus, forasque
comprimit terras hiemale frigus!
Intus at festo calet in cubili
mense Decembri.

Ecce, festivus rubeo colore
somnifer tectum maculat caminus;
sibilant vasis nisi qua liquores
omne silescit.

Hic super lectos quasi Lar benignus
sede sublimi sedet atque velo
vitreo tectus puer et corona
tempora cinctus

despicit sanctus, nitidamque vestem
splendet indutus, manus altera orbem
sustinet, supra pueros quietos
porrigit unam.

Numen obscuras velut inter aras
solus apparet radiis coruscis
et suos fratres tegit usque solis
divus in ortum.

Nunc inauditum, quasi dormientum
spiritus, totas volitat per aedes
sempiternum numen et innocenti
complet amicum.

Nil mali praesente deo secundo
laedat infantes; bene dormiamus!
Hic adest; divo bona nos fovente
fata sequentur.

Somnio dormimus, equi sigilla
mira Troiani latet in cubili,
gaudium festum puerile; claudunt
vela fenestras;

et foras nocte in nivea canora
voce proclamat vigil urbis horas;
in toro somnis puer excitatur
laetus amoeno,

somnio qui sentit adesse amicum
seque dormire, et relevat lacertum,
tentat expergi reciditque fessus,
murmurat ore.

E. C. Woodcock

Cambridge, Mass.

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OUR MUDDLING WORLD

France and Alsace

SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

WHEN I was a tiny little boy, there was a favorite light comedy played on all the stages of Spain, the most popular song in which ran as follows:

El pensamiento libre
Proclamo en alta voz,
Y muera! quien no piense
Igual que pienso yo —

which, put in a language more or less directly connected with that which Shakespeare wrote, means:

Free thinking
I preach at the top of my voice;
And death to those who do not think
Exactly as I do!

I grew up — as we all do, at least in Spain — and in the course of time, became no less a grown-up person than an official of the League of Nations, and the secretary of a committee which, though it went through no less than three different names and constitutions during my tenure of office, was always made up of the same men — as we say in Spain, the same dogs with different collars. There was but one escape from this rule — that which death, whether physical or merely political, afforded now and then amongst its members.

My first chairman was a mighty man — Monsieur Viviani, the French Premier who was in office when the war broke out and who took upon his shoulders the responsibility of withdrawing French troops ten kilometres behind the frontier. When I saw his shoulders, I understood all. Monsieur Viviani was remarkable not only on account of his shoulders: he had also become famous for a speech which, with his exceptional eloquence, he had delivered in the French Chamber, explaining to his colleagues how modern man had "put out the luminaries which shone in heaven." After that speech he had come to be known in France as "the heaven-lamplighter." His ideas as to the rôle of a chairman were no less original. A truly democratic man, he held the view that when any of the members of the committee did not agree with him, the chairman had every right to "go for" the rebel with all the strength and power of the mighty shoulders which in 1914 etc. . . . And most of the poor members over whom he presided in so republican a fashion (for "republican" and "democrat" in France mean exactly the same thing, whatever the case may be in America, which I have not been able to find out yet) bowed, if not before the majesty of the law, before the power of the voice. But there was Lord Cecil, who is neither a republican nor a democrat, but an Englishman. Lord Robert, as he was then (he has dropped the Robert since, owing to one of those mystical operations of heraldry which no one understands outside England and China), objected to Monsieur Viviani's ways. He missed liberty, the most sacred birthright of an Englishman, and particularly of a nobleman. And there was trouble.

So one day when we had had a lively scrap between Progress and the mailed fist, represented by Monsieur Viviani, and the Middle Ages with the League of Nations, represented by Lord Cecil, the committee had just adjourned and the chairman remained behind with two or three officials of his delegation and with my humble self. I believe to this day that he forgot I was not a Frenchman. He often chatted with me during debate, and my familiarity with French life and with the language led him to speak his mind very freely in my presence. Yet I doubt that he would have gone so far had he realized that I was not a countryman of his. Having expressed himself in lively language, neither of an academic nor even of a parliamentary kind, on the unruly members of the commission who spoilt his presidential game, this son of the French Revolution, to which we owe the very air we breathe — this man who, in the name of Reason, put out the luminaries of heaven — delivered himself of the following weighty pronouncement: "It is all our fault. We fought for liberty. We won.

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We have fully earned the right to do as we please."

So, there you are. The only thing that could rival that is a story I heard in Geneva, with reference to a distinguished American professor. By way of illustrating the illogical position created in the Philippine Islands, where a people is at the same time denied its independence and taught American history, every page of which breathes the spirit of independence, he told the story of a school in the Philippines where the little boys were asked to write an essay on the cow. "The cow," wrote a bright lad, "is an animal with four legs, one in each corner. The cow gives milk. But as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

Now, there is no denying the close kinship of these three stories. They all spring from the most delightful and fresh countrysides of human nature, far from the asphalt-covered beaten tracks of logic. Follow the line of nature with me for a while and you shall, I am sure, enjoy the exhilaration of its sudden bumps and twists. You begin by watching a wrong, and then you define it and bring it out by setting it against a background of principles. Then you get hot thinking of the injustice thus committed under your wary eye. Then you fight to have it righted and feel very grand in thus taking up the cause of Justice which, of course, wins; for not only is Right the favorite cause of the Lord of Hosts, but also you happen to be the stronger, which is never a drawback in such affairs. Then you find yourself so jolly in this position of power, which has enabled you to do the right thing, that you pass insensibly to the assumption that everything about you is right, so that right thoughts spring in your brain and right actions flow from your finger tips as a matter of nature. Then you hear a murmur, hardly perceptible at first, and, when perceived, hardly comprehensible; for it comes from those you have freed, the victims of yesterday, who complain that they have but changed their kind of oppression. Then you strain your ears, and oh horror! the oppressor now is you; at least, so they say.

That, of course, cannot be. How can you, the knight of liberty and justice, who took up arms to defend them, how can you. . . ? Of course, it is unthinkable. Those people are foolish. They simply do not deserve the trouble you took on their behalf. The fact is, they do not know how to govern themselves. And then it dawns upon you that there is nothing for it but to take matters in your own hand — until they are of age, at any rate — that is, until they show their wisdom by accepting your rule. Meanwhile, it may be just as well to restrain their liberties a little and, in fact, to look up what the old people used to do when they held sway in the place, since after all it looks very much as if they knew what they were doing. . .

As it happens, there is a trial in Colmar to investigate into the infamous behavior of a few Alsatians who wanted to be freer under the French Republic than they were under the old German Empire. It is a picturesque affair in which the accused are supposed to have infringed an article of the French code which regulates the succession to the throne — I mean the throne of France, which, as you all know, became a mere chair when the Crown of France became a top hat. And that, at any rate, is a tangible and visible change. France is finding the assimilation of Alsace to be one of the most baffling of her post-war problems.

In their capacity for weathering grave crises, the French are perhaps the greatest people in Europe. A mere enumeration of the events of French life since the French Revolution of 1789 — in itself a crisis of the greatest magnitude — appalls the mind. The glorious madness of the Napoleonic epic; the invasions which put an end to it; the revolution of 1830; that of 1848; the *coup d'état* of 1853; the wars of Napoleon III; the terrible ordeal of 1870, followed by the savage Commune; the civil war unchained by the Dreyfus case — for it was a civil war; and then, the world madness of 1914 holding the soil of France in its powerful tentacles, followed by a period of convalescence almost as grave, the follies of inflation — a list of events any one of which might have sufficed to ruin a nation. But, as Adam Smith put it, nations take a good deal of ruining, and France is a good illustration of the wise dictum of that great man whom Ruskin branded as "the half-witted Scotchman."

Now, I am sorry, but I must digress.

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Adam Smith was not half-witted. He was two-thirds-witted. He had, that is, exactly as many parts of wit as Ruskin himself, also a two-thirds-witted man; only they were not the same two-thirds. While Ruskin had the æsthetic and the ethical, Adam Smith had the ethical and the intellectual. Hence Ruskin's outburst. But your true all-round man possesses the three parts of wit. (Note: The true all-round man does not exist, round shapes being rather unfit for stable equilibrium.)

To return to France. She made a marvelous recovery. It is a law in the psychology of peoples with remarkable powers for recovery from danger that they first allow themselves to drift into danger in order to have the pleasure of recovering from it afterwards. So France, under Monsieur Poincaré (first vintage), pursued a policy of financial absurdity until the franc began to topple down the steep slopes which the mark had explored before it; and when France saw her currency close enough to the abyss, she called back Monsieur Poincaré (second vintage) so that he might put matters right. No one thought he could, either in France or abroad; but he did.

He is — Monsieur Poincaré — one of those two-thirds-witted men in the manner of Adam Smith, ethical-intellectual, of whom so many can be found in politics, but who rise to statesmanship through the possession of a *third* third, will. The fact that he is a round-headed Easterner from Lorraine — as close a type to the Western German as you could find in a trip round the world — makes him a typical Frenchman, so typical as to be worthy of incarnating France herself. Now, what stands out in Monsieur Poincaré's character, as in that of France, is the sense of *imperium*. I do not mean, by this regrettable lapse into Latin, that he (or France) is imperialistic. I mean quite a different thing. France and her Prime Minister understand civilization mostly as a centralized state in which all affairs of general interest are state affairs.

If we want to probe this matter, there is no more useful nor amusing game than to watch how a good English word behaves when crossing the channel; how, in passing into the French language, it grows a Gallic moustache and dons a Parisian hat. Take the word "public." It means in England all that which is not under the sway of the government — a public school, a public affair; it means in France all that falls within the sphere of the government or the state. The English have not yet, nor ever will have, a state theatre in which to turn Shakespeare into an official glory, such as Molière is in France; nor a state opera house in which to foster the (no doubt, vigorous, but still —) musical development of their race. But in France, playwrights, actors, and actresses move on official stages and the ballet dancers of the opera spin on their toes under government advice. As under Louis XIV, the state is conceived with the mechanical rigidity of a clock revolving around Paris.

For such a nation and for such a man, the idea of autonomy is bound to be repellent. Autonomy, or home-rule, is not a logical and abstract idea but a biological and animal conception. The Alsatians would perhaps be quite ready to enter into the centralizing views of France if they could centralize France around Alsace. France, of course, is unable to understand any other centre than Paris. Thus, just seven years after they were "freed," the men and women of Alsace have come up against the hedge of their freedom. Monsieur Poincaré applies the theory which Monsieur Viviani defined in Geneva. Having fought for the liberty of the Alsatians, France has earned the right to do what she likes with them. Or in other words, the liberty of the Alsatians consists in being free to do whatever France likes.

As if further to deepen the significance of this curious case, so singular, and yet so similar to many others, the French political parties range themselves in unexpected and paradoxical positions when discussing Alsatian affairs. The conservative Right is sympathetic; the radical and socialist Left is openly or covertly against the Alsatian cause. The explanation of this mystery is twofold. To begin with, there is a considerable body of Alsatians who are Catholics, and therefore the issue in France proper becomes entangled with the duel between clericals and anti-clericals; then, there is no question that radical and socialist parties all over the world tend to become less and less interested in liberty as they become more and

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more familiar with power. It looks very much as if the cause of liberty was but rarely taken up in itself. Liberty for most men is an ideal in so far as they need it for themselves in order to secure power; once power is secured, liberty — which thus becomes the liberty of the other fellow — ceases to be an ideal for its devotees of yesterday.

The Alsatian case is thus in a sense universal as a chapter in the history of liberty. But it is also universal in a more definite sense. If the peace of the world depends on the peace of Europe, the peace of Europe depends on the peace of the Rhine. The Rhine is the frontier between the two twin races — France and Germany — which, geographically as well as politically, constitute the nucleus of Europe. Along the Rhine there lives a series of peoples who fluctuate between France and Germany, whose language, culture, and traditions are neither French nor German, but a mixture of both or a transition between the one and the other — Switzerland, Alsace, Luxemburg, Belgium, and Holland. The future of Europe depends to a great extent on the future of this chain of Rhinelanders extending from the Alps to the North Sea. That is why the Alsatian case becomes the case of Europe and of the world. It symbolizes the capacity of the two twin races for living together in friendly partnership.

It is therefore France, rather than Alsace, that is on trial at Colmar. And it may be that the trial will be most fruitful of all for France herself. A nation gifted with a noble intellect, France is not so highly gifted in the virtues of the heart (though she fancies herself to be so). Her insight into the non-rational forces of life is somewhat deficient. The problem of Alsace cuts across her traditional party lines and may, therefore, wake her up to the fact that there are more things in the world than are dreamt of in her philosophy. If it succeeds in enlarging her vision, the Colmar case may still be for France the prelude of an era of new leadership. We should then all profit by it. For at this juncture many are the individual lights in the world, but a leading people is nowhere to be seen.

Next month, a third commentary on "Our Muddling World" by Señor de Madariaga

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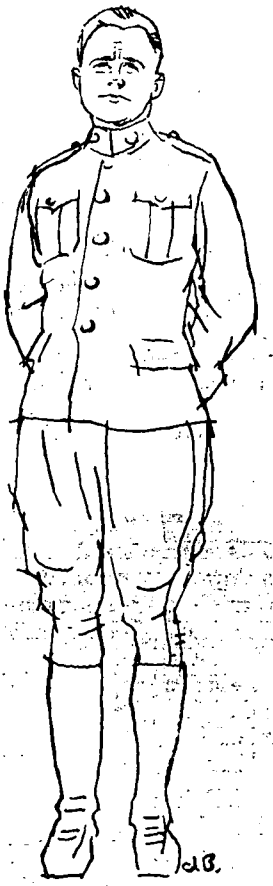
TOASTS

AVIATION is still romantic, but no longer a romance; practical men invest real money in it. New York and Los Angeles will soon be only two days apart, for a huge combine is beginning an air and rail service — plane by day, train by night. Yet, in the midst of swollen popular enthusiasm, it is well to heed the quiet voices of such conservatives as this month's debaters. CAPTAIN ALFRED CHARLES DEWAR of the Royal Navy (retired) admits that he belongs to the "Noah's Ark School" of aviation's critics. But in that school he is a leading authority. He wrote the naval articles on the Great War in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He entered the navy at thirteen, and for continued and distinguished service was decorated with the Order of British Empire.

HIS opponent, COMMANDER RICHARD EVELYN BYRD, was the first man to fly to the North Pole, in May, 1926. He comes of a famous Virginia family whose history in this country dates from 1671. His brother Harry is Governor of Virginia. At twelve he went around the world alone. Retired from active service in the navy in 1916, because of an ankle disabled at Annapolis, he learned to fly, and during the War commanded the American fleet in Canadian waters, where he built up two naval aviation stations. In 1927 he made his famous trans-Atlantic flight. He is now busy with plans for a flying expedition to the Antarctic which will leave New York under his command in the early fall.



WALTER JONES HARMER

IF you should be asked who was the happiest man in the world at 9:30 A.M. on April 26, 1928, you may safely mention my name," writes WALTER JONES HARMER, "for it was then I received your cheque for 'Old Lonely' and your very kind letter." The author of this month's First Short Story has been a rover since he was seventeen, when he beat his way west from his Pennsylvania birthplace and went chopping wood from Oregon to Mexico. "All my life I have drifted in and out of one kind of work and another," he says. "I didn't exactly drift into writing. That is a disease I was born with. I remember desert nights. I had never seen the stars so close. In Vancouver I landed a job as rodman on a surveying party for the Canadian Pacific. That was the happiest time of my life, building new trails, throwing bridges across streams, getting our own meat. I've been criticized for not showing a proper interest in getting rich. But to walk strange streets penniless, feeling the pelting rain, to view the world kindly through a box-car doorway — that's not a serious crime against one's fellow men, is it?" The story of Old Lonely grew out of his meeting with a hermit when he was a constable in the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. The illustrator of this story is HENRY J. GLINTENKAMP, an American artist well known for his wood blocks, sculpture, and painting. But painting is his favorite medium, because it represents what he terms "the full orchestra."

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EXCEPT for three years in Europe and scattered visits to New York, MARY AUSTIN has spent her grown-up life in the desert. The natural history of its primitive peoples was her first study. She went on to mythology, comparative religion, anthropology, and sociology, and she is now recognized as a foremost authority on the American Indian. She contributed the chapter on aboriginal literature to the *Cambridge History of American Literature*. The forms of her writing are many — essay, verse, novel, drama — but the spirit is one: a scrupulous exactness of detail informed by fiery conviction. She firmly believes that the American Southwest, between the Rio Grande and the Colorado, will be the seat of the next new and powerful culture. Her latest book is *Lands of the Sun* published last year by Houghton Mifflin Company. A new volume of verse to be brought out this fall includes the two poems in this month's FORUM. (See page 296.)

WARWICK DEEPING

FASHION'S King by popular acclaim, her Prophet by grace of his paper in THE FORUM a year and a half ago, PAUL POIRET became her Priest-at-large to the American people when he lectured here last fall on the benefits of the new freedom in feminine trousers. Since he has not, apparently, perceived any immediate results of his preaching here (though they do say his Parisians are more docile), he plans to return next October. It is scarcely necessary to remind readers that M. Poiret is probably the most famous of Parisian dress designers. To him women owe the slim, free fashions of to-day. The illustrations of the present article, by GEORGES LEPAPE, combine humor and elegance as only the work of a French artist can.

PHILADELPHIA, New York, and Paris were the background of PAUL ELDRIDGE'S youth; but his lyrics in the Chinese manner voice an Oriental turn of mind.

AGE, forty; disposition, cheerful; hair, absent." Thus ROLAND G. E. ULLMAN describes himself in a letter to the Editor. He is an advertising man and a Quaker, living in Pennsylvania. He wrote the article in this issue because he couldn't help it. "Being the male half of a pair of parents to a pair of boys," he goes on, "I have extended the development of an already well-marked interest in children — one reason why I teach a class of boys in a First-Day School."

OUR Table Talker in January was WARWICK DEEPING, who chatted of "Our Wiser Daughters." This month he spins a tale of a spiritual ancestor of these daughters. "My father — best of men — decided that I should follow in his footsteps and be a doctor," he writes. "After seven years of loafing at a public school I found myself at Cambridge. I became a doctor, but not for long. Having at that age a dread of old ladies and a liking for young ones and also a disinclination for filling medicine bottles, I eloped with my wife." He is best known for his novels, *Sorrell and Son*, *Doomsday*, and *Kitty*. The illustrator of "Paternity," ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN, turns to art for relaxation from his duties as Professor of English at Wells College. He writes: "I have enjoyed doing the sketches immensely. It is singular that Deeping can crowd so much of locality, human nature, and fine writing into so little space."

BORN in Galesburg, Illinois, CARL SANDBURG is the characteristic voice of the Middle West. He has chronicled a life of Lincoln, but is best known as a poet in the Walt Whitman tradition.

H. MUNRO FOX is Professor of Zoölogy at the University of Birmingham, England. His new book, *Blue Blood in Animals*, will appear shortly, and *Animal Behaviour* is in preparation.

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From a portrait by Raymond Woog

CHILDREN OF ANDRÉ MAUROIS

LAST year the July FORUM was enlivened by a brilliant satire from the pen of ANDRÉ MAUROIS. "The War Against the Moon" purported to be a chapter from a history of the future. This month he adds another chapter, using phantasy as a stalking horse from which to shoot his silver arrows at the foibles of science. Last spring this French foster-father of Shelley and Disraeli lectured at Cambridge University on "Aspects of Modern Biography."

A WARM admirer of WILLIAM CHILDS, the famous "Ed" Howe of Kansas — better known for his indignations than for his admirations — writes of him thus: "He has a chain of restaurants extending from ocean to ocean — clean, attractive places where good food is sold at low prices. And he is useful in another respect — at all his restaurants he advises people to eat more vegetables and fruits; as a health evangelist he is as useful as the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company." In 1889 Mr. Childs and his oldest brother opened a small dairy lunch room near Wall Street. To-day he has a hundred and eight shining white restaurants, serving fifty million meals a year. He is convinced that his abundant health is the dividend of his vegetarian diet.

JOSEPH JASTROW

WHARTON ESHERICK, a well-known Philadelphia artist, is reticent about himself, saying, "I would prefer that you spoke of the work rather than of the artist." But this we must leave to our readers.

PROFESSOR Emeritus at the University of Wisconsin, where he occupied the chair of psychology from 1888 to 1927, JOSEPH JASTROW is also a widely popular lecturer. He conducts a syndicated column on *Keeping Mentally Fit*, which is remarkable among newspaper articles for its combination of readability and sound sense. He was born in Poland, but educated in this country, holding degrees from the University of Pennsylvania and Johns Hopkins. He now resides in New York, where he gives courses at the New School for Social Research, spending much time in writing.

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MEN who do things seldom will, or can, write. But VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON is an exception to the rule. He is not only an explorer and a writer of books about the Arctic, but a philosopher as well. For proof, read his last book — *The Standardization of Error*. Born in Manitoba of Icelandic ancestry, he grew to manhood in Dakota. At the University of Iowa he did four years' work for the bachelor's degree in nine months. At Harvard he was an instructor in anthropology. A paper which he published in the *American Anthropologist* brought him an invitation to join the Leffingwell and Mikkelsen Arctic Expedition. When this expedition failed, he spent a year living among the Eskimos as one of them. Here he evolved the theory, then perfectly novel, that an expedition can be self-sustaining, procuring its food by hunting and fishing. This was tested on his second Arctic expedition, and triumphantly proved on his third. During the latter, he was given up for lost for nearly a year. In the meantime, the World War broke out, but the news of his return crowded the war bulletins off the front pages. He is now testing his theory even more rigorously, by living on a diet of nothing but meat in New York City, going about his usual activities and looking in the best of health (Page Mr. William Childs!). His books on the Arctic include *My Life with the Eskimo*, *The Friendly Arctic*, *The Northward Course of Empire*, and *The Adventure of Wrangel Island*.

(*Above*) EINAR JONSSON'S STATUE TO THORFIN KARLSEFNI IN FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA

AN archæologist of music, SIGMUND SPAETH has digged in the dark pit of the late 'seventies, 'eighties and 'nineties and emerged with several series of museum pieces of the minstrel days, now clapped between boards under the imprint of Doubleday, Doran & Company: *Barber Shop Ballads; Read 'Em and Weep; Weep Some More, My Lady;* and *Gentlemen, Be Seated.* In his more serious moments, Dr. Spaeth is managing director of the Community Concert Corporation. He was born in Philadelphia, studied at Haverford, took his Ph.D. at Princeton, and has acted as music editor of *Life* and the *New York Times* and as music correspondent of the *Boston Transcript.* Lately he has been increasingly in demand as a lecturer, illustrating his talks by accompaniment on a piano.

(*Below*) THORFIN KARLSEFNI AND HIS WIFE, GUDRID, WITH THEIR SON, SNORRI, THE FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN IN AMERICA — FROM A MODEL BY THE ICELANDIC SCULPTOR, EINAR JONSSON (*See page 269*)

THE son of Dr. Felix Adler — the founder of the New York Ethical Culture Society — LAURENCE ADLER is chiefly interested in music. He has been connected with the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia; and during 1926 he was Director of Music on the University Afloat — that shipload of college students and instructors who traveled around the world seeing what they could see and studying between whiles. Here Mr. Adler gathered the impressions for the prose poems about the Orient published in this issue. THOMAS HANDFORTH was the ideal artist to illustrate the "Oriental Sketches," for he has traveled extensively and has attracted wide attention, especially by his etchings and drawings of Oriental life.

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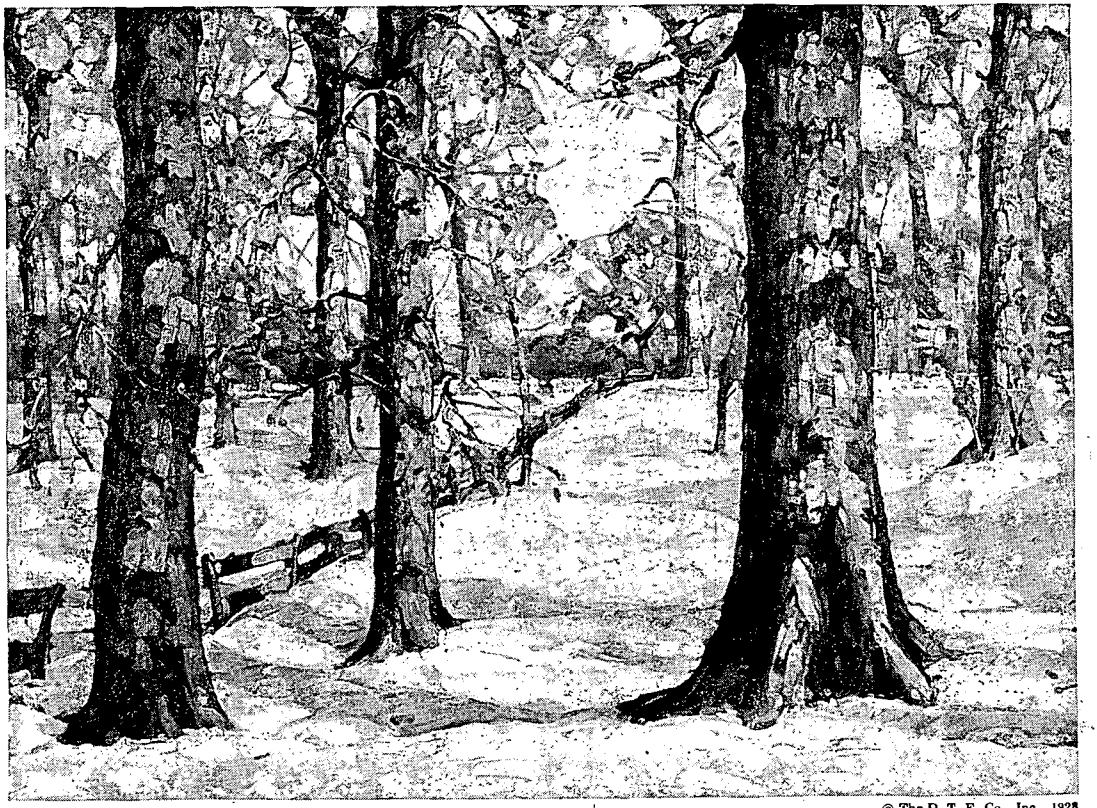

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THE tradition of the independent editor, of which OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD writes in this number, owes not a little to his father — Henry Villard — who at the height of his career as a financier bought the *New York Evening Post* and put it in the editorial hands of Godkin and White. Mr. Villard's maternal grandfather — William Lloyd Garrison — contributed even more to the independent tradition, for, becoming a printer's devil in 1818, his fiery *Liberator* later made him seem the devil incarnate to the powerful class of slave owners in the South. From these strains come Mr. Villard's love of liberty and his championship of minorities. He owns and edits the independent *Nation;* and lately, when Heywood Broun was dismissed from the *World* for "disloyalty," Mr. Villard was the first editor to offer him his paper, with full latitude to say whatever he pleased.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WRITING of LEO C. ROBERTSON, English poet and barrister, C. K. Ogden says: "He finds himself as much at home in the untamed jungles of the East as in a comfortable study whose walls are lined with books." Mr. Robertson has contributed poems and literary articles to leading English periodicals.

WITH the present installment, *Hill Country*, THE FORUM's prize-winning biographical novel of the prairies, comes to a close. In a few days it will be out in book form, published by Stokes. Meanwhile, RAMSEY BENSON has gone to live in Bend, Oregon. "I have long cherished an affection for the desert," he wrote us recently. "Missouri is a good country, but I had a notion to get out of the Mississippi valley where, except for a few years, I had lived all my life. I thought I should like something different the rest of the way." Although Mr. Benson is sixty years old, he has never been to New York; he writes, "I am rather afraid of the place."

BETWEEN his lectures on Spanish literature at Oxford, SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA is a prolific writer. His article in this FORUM is the second of a series on international affairs from the detached point of view of a Spaniard and a scholar. Moreover, he has in hand at least two books — one a philosophical study of foreign affairs, the other a sequel to *The Sacred Giraffe*.

THE conductor of our new "Take It Or Leave It" book column may now step up and introduce himself. DONALD ROSE: "According to information which I have every reason to trust, I was born in 1890 in the customary manner of Caucasian parentage, reasonably poor but honest. I do not recall the event, but am assured I was among those present, though I gave no hint that anything of particular importance was under way. I was born in Somerset, England, and my childhood was impregnated by the flavor of shoe factories, Arthurian legends, and the raising of pigs. I picked up an education of sorts, served as bookkeeper to a brewery for four years, and got in a lot of reading by walking four miles to and from work each day with a book to my nose, dodging lamp posts and pedestrians with astonishing skill. At seventeen I was offered a scholarship to the Academy of the New Church at Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania, and came thereunto by way of steerage. Here I took two years of high school, then entered theological school, serving one summer as a half-fledged parson, then repenting to enter pedagogy. Two years more gave me my B.A., after which I taught for fourteen years. When matrimony and its implications had strained my pedagogic salary to the point of crisis, I committed the major indiscretion of my career by perpetrating a one-man magazine yclept *Stuff and Nonsense*. I am locally reputed to have the largest and noisiest family east of the Mississippi."

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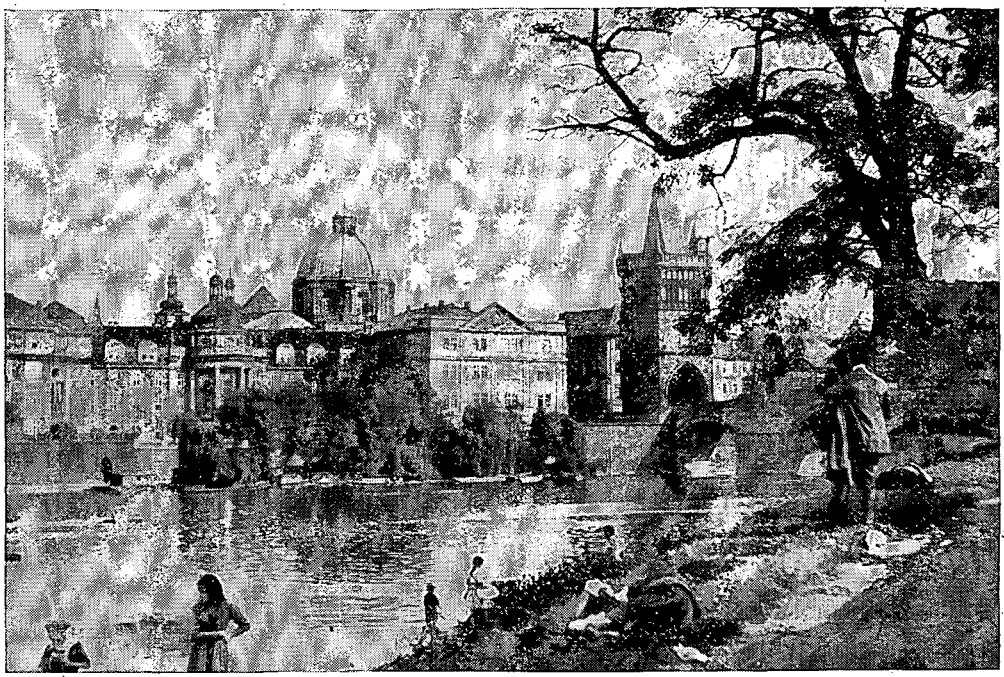

Photograph by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

The Moldau River, Prague

Czechoslovakia

WILLIAM C. WHITE

ONE glance at a prosaic map will dispel one of the world's great illusions. Czechoslovakia, you will find, is *not* "one of them Balkan states" — in spite of its name, its Slavic people, and the horrible and all-too-true things said about their language. The map will show that the country lies like a big amœba, sprawling across central Europe. Valuable statistical articles will give the chief facts: it is composed of five provinces; there is a population of fifteen million; it exports coal, glassware, and enough trinkets to fill all the gift shops of America; there is much agricultural activity; it has 1,174,045 goats. Prague (the "a" pronounced as in *zmrzlina*, or as in "ah") has a population of 700,000 and is the capital. But no books tell you that within one day's ride from Prague there are village markets where the costumes are as brilliant as foreigners are rare, and that there are village churches to equal the Ste. Chapelle in delicate beauty. Here is the country for the traveler who scorns fellow tourists, who complains of the American invasion of all the European holy places.

Small is the number of Americans who cross through the Czech border towns, ride all day through villages whose names are consonantal boasts, and come to Prague in the evening, to find the sunset etching the jagged silhouette of the Old Castle on the quiet water of the Moldau River. We avoid the land of the Czech for numerous reasons. We know little of its past. Who remembers the history of Bohemia and that fateful day in 1620 when the two-tailed lion of Bohemia bowed before the eagles of the Hapsburgs at White Mountain, only to rise again when the Austrian eagles had forever been driven away? We know little of the fuel that kept alive the fires of nationalism for

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three hundred years. "The Czechs? — Just another of those minorities." Then Czechish influence on art, music, literature, and language has been small. For the last we may be thankful.

To listen to the chatter of a crowd of tourists Europe-bound, one would think their interests centered only in cathedrals, art galleries, and cemeteries. And for what famous graves can Americans hunt in Czechish cemeteries? The Great European Tour is not yet evolved. It will not take its subscribers to memoirs of Europe's past. Rather, it will take them to the people of the present and show their homes, what they eat, and, if possible, throw some light on what they think. It will include Czechoslovakia.

For those who must see things, there are things to see in Prague. It is a combination of diverse elements and one of the most beautiful capitals in Europe. It has partly the mediævalness of Nuremberg, where at any moment you expect to see the shining vestments of a guild parade turn the corner, or to hear the clank of a troop of armored knights riding out to tournament. There is also the modernity of modern Paris, with automobiles honking along shady cement boulevards, with hotel clerks speaking at English, with hotel signs in English telling startled Americans that "Guests will pay bills presently," and "Any complaints should be given about the manager." There is even one of those treacherous "American soda fountains," where the basis for ice cream sodas seems to be gelatine powder.

Prague has its museums, flanked by groups of statuary that should make the history of nineteenth century sculpture forever infamous. There is a lofty cathedral dedicated to — St. Vitus! The city is halved by the Moldau River. Near it, on both banks, lies the old city. On the left bank, up a hill not inconsiderable if you are troubled by shortness of breath, stands the Old Castle, Hřačany. Here is a "picture ahead." Tourists will snap Hřačany across the water at morning, noon, and twilight — though they can buy better pictures in the art stores. It is the great picture of Prague. You can wander through the palace — vital remains of an empire of which most of us know nothing.

Coming from the castle, you cross the

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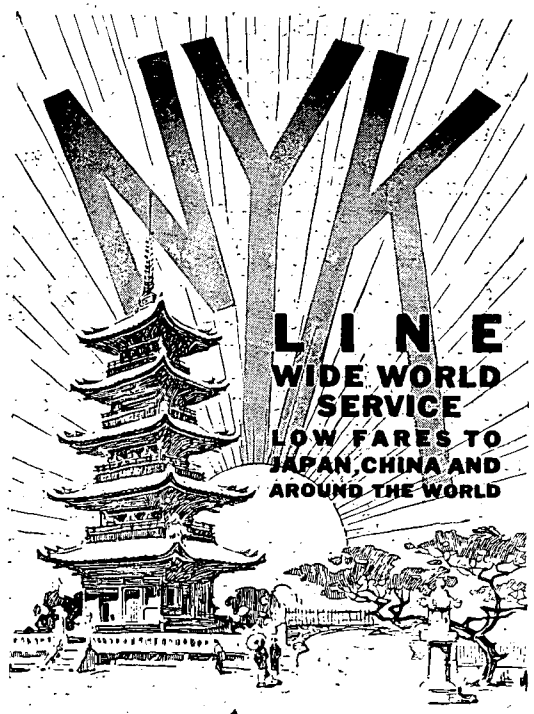
river over the old bridge, decorated with groups of ribald statuary, pass through the University, and if you make the right number of infinite turns through narrow streets, you reach the old city square. Here stands the Jan Hus monument. Near it is the Town Hall with the famous clock. By being prompt — and then patient — you may see it work. The cock crows, the apostles file by, all of which can be seen clearly if a train of sight-seeing busses is not in the way. Nearby are the city markets, as they were two hundred years ago. These are the sights of Prague and many more — often meaningless; unless you know the history of the people. If you do read the history, you will understand the reverence accorded to Jan Hus; you will find that "good King Wencelas" was a king of Bohemia. But the past of Bohemia is less important than its future. And the future does not lie in antiquarian remains.

For the chief things to see in Prague are the people. There is a quality about them that is only Czechoslovakian. First, they are Slavs who have been Teutonized; they have all the pleasant qualities of the Slav with none of his reputed disorder and inefficiency. Then, they are dreamers who have found their dream — a dream dreamed through three hundred years. Only the most hopeful of them dared to believe that complete independence from Austria would come from the war. It came; and there is another country on the map for schoolboys to learn. There is even a Czechoslovakian seaport: part of Hamburg has been allotted to them, with a railroad running to it. Finally, through a fortunate allocation of natural resources, they are on their way to being the most prosperous small country in Europe. Factories have smoking chimneys, laborers have employment. The Czech is grateful. The chief railroad station in Prague has been named the Wilson Station. Small boys, I understand, are being baptized Woodrow; in the Czechish language this would probably be "Wdrw."

The places to go in Prague are not to the museums of Bohemia's past, but to the gathering places of Bohemia's future. There are cafés where the people of Prague gather at night, to drink the brew of Pilsen and to hear orchestras play waltzes. There is animated conversation,



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spontaneous gayety. In merriment, it is reminiscent of Vienna — except that there one feels the people are laughing to keep from remembering the past. In Prague they laugh because they remember the past. From the cafés, you may walk the narrow streets of the old city, where the houses are as steeply roofed as Alpine precipices, so that, I presume, if the devil tried to climb down the chimney he would slide off the roof. "How picturesque, how mediæval it seems" — until from one house comes the sound of a pseudo-American jazz band. Wherever you find the people, you will find them smiling and happier than anyone in Europe is supposed to be.

But it is better to find them, on hot summer afternoons, on the bathing beaches along the river. Here are innumerable athletic clubs, and the young people of Prague swim and paddle, talk and sun themselves. They are the finest built and the healthiest people of central Europe. And they are happy — with the happiness of but ten years of freedom. It is amazing how the change in political situation has built a healthy optimism among the people. Their cordiality to Americans is deep and sincere. And their pride in themselves is the chief thing one feels in Czechoslovakia.

Nowhere does the future of Czechoslovakia show itself so proudly as at the athletic grounds — the meeting place of the "Sokol," the Society of the Falcon. Once this society was political in aim. Now it teaches gymnastics and nationalism. It does not build loyalty — it simply deepens that. A mass exhibition of the "Sokol" is worth three museums, four galleries, and innumerable antiquarian hikes through old cemeteries.

For the traveler in Czechoslovakia there is one great advantage. With the monetary unit — the crown — stabilized at three cents, living is almost as cheap as living in France is supposed to be. The bill of the best hotel in Prague, if you can read it, shows but a charge of two dollars and a half a day for room and bath; and the hotel is luxurious. Other prices run accordingly. In this seeming paradise there is but one disadvantage — the language.

Efficiency experts might explain the Czech language on the basis that it saves time to get along without writing vowels. Certainly there is no land save Poland (and anything can happen there) where there is such a fondness for running consonants together, then pronouncing, whistling, coughing, and lisping them at the same time. Try your skill on *zmrzlina* — you will have to, if you go to Prague and want ice cream. Imagine a land where *hřmí*, *mrzne*, and *mží* mean something or other. A system of accent marks adds to the confusion. They were invented by Jan Hus. In the words of another traveler in Bohemia, "It seems too bad that there should be such a blot on an otherwise blameless life." However, everybody speaks German. Between themselves, of course, they use only Czech, for German was the language of the conquest. But a foreigner can get anywhere and avoid either paralysis of the tongue or famine by speaking some German. English is spoken freely in Prague and in the larger cities.

There is more to Czechoslovakia than Prague and Bohemia. There is Moravia, Slovakia, and Carpathian Russia or Ruthenia. A train ride through the country is all delight. Much of it is hilly and from the high hills float the banners of old castles. Startled deer run through the well-ordered woods. In the far east, snow gleams atop the Carpathians, and there is a wildness quite unexpected two days from Paris. Everywhere peasants are working in the hop fields, in fields of sugar beet. Everywhere there are flocks of geese. Sunday brings the peasants to church, and in those sections where they still wear the peasant costume, the landscape is gaudy with gay color. In the east, where the waters pour down from High Tatra, lies genuine "Dracula" country. The whole land is ideal for hiking. One needs only a phrase book, a willing tongue, and an American passport.

After a journey through the country and a stay in a village, I came back to Prague. It was my last afternoon and my friend was slightly solicitous. "Have you been in the museum? Have you seen the pottery exhibition? Well then, let's go down the river and meet some people." We went — and thereby did the thing which should take all American tourists to Prague, to Brn, to Pilsen. The museums and the churches and the two-tailed lion are the remains of old Bohemia. Its people are the hope of future Czechoslovakia.

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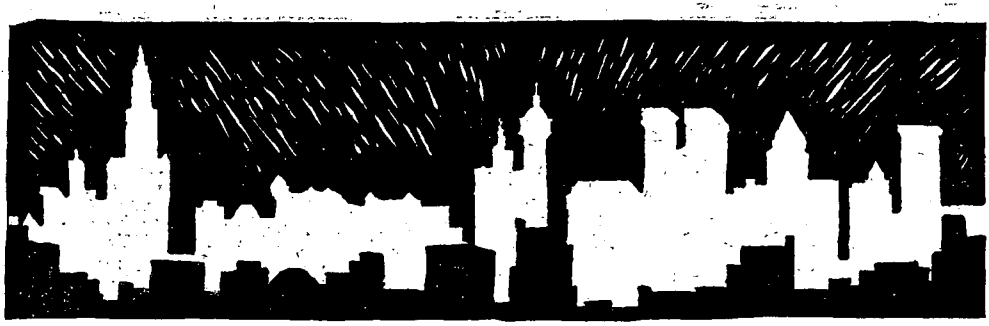

Downtown

DONALD REA HANSON
Financial Editor Boston Evening Transcript

Women and the Investment Market

WOMEN own more than 41,000,000 shares of American Telephone & Telegraph Company stock, nearly half of the Southern Pacific Railroad stock, and about 39 per cent of the Union Pacific Railroad stock. It is estimated that 6000 women own 300,000 shares of Southern Railway stocks, worth approximately $39,000,000. From the published statements of the United States Steel Corporation it appears that, of the individuals who own the company's stocks, about 54,000 are women and 81,000 are men. What is probably of more significance is the fact that in the past ten years the number of women stockholders of this company has increased 25 per cent, while the number of men stockholders has increased less than 11 per cent. Considering that a large amount of the stock of the Steel Corporation has been sold to employees of the concern in the past decade and that the employees are predominantly men, this increase in the proportion of women owners of the company is remarkable.

It has been increasingly evident from year to year that women are becoming more and more of a factor in American finance. Recent estimates have placed the number of women investors in this country as high as 5,000,000 out of a total estimate of 20,000,000 investors. Whether the figures are approximately correct would be difficult to determine, but since women outnumber men as stockholders of such huge business organizations as the American Telephone & Telegraph Company and the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, the chances are that this estimate is an understatement of the case rather than an exaggeration.

Women are playing a greater part in the nation's business each year and seem clearly destined to assume a more important niche in the executive positions in business and finance. But it is not as executives or as captains of industry that women have forged their way to such a prominent position in the ownership of some of America's largest industries. The great fortunes controlled by women are usually acquired by inheritance. The actual amassing of those fortunes has usually been the work of the men of the family. The growing popularity of life insurance and the development of thrift are among other factors that are tending to increase the part played by women in security investments. Most insurance is written on male lives. It is only natural that those in moderate circumstances should insure but one member of the family — the breadwinner — in order that the family income may not be cut off by death. But to an increasingly important degree women are taking an interest in investments and are diverting their savings into securities. This is a normal and commendable development.

To a greater degree than formerly, however, women are taking part in the big speculative movement which has been working upward with gradual crescendo

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for the last four or five years. Not many years ago brokerage houses carried very few accounts for women. To-day it is said that women's accounts are increasing more rapidly, proportionately, than those of men. It is not uncommon now for some of the large commission houses and investment bankers to have a separate department in charge of a woman, for their women customers. As a general proposition, however, brokers do not encourage women to speculate. In part this is due to disagreeable experiences when losses are incurred, it being commonly admitted that men are better losers than women. But generally speaking, the same brokers will concede that as investors women ordinarily prove as successful, if not more successful, than men in handling their financial affairs.

As far as generalizations may be permitted, women are better shoppers than men. They are also less disposed to rush hastily into an investment without consideration. Ordinarily they show more patience with slow investments, whereas men are likely to chop a loss short or accept a quick profit in the hope of making a better speculative profit in something that promises to move more rapidly. But under such conditions as have existed in the security markets in recent years this has been an advantage for women, for the investors who have made the best returns on their money are those who have simply bided their time. On the whole, however, the bull market in Wall Street which has raged continuously since President Coolidge was elected in 1924 has not proved the best test of investment skill, particularly where the conservation of funds is taken into consideration. Very ordinary financial judgment may prevent losses in a market when the underlying trend of prices is upward. A better test will be the ability to conserve funds without important loss of principal during periods of uncertain or declining price trends; and it seems altogether probable that the next few years will provide ample opportunity for testing the financial judgment of women on this score.

It is not our intention here to go into detail as to the essentials of a sound investment policy covering the next few years. Individual cases differ widely. Briefly it can be stated that the first essential is that debts incurred, either to carry securities or real estate, should be liquidated wherever possible. The best investment anyone can make is to pay off the mortgage on his home or to liquidate some debt which sooner or later must be met. And in the second place, one will never go far wrong — if one's object is to conserve capital already accumulated, rather than to expand the principal — in exchanging stocks which have been greatly enhanced in price in recent years for sound and conservative bonds. This policy is to be recommended even at the risk of a moderate reduction in the income return.

The Lure of Worthless Investments

It is rather our intention here to mention some of the pitfalls that are being laid along the path to trap the unwary speculator or investor. The statement that during 1927 worthless and fraudulent securities to the amount of $700,000,000 were sold in this country, and that 65 per cent of these stocks were purchased by women, naturally directs this discussion to the attention of women. This statement is made on the authority of the recently organized National Committee for the Education of Women in Financial Matters.* Frankly, to judge from the questions concerning investments that come daily to the office of a financial editor, this statement appears to exaggerate the proportion of worthless securities purchased by women, for by far the larger number of inquiries about stocks of doubtful merit are from men. But women are less likely, as a group, to be familiar with the methods of promoters and "high-pressure salesmen," and it seems probable that losses sustained by women in such promotions have been very substantial.

Direct selling by clean-cut, attractive, glib young salesmen who call at the home is the oldest and still the most common method of distributing fake stocks. It is no longer necessary for these individuals to make a house-to-house canvass. There are easier means of spotting people who have a few hundred or a few thousand dollars available for such purposes. Lists of stockholders in many of the large corporations are available, giving the names and ad-

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dresses of the owners. In fact, it is understood that these lists are bought and sold by promoters of such enterprises. Probate notices supply other sources of information, and there is the ordinary run of publicity in the newspapers. It was not so many years ago that the United States Government itself placed in the hands of promoters and stock jobbers the best details as to the location of prospective customers that has ever been afforded them. This was when the Federal Income Tax Law required that the names of all Federal income tax payers be made public. A proposal to revive this outrageous provision was barely defeated at the last session of Congress.

Telephones and Sucker Lists

Another and more modern practice in the distribution of securities of doubtful merit is through the use of the telephone. Instances are known where a well equipped staff has been maintained by promoters solely to use the telephone all day long as a method of soliciting. Expense is no object. In fact, it is declared that long-distance calls usually produce the best results. There is a subtle understanding of human nature in this method which is hard to combat. The woman miles away from New York, Chicago, or any of the big cities where this method of selling through the "boiler room," as it is called, is used, feels flattered when she is informed that "long distance is calling." Often she feels under an obligation to listen to the high-pressure selling talk that follows. One call is often all that is necessary. The purchaser is informed that failure to accept the opportunity will mean the loss of a handsome profit; that the offer must be accepted immediately or not at all; and that a check for part payment, at least, must be forwarded at once. Those who have investigated these methods declare that it is astonishing how large the sums are that are collected from would-be speculators.

Many investors have doubtless been mystified by receiving regularly what appeared to be a financial weekly, purporting to carry a faithful description of the week's events in Wall Street and other financial markets. These papers lift a great deal of news which is accurate and thoroughly reliable from the financial columns of the daily papers and from the financial journals. But sandwiched in between the authentic items on the companies of major industrial importance are items concerning the particular mining stock, oil stock, or other promotional venture which the backers of the "tipster sheet" are pushing. Such items are designed to stimulate the reader to purchase "for a turn." Often a "question and answer column" is carried on an inside page, in which the fake stock is praised in glowing terms and some pseudo-questioner is told to purchase it for enormous profits. The investor who receives these publications may not know it, but his name is on the "sucker list" in Wall Street — and there it will stay. Even death does not always erase one's name from a Wall Street sucker list, for it is far cheaper to pay postage to a dead man than to go to the expense of checking up the names on the list.

Within the past year or two a new wrinkle has been devised by the stock jobbers. This one takes a leaf out of the book of some of the reputable economic advisory services. The "sucker lists" are flooded with mail purporting to solicit a subscription to an advisory service at a cost, say, of $10 to $75 a year. Enclosed with the offer there is usually a sheet recording recommendations which are claimed to have been given to clients in the past on a certain date. They will show just how many points investors would have made on Radio at 75, Steel at 130, General Motors at 129, and so on, if they had followed the advice of this particular service. So far so good. But there is nothing to indicate whether this advice was actually given before the stocks had advanced. Then appears an inoffensive little folder made up to appear like addenda prepared after the main circular was sent to press. This is the catch. It will describe a last-moment tip, just received, that X Y & Z stock is about to start an immediate 30-point rise, stating that orders may be placed with the sender or with some brokerage firm in league with him.

There are many legitimate economic advisory services. Some of them adopt substantially the same advertising methods, except for the addenda. They are truthful when they state that they gave advice on a certain date to buy Radio at 75, and so on. Most of these organizations

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accept payment for their service on the ground that they give an honest opinion and offer the investor the benefit of a certain amount of experience in financial matters. But it is difficult for the inexperienced investor — especially if it be a woman who knows nothing about financial matters — to distinguish between the legitimate adviser and the scoundrel.

Protection for Investors

Detection and conviction of offenders is difficult. Prosecution is opposed vigorously — and with plenty of money. The defendants take advantage of all delays and loopholes in the law. And the penalty, when it is pronounced, is often ridiculously inadequate for the crime. One of the most notorious swindlers served his last sentence for only a year, in a case involving the loss of several millions to the public. Two bucket-shop promoters who failed in 1922 with debts of over $4,000,000 were sentenced in 1923, but four years elapsed before they finally entered Sing Sing, and they were paroled at the end of one year. In 1925 a Boston bucket shop collapsed with liabilities exceeding assets by more than $5,000,000; but the net sentence was a $5000 fine.

Before the War, losses sustained by the public in bucket shops and through the sale of worthless securities were but a tithe of what they are to-day — and they were heavy then. To-day the diversion of the public's funds into worthless ventures is approaching dimensions which make it not only a scandal, but a serious drawback to our economic welfare. At the very least, it is weakening the confidence of the inexperienced investor in the security markets; and without a constant stream of capital directed into our legitimate manufacturing industries, public utilities, and other enterprises, business will suffer. The Better Business Commissions, which exist through the subscription of public-spirited individuals in nearly all of our large cities, are fighting this fraudulent traffic tooth and nail, and their advice, which can be relied upon, is available free of charge to all investors who are in doubt. But the surest method of combating the promoter of fake stocks is education in financial matters; and education, after school days are over, is largely a matter of careful and well-selected reading.

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